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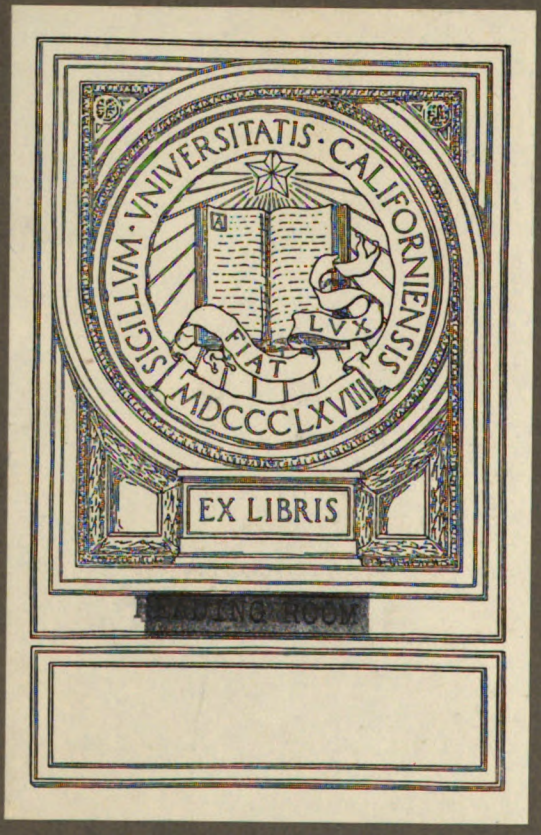

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THE WORKS

OF

MATTHEW ARNOLD

IN

FIFTEEN VOLUMES

VOLUME XIII

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LETTERS

OF

MATTHEW ARNOLD

1848-1888

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED

BY

GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL

VOLUME I

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

London
MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED
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PREFATORY NOTE

THE congenial task of collecting and arranging these Letters was undertaken in obedience to the wish of Mrs. Matthew Arnold, and of her sisters-in-law Mrs. Forster and Miss Arnold of Fox How.

It was Matthew Arnold's express wish that he might not be made the subject of a Biography. His family, however, felt that a selection from his Letters was not prohibited; and that such a selection might reveal aspects of his character—his tenderness and playfulness and filial affection — which could be only imperfectly apprehended through the more formal medium of his published works. He maintained a constant correspondence with his nearest relations, and from that correspondence most of these Letters have been taken. It will be seen that they are essentially familiar and domestic, and were evidently written without a thought that they would ever be read beyond the circle of his family. Several additions, of great interest and value, have been made by the kindness of

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friends, who have also helped me in fixing dates and interpreting allusions.

For those who knew Matthew Arnold, the peculiar charm of his letters lies in their perfect naturalness. They are, in a word, *himself*; and there can be no higher praise. A more genuinely amiable man never lived. Nature had given him a sunny temper, quick sympathy, and inexhaustible fun. But something more than nature must have gone to make his constant unselfishness, his manly endurance of adverse fate, his buoyancy in breasting difficulties, his unremitting solicitude for the welfare and enjoyment of those who stood nearest to his heart. Self-denial was the law of his life, yet the word never crossed his lips. He revelled in doing kindness, never more than when the recipient was a little child, or an overworked schoolmistress, or a struggling author. He taxed his ingenuity to find words of encouragement and praise for the most immature and unpromising efforts. He was even passionately loyal to old association, and to have helped or cared for those who were dear to him was a sure passport to his affection. The magnificent serenity of his demeanour concealed from the outside world, but never from his friends, his boyish appreciation of kindness, of admiration, of courteous attention.

His faculty of enjoyment was peculiarly keen, and there were few departments of life which it did not touch. Before all else, he was a

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worshipper of Nature, watching all her changing aspects with a loverlike assiduity, and never happy in a long-continued separation from her. Then his manifold culture and fine taste enabled him to appreciate at its proper value all that is good in high civilisation; and yet the unspoilt naturalness of his character found a zest in the most commonplace pleasures of daily existence. Probably Art, whether in music or in painting, affected him less than most men of equal cultivation; but there never lived a human being to whom Literature and Society — books and people — taking each word in its most comprehensive sense, yielded a livelier or a more constant joy.

As we think of him, endearing traits of character come crowding on the memory — his merry interest in his friends' concerns; his love of children; his kindness to animals; his absolute freedom from bitterness, rancour, and envy; his unstinted admiration of beauty and cleverness; his frank enjoyment of light and colour, of a happy phrase, an apt quotation, a pretty room, a well-arranged dinner, a fine vintage; his childlike pleasure in his own performances — 'Did I say that? How good that was!'

But all these trifling touches of character-painting tend to overlay and perhaps to obscure the true portraiture of Matthew Arnold. He was pre-eminently a good man; gentle, generous,

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enduring, laborious; a devoted husband, a most tender father, an unfailing friend.

Qualified by nature and training for the highest honours and successes which the world can give, he spent his life in a long round of unremunerative drudgery, working even beyond the limits of his strength for those whom he loved, and never by word or sign betraying even a consciousness of that dull indifference to his gifts and services which stirred the fruitless indignation of his friends. His theology, once the subject of some just criticism, seems now a matter of comparatively little moment; for, indeed, his nature was essentially religious. He was loyal to truth as he knew it, loved the light and sought it earnestly, and by his daily and hourly practice gave sweet and winning illustration of his own doctrine that conduct is three-fourths of human life.

One personal reminiscence may not unfitly close this sketch.

In 1868 Matthew Arnold lost his eldest son, a schoolboy at Harrow. I was with the bereaved father on the morning after the boy's death, and the author with whom he was consoling himself was Marcus Aurelius. Readers of the *Essays in Criticism* will remember the beautiful eulogy on that great Seeker after God, and will, perhaps, feel that, in describing him, the friend who speaks to us in the following pages half-unconsciously described himself.—

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PREFATORY NOTE

'We see him wise, just, self-governed, tender, thankful, blameless, yet with all this agitated, stretching out his arms for something beyond —*tendentemque manus ripæ ulterioris amore.*'

My anxious desire has been that no handiwork of mine should impertinently obtrude itself between the writer and his readers, or obscure the effect of his unique and fascinating character. I have therefore added nothing beyond such notes as were necessary to make the allusions intelligible, and the narrative coherent. In this connection I must specially acknowledge the help which I have obtained from Mr. Thomas Burnett Smart, and his excellent *Bibliography of Matthew Arnold*. Here and there, I have been constrained, by deference to living susceptibilities, to make some slight excisions; but, as regards the bulk of the Letters, this process had been performed before the manuscript came into my hands.

G. W. E. R.

Michaelmas 1895.

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LETTERS OF MATTHEW ARNOLD

MATTHEW ARNOLD was born on Christmas Eve, 1822, the eldest son of Thomas Arnold and his wife Mary Penrose. His birthplace was Laleham, in the valley of the Thames, where his father took pupils till he was elected to the Head-Mastership of Rugby in 1828. In 1830 Matthew Arnold returned from Rugby to Laleham, as a pupil of his uncle, the Rev. John Buckland; and in August 1836 he entered 'Commoners' at Winchester, under Dr. Moberly, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury. Dr. Arnold, himself a Wykehamist, wished that his son should receive the full benefit of that austere system which was then in its heyday at Winchester. But the clever little boy took so good a place in the school that he was beyond the reach of fagging; and Dr. Arnold removed him from Winchester at the end of a year. Matthew Arnold entered Rugby School in August 1837, living under his father's roof at

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the School-House. In 1840 he won a school-prize with his first published poem, 'Alaric at Rome,' and in the same year he was elected to an open Classical Scholarship at Balliol. In June 1841 he won a School-Exhibition, and left Rugby; and he went up to Oxford in the following October.

In 1843 he won the Newdigate Prize with his poem on 'Cromwell.' At Christmas, 1844, he obtained a Second Class in the Final Classical Schools; and he was elected a Fellow of Oriel on March 28, 1845. For a short time he acted as an assistant master at Rugby, and in 1847 he was appointed Private Secretary to Lord Lansdowne, then Lord President of the Council.

From this point the Letters may be left to tell their own tale.

To his Mother

LONDON, *January* 2, 1848.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I write this in my stage between Laleham and Bowood[1] to say that I hope to come home in about a week from this time; to-morrow week perhaps. I go to Bowood by the 2 P.M. train to-morrow, to arrive by dinner-time. I do not expect I shall know a soul there. Last Monday I went to Laleham. I found Aunt[2] in her room, and

[1] Lord Lansdowne's house in Wiltshire. [2] Mrs. Buckland.

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looking very feverish and unwell, but she improved every day I was there. It was nearly dark when I left the Weybridge Station, but I could make out the wide sheet of the gray Thames gleaming through the general dusk as I came out on Chertsey Bridge. I never go along that shelving gravelly road up towards Laleham without interest, from Chertsey Lock to the turn where the drunken man lay. To-day, after morning church, I went up to Pentonhook, and found the stream with the old volume, width, shine, rapid fulness, 'kempshott,'[1] and swans, unchanged and unequalled, to my partial and remembering eyes at least. On the Hook itself they have been draining and cutting a little; but the old paved part of the barge road on the Laleham side of the Lock-house is all as it was, and the *Campanulas*, they told me, grow as much as ever there in summer. Yesterday I was at Chertsey, the poetic town of our childhood as opposed to the practical, historical Staines: it is *across* the river, reached by no bridges and roads, but by the primitive ferry; the meadow path, the Abbey river with its wooden bridge and the narrow lane by the old wall; and, itself the stillest of country towns backed by St. Ann's, leads nowhere, but to the heaths and pines of Surrey. How unlike the journey to Staines, and the great road through the flat, drained Middlesex plain, with its single standing pollarded elms!

[1] A landing-stage.

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TO HIS MOTHER

I was yesterday at the old house and under the cedars and by the old pink acacia. I went to see Mrs. Powell and Mrs. Nokes, the first of whom, at eighty, recalls her charwoman days, and her puff paste which did not give satisfaction because Mr. Buckland preferred short paste—and thanks the dear Lord that she can still do for herself. The second is in extreme feebleness, but she, too, remembered the Whitmonday on which that nice man, Mr. Arnold, when no one came from Staines, took the duty himself, etc., etc. I must stop; good-night, with love to all, ever your affectionate M. Arnold.

To the Same

Tuesday (*March* 7, 1848).

Dear Mamma—You need not return the *National;* I send you the *Examiner* with an article[1] of Carlyle's. How deeply restful it comes upon one, amidst the hot dizzy trash one reads about these changes everywhere. I send Price's[2] letter. I think I thought much the same about the decisive point of ruin to the King's[3] affairs. As for his conscience, I incline to think he was only old and nervous. Certainly,

[1] On 'Louis Philippe.' The *Examiner*, March 4, 1848.

[2] Bonamy Price, afterwards Professor of Political Economy at Oxford.

[3] Louis Philippe, King of the French, dethroned by the Revolution of 1848.

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taken individually, the French people, no more than one's own, are up to the measure of the ideal citizen they seem to propose to themselves; this thought constantly presses on me, but the question to be tried is whether the proclamation of this ideal city and public recognition of it may not bring a nation nearer to that measure than the professedly unbelieving Governments hitherto for some time in force everywhere. The source of repose in Carlyle's article is that he alone puts aside the din and whirl and brutality which envelop a movement of the masses, to fix his thoughts on its ideal invisible character. I was in the great mob in Trafalgar Square[1] yesterday, whereof the papers will instruct you; but they did not seem dangerous, and the police are always, I think, needlessly rough in *manner*. English officials too often are. It will be *rioting* here, only; still the hour of the hereditary peerage and eldest sonship and immense properties has, I am convinced, as Lamartine would say, struck. You know I think papa would by this time have been a kind of Saint Martin—the writer, not the Saint proper. But I do not think England will be liveable-in just yet. I see a wave of more than American *vulgarity*, moral, intellectual, and social, preparing to break over us. In a few years people will understand better why the French are the most civilised of European peoples, when they see how fictitious

[1] Riots in Trafalgar Square, March 6 and 7, 1848.

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our manners and civility have been, how little inbred in the race.—Ever yours,

M. ARNOLD.

To his Eldest Sister, afterwards Mrs. Forster

LANSDOWNE HOUSE, *Friday, March* 10, 1848.

MY DEAREST K.[1]—My excuse for not answering you, dear child, must be that not having been privately disposed lately, it mattered little, I thought, to whom my public general chronicles or remarks were addressed. Would that I were coming home. It is so hard to sequester oneself here from the rush of public changes and talk, and yet so unprofitable to attend to it. I was myself tempted to attempt some political writing the other day, but in the watches of the night I seemed to feel that in that direction I had some enthusiasm of the head perhaps, but no profound stirring. So I desisted, and have only poured forth a little to Clough,[2] we two agreeing like two lambs in a world of wolves. I think you would have liked to see the correspondence.

What agitates me is this, if the new state of things succeeds in France, social changes are *inevitable* here and elsewhere, for no one looks on seeing his neighbour mending without asking

[1] A pet name, dating from the nursery.

[2] Arthur Hugh Clough, commemorated by Matthew Arnold in *Thyrsis*.

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himself if he cannot mend in the same way; but, without waiting for the result, the spectacle of France is likely to breed great agitation here, and such is the state of our masses that their movements now *can* only be brutal plundering and destroying. And if they wait, there is no one, as far as one sees, to train them to conquer, by their attitude and superior conviction; the deep ignorance of the middle and upper classes, and their feebleness of vision becoming, if possible, daily more apparent. You must by this time begin to see what people mean by placing France *politically* in the van of Europe; it is the *intelligence* of their *idea-moved masses* which makes them, politically, as far superior to the *insensible masses* of England as to the Russian serfs, and at the same time they do not threaten the educated world with the intolerable *laideur* of the well-fed American masses, so deeply antipathetic to continental Europe. Remark this to Miss Martineau[1] cursorily.

But I do not say that these people in France have much dreamed of the deepest wants of man, or are likely to enlighten the world much on the subject, and I do not wonder at Guizot, who is an austerely serious man, rather despising them. Indeed, I believe he had got, with the spectacle of corruption and meanness round him, to despise the whole human race pretty roundly; and as,

[1] Harriet Martineau was a neighbour of the Arnolds at Fox How, their home in Westmorland.

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though he never took bribes, he let his creatures bribe others, so, though he would have never lied to his own soul, he passed on a lie from the king to others now and then with a sardonic indifference. This is all he is accused of in the Spanish affair; the king lied to him at first, and when he found it out, instead of leaving office, he brazened out the affair. You know he must have despised such an ineffectual set as Lord Normanby[1] and the English Government men, who, between them all, never had a thought in their lives. He lives quite retired here, they say, not even seeing the king. I cannot help thinking of Lucan's famous line, *Victrix causa Deis placuit, sed victa Catoni.* Be kind to the neighbours, 'this is all we can.'—Ever yours,

M. ARNOLD.

To his Mother

Wednesday (*April* 1848).

DEAR MAMMA—Don't trouble yourself to send me papers. I see all papers at clubs, and so forth. To say the truth, the responsibility of sending back a paper weighs on my mind. The *National* of yesterday reports that London was *en pleine insurrection.*[2] Do you wish for the *National* always, or only when I think it interesting?

[1] Our Ambassador at Paris.

[2] A great gathering of Chartists assembled on Kennington Common, April 10, 1848.

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TO HIS MOTHER

I saw Emerson the other day, and had a very pleasant interview. I did not think him just to Wordsworth. He had a very just appreciation of Miss Martineau, which indeed no man of a certain delicacy of intellectual organisation can fail to have. He said Carlyle was much agitated by the course of things; he had known, he said, a European revolution was inevitable, but had expected the old state of things to last out his time. He gives our institutions, as they are called, aristocracy, Church, etc., five years, I heard last night; long enough, certainly, for patience, already at death's door, to have to die in. I was at the Chartist convention[1] the other night, and was much struck with the ability of the speakers. However, I should be sorry to live under their government—nor do I intend to —though Nemesis would rejoice at their triumph. The ridiculous terror of people here is beyond belief, and yet it is not likely, I fear, to lead to any good results. Tell Miss Martineau it is said here that Monckton Milnes[2] refused to be sworn in a special constable that he might be free to assume the post of President of the Republic at a moment's notice.—Ever yours,

M. ARNOLD.

[1] A National Convention of Chartist Delegates sat in London, April and May 1848.

[2] Afterwards Lord Houghton.

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TO HIS SISTER

To his Eldest Sister

LANSDOWNE HOUSE, *Tuesday* (*May* 1848).

MY OWN DEAREST K.—I am writing here (6¼ P.M.), till Lord L. comes back from the House; but if he does not arrive by 6½ he begged me to go. I have not opened my great table to write to you, but I have set my paper on an account of Scinde, and hold this on my knee. It is beginning to grow dusk, but it has been a sweet day, with sun and a playing wind and a softly broken sky. The crocuses, which have long starred the lawn in front of the windows, growing like daisies out of the turf, have nearly vanished, but the lilacs that border the court are thrusting their leaves out to make amends.

> The clouds of sickness cast no stain upon
> Her valleys and blue hills:
> The Doubt, that assails all things, never won
> This faithful impulse of unfaithful wills.

It gets more and more gray and indistinct, and the musical clock behind me is quickening its pace in preparation for its half-hour peal; I shut this up and go.

To the Same

Wednesday (*May* 1848).

After all my dressing, when I arrived at the Bunsens' last night pursuant to invitation, the

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servant told me they had put off their parties, the Prince of Prussia[1] having just arrived; so back I trundled, walked the streets a little while, tried to read a grammar, even a novel, found myself too feverish, and actually went to bed at 10¼, slept like a top till 9½, and am better to-day, so I avoid all medicine.

How plain it is now, though an attention to the comparative literatures for the last fifty years might have instructed any one of it, that England is in a certain sense *far behind* the Continent. In conversation, in the newspapers, one is so struck with the fact of the utter insensibility, one may say, of people to the number of ideas and schemes now ventilated on the Continent—not because they have judged them or seen beyond them, but from sheer habitual want of wide reading and thinking: like a child's intellectual attitude *vis-à-vis* of the proposition that Saturn's apparent diameter subtends an angle of about 18°. Our practical virtues never certainly revealed more clearly their isolation. I am not sure but I agree in Lamartine's prophecy that a hundred years hence the Continent will be a great united Federal Republic, and England, all her colonies gone, in a dull steady decay. M. A.

[1] William, Prince of Prussia, and afterwards German Emperor, had taken refuge in London from the mob of Berlin, and was living with the Chevalier Bunsen at the Prussian Embassy.

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TO HIS MOTHER

To his Mother

LONDON, *May* 7 (1848).

MY DEAREST MAMMA—Though I believe the balance of correspondence is in my favour at present, I will write to you a few lines instead of sitting idle till Lord L. summons me. I have just finished a German book I brought with me here: a mixture of poems and travelling journal by Heinrich Heine, the most famous of the young German literary set. He has a good deal of power, though more trick; however, he has thoroughly disgusted me. The Byronism of a German, of a man trying to be gloomy, cynical, impassioned, *moqueur*, etc., all *à la fois*, with their honest bonhommistic language and total want of experience of the kind that Lord Byron, an English peer with access everywhere, possessed, is the most ridiculous thing in the world. Goethe wisely said the Germans could not have a national comedy because they had no social life; he meant the social life of highly civilised corrupt communities like Athens, Paris, or London; and for the same reason they cannot have a Byronic poetry. I see the French call this Heine a 'Voltaire au clair de lune,' which is very happy.

I have been returning to Goethe's Life, and think higher of him than ever. His thorough sincerity—writing about nothing that he had

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not experienced—is in modern literature almost unrivalled. Wordsworth resembles him in this respect; but the difference between the range of their two experiences is immense, and not in the Englishman's favour. I have also been again reading Las Casas, and been penetrated with admiration for Napoleon, though his southern recklessness of assertion is sometimes staggering. But the astonishing clearness and width of his views on almost all subjects, and when he comes to practise his energy and precision in arranging details, never struck me so much as now. His contest with England is in the highest degree tragic. The inability of the English of that time in any way to comprehend him, and yet their triumph over him—and the sense of this contrast in his own mind—there lies the point of the tragedy. The number of ideas in his head which 'were not dreamed of in their philosophy,' on government and the *future of Europe*, and yet their crushing him, really *with the best intentions*, but a total ignorance of him—what a subject! But it is too near at hand to be treated, I am afraid. To one who knew the English, his fate must have seemed inevitable; and therefore his plans must have seemed imperfect; but what foreigner could divine the union of invincibility and speculative dulness in England?—Ever yours, M. A.

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TO HIS MOTHER

To the Same

LONDON, *Sunday, July* 29, 1849.

MY DEAREST MAMMA—I have been out very little the last week, as nearly every one I know is out of town. There was a sonnet of mine in last week's *Examiner*—'To the Hungarian Nation,' but as it was not worth much I don't send it.[1] Tell dearest K. I shall not forget her on Wednesday. I give her the new 1 vol. edition of Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, but it must wait for Edward[2] or me to bring it, as it is too big a book for the new postal arrangements. What a book—what a man! I have read a good deal of biography lately—Byron, Scott, Napoleon, Goethe, Burns. The 29th of August this year is the centenary of Goethe's birth. Let me add that I have finished the *Iliad*, going straight through it, that is. I have within this year read through all Homer's works, and all those ascribed to him. But I have done little, though more than most years, though I am getting more of a distinct feeling as to what I want to read; however, this, though a great step, is not enough without strong command over oneself to make oneself follow one's rule; conviction, as the Westminster divines say, must precede conversion, but does not imply it.—Yours, a thousand times, M. A.

[1] This sonnet was never reprinted.
[2] His brother, Edward Penrose Arnold.

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TO HIS SISTER

To his Youngest Sister

LONDON, *Wednesday* (1849).

MY DEAREST FAN—Thank you for your letter. When you come to Rugby I shall try and get there to see you for a day. On Sunday afternoon I went to Laleham, which you have never seen. In the afternoon I went to Pentonhook with Uncle Buckland, Fan and Martha, and all the school following behind, just as I used to follow along the same river bank eighteen years ago. It changes less than any place I ever go to. I should like to go there with your sister Jane. Tell her the horse-chestnuts on the lawn before the Hartwells looking to the river and Chertsey were just going out of bloom. On Monday morning I got up at half-past six, and bathed with Hughes[1] in the Thames, having a header off the 'kempshott' where the lane from the village comes down on the river, and at seven I was swimming in the Thames with the swans looking at me.

Bournemouth on the Sea is a very stupid place; a great moorland covered with furze and low pine woods comes down to the sea-shore, and breaks down towards it in a long sweep of cliff, half sand, half mud. There are no little bays and ins and outs as in the Isle of Man, but

[1] Thomas Hughes, author of *Tom Brown's Schooldays*.

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to the right and left you see one immense, gradually-curving line till the coast ends in two ordinary headlands at great distances on each side of you. A little brook runs into the sea here, and my great amusement was to hang upon the bridge and watch two little girls who had laid a plank across the stream below me, almost touching the water, the banks being on a level with it, and kept running across it by turns, splashing themselves by the jigging of the plank. Seeing me watch them always made them go faster and faster, till at last they were nearly wet through, and went home to change.—Yours,

M. A.

To Wyndham Slade[1]

(1850.)

DEAR SLADE—I forgot to say last night that you must breakfast here to-morrow, Sunday, at 10 *pas plus tôt*, because John Blackett[2] is coming, who wishes to meet you. Ridiculous as such a desire is, it is too unimportant for me to refuse to gratify it.—Your faithful servant,

M. ARNOLD.

Le Samedi matin.

[1] Afterwards a Police Magistrate in London.
[2] J. F. B. Blackett, M.P. for Newcastle 1852-1856.

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TO MISS WIGHTMAN

To Miss Wightman

Fox How, Ambleside,
Thursday Night (*December* 1850).

We left town in pouring rain—came into light snow at Blisworth—deep snow at Tamworth—thaw at Whitmore—storm of wind at Warrington, and hard frost at Preston. This last continues. I drove over from Windermere here—6 miles—in the early morning—along the lake, and arrived like an icicle. . . . Only my mother and my youngest sister are at home. I heard family letters read—talked a little—read a Greek book—lunched—read Bacon's *Essays*—wrote.

To the Same

Fox How, *December* 21, 1850.

At seven came Miss Martineau and Miss Bronté (Jane Eyre); talked to Miss Martineau (who blasphemes frightfully) about the prospects of the Church of England, and, wretched man that I am, promised to go and see her cow-keeping miracles[1] to-morrow—I, who hardly know a cow from a sheep. I talked to Miss Bronté (past thirty and plain, with expressive gray eyes, though) of her curates, of French novels, and her education in a school at Brussels,

[1] Some experiments on a farm of two acres.

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and sent the lions roaring to their dens at half-past nine, and came to talk to you.

Lingen,[1] who is Education Secretary, and was once my tutor at Oxford, and a genius of good counsel to me ever since, says he means to write me a letter of advice about inspectorships, applying to Lord Lansdowne, etc. Shall I send it on to you?

To Mrs. W. E. Forster[2]

LONDON, *January* 25, 1851.

MY DEAREST K.—Since you do not write to me I must be the first. So long as I was at Fox How I heard your letters, but in town, unless we write to each other, I shall almost lose sight of you, which must not be.

How strong the tendency is, though, as characters take their bent, and lives their separate course, to submit oneself gradually to the silent influence that attaches us more and more to those whose characters are like ours, and whose lives are running the same way with our own, and that detaches us from everything besides, as if we could only acquire any solidity of shape and power of acting by narrowing and narrowing our sphere, and diminishing the number of

[1] Afterwards Lord Lingen.
[2] Jane Arnold was married to W. E. Forster 1850.

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affections and interests which continually distract us while young, and hold us unfixed and without energy to mark our place in the world; which we thus succeed in marking only by making it a very confined and joyless one. The aimless and unsettled, but also open and liberal state of our youth we *must* perhaps all leave and take refuge in our morality and character; but with most of us it is a melancholy passage from which we emerge shorn of so many beams that we are almost tempted to quarrel with the law of nature which imposes it on us.

I feel this in my own case, and in no respect more strongly than in my relations to all of you. I am by nature so very different from you, the worldly element enters so much more largely into my composition, that as I become *formed* there seems to grow a gulf between us, which tends to widen till we can hardly hold any intercourse across it. But as Thomas à Kempis recommended, *frequenter tibi ipsi violentiam fac*, and as some philosopher advised to consort with our enemies because by them we were most surely apprised of our faults, so I intend not to give myself the rein in following my natural tendency, but to make war against it till it ceases to isolate me from you, and leaves me with the power to discern and adopt the good which you have, and I have not.

This is a general preface to saying that I mean to write about the end of every month, as

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I can at the time, and I hope you, my dearest K., will do the same.

I have not now left room for more than to say I was grieved to hear of you at the water cure. Kindest regards to William.—Ever, dearest K., your most affectionate M. A.

To the Same

LONDON, *Friday* (*January* 1851).

MY DEAR K.—I hope you have got the Tasso by this time; I forget if you have the Poems of Shakspeare I promised you; if not, they are still somewhere in my room.

I have just read Goethe to Lavater—with more pleasure, I daresay, than you did. They, with the letters to Mdme. von Stein, belong to his impulsive youthful time, before he had quite finished building the Chinese Wall round his *inneres* which he speaks of in later life. Those to Mdme. von Stolberg, or many of them, belong to the same time, I believe, and I must get them.

I read his letters, Bacon, Pindar, Sophocles, Milton, Th. à Kempis, and Ecclesiasticus, and retire more and more from the modern world and modern literature, which is all only what has been before and what will be again, and not bracing or edifying in the least. I have not looked at the newspapers for months, and when I hear of some new dispute or rage that has

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arisen, it sounds quite historical ; as if it was only the smiths at Ephesus being alarmed again for their trade, when the Bishops remonstrate against Cardinal Wiseman's appearance ;[1] or Pompey blundering away his chances, when I hear of the King of Prussia, with such an army, getting himself and his country more shackled and *déconsidéré* every day.—Yours, M. A.

To Miss Wightman

LONDON, *February* 21, 1851.

Ministers[2] have managed to get beaten by forty-eight to-night by the Radicals on a motion for enlarging the franchise. Though such a vote cannot drive them out, it makes their weakness fearfully apparent.

February 22.—I went to Laleham and came back to town at six, and drove straight to Lansdowne House. There I found that Lord John had postponed the Budget till Monday and that Lord Lansdowne was not coming back to town till to-morrow. To-morrow afternoon they will hold a Cabinet, and settle whether to resign, remodel themselves, try a little longer, or dissolve.

February 24.—I have just heard the statement in the House of Lords, and that Lord John has

[1] A Roman Hierarchy for England, under Cardinal Wiseman, decreed by the Pope, September 24, 1850.

[2] Lord John Russell's first Administration, 1846-1852.

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undertaken to reconstruct a Government. It is quite uncertain who will come in again with him of the old lot. Lord Lansdowne is very much disinclined to remain. The old set of Whigs can never come in again; but a good many of them may come in in a fresh combination, and very likely Lord Lansdowne himself. People speculate on a Clarendon Ministry. If Lord Clarendon comes in Sugden[1] will be Chancellor—not else; he is far too much committed on the Papal Aggression question to come in with a Whig or Peelite Ministry—but why do you ask?

In 1851 Matthew Arnold was appointed by Lord Lansdowne to an Inspectorship of Schools, and on June 10 in that year he married Frances Lucy, daughter of Sir William Wightman, one of the judges of the Court of Queen's Bench.

To his Wife

OLDHAM ROAD LANCASTERIAN SCHOOL,
MANCHESTER, *October* 15, 1851.

I think I shall get interested in the schools after a little time; their effects on the children are so immense, and their future effects in civilising the next generation of the lower

[1] Afterwards Lord St. Leonards.

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classes, who, as things are going, will have most of the political power of the country in their hands, may be so important. It is really a fine sight in Manchester to see the anxiety felt about them, and the time and money the heads of their cotton-manufacturing population are willing to give to them. In arithmetic, geography, and history the excellence of the schools I have seen is quite wonderful, and almost all the children have an equal amount of information; it is not confined, as in schools of the richer classes, to the one or two cleverest boys. We shall certainly have a good deal of moving about; but we both like that well enough, and we can always look forward to retiring to Italy on £200 a year. I intend seriously to see what I can do in such a case in the literary way that might increase our income. But for the next three or four years I think we shall both like it well enough.

To the Same

QUEEN'S HOTEL, BIRMINGHAM,
December 2, 1851.

I have had a hard day. Thirty pupil teachers to examine in an inconvenient room, and nothing to eat except a biscuit, which a charitable lady gave me. I was asked to dinner, this time at five, but excused myself on the ground of work. However, one's only difficulty

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will be not to know the whole of schismatical Birmingham. The schools are mostly in the hands of very intelligent wealthy Unitarians, who abound here, and belong to the class of what we call ladies and gentlemen. This is next to Liverpool the finest of the manufacturing towns: the situation high and good, the principal street capital, the shops good, cabs splendid, and the Music Hall unequalled by any Greek building in England that I have seen.

To Wyndham Slade

38 Eaton Place (*July* 1852).

My dear Wyndham — I called at your lodgings last Saturday, and found that Walrond[1] would not be up, but that the trio at breakfast would be myself, you, and Captain 'Apollyon' Slade.[2] I then resolved to absent myself, as I do not like the taste of brimstone in my tea.

With respect to the Salisbury election[3] it may be as you say, but it is reported here that on the polling day Baring Wall, looking very nice, was closeted for some hours with your brother's[4] committee, and that afterwards all Slade's men voted for Wall.

[1] Theodore Walrond, afterwards one of the Civil Service Commissioners.
[2] Afterwards General Slade.
[3] The General Election took place July 1852.
[4] Afterwards Sir Frederick Slade.

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TO HIS MOTHER

I have been in North Lincolnshire, where there is a sharp contest, and been much amused by talking to the farmers, and seeing how absolutely necessary all the electioneering humbug of shaking hands, clapping on the back, kissing wives and children, etc., still is with these people. I think Lord Derby will have a gain of from ten to twenty votes in the new Parliament, but what that will do for him remains to be seen.

The baby[1] is now squalling upstairs. . . .

Your brother is now willing to go to Stockholm, he told me. Will this change your plans? Let me have a line when you can. Shall you not return to town at all?—Ever yours from the heart, M. A.

To his Mother

HAMPTON, *August* 19, 1852.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—Clough has been with me for the last few days in Wales; he is likely to go to America in the autumn to try his fortune there as a tutor. You will receive this, my dearest mother, on the morning of your birthday. Accept every loving and grateful wish from a son to whom you have for nearly thirty years been such a mother as few sons

[1] His eldest child, Thomas, was born July 6, 1852.

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have. The more I see of the world the more I feel thankful for the bringing-up we had, so unworldly, so sound, and so pure. God bless you, my dear mother, and believe me your truly affectionate child, M. ARNOLD.

Flu's[1] love and best wishes—and baby's.

To his Wife

RUGBY, *August* 27, 1852.

I have just come back from dining at the School-House to write this to you. I found Shairp[2] had engaged me there, and as Goulburn[3] had often asked me, and I had never gone, I went to-night; but I was in a great fidget for fear of being prevented from writing my letter. I cannot tell you how strange the feeling was of dining in the old house, in the very room where I used to sit after every one was gone to bed composing my themes, because it was such a pretty room, it was a pleasure to sit up in it. Mrs. Goulburn is a very nice person, one of the Northamptonshire Cartwrights. I sat next her at dinner. It would be such a pleasure to go over with you the places I knew from the time

[1] His wife.

[2] J. C. Shairp, then a master at Rugby, and afterwards Principal of St. Andrews.

[3] Dr. Goulburn, Head Master of Rugby, and afterwards Dean of Norwich.

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I was eight till I was twenty. Then all the people who remember me and my family would be *so* pleased to see you. You would like to see where I used to play with my brothers and sisters, and walk with the governess, and bathe, and learn dancing and many other things. We must certainly come here from Birmingham.

To Wyndham Slade

STRANDS, NEAR WASTWATER,
September 15, 1852.

MY DEAR WYNDHAM—I only received your letter *this morning*. Eaton Place[1] is a howling wilderness at present, and letters may lie there for months before they are forwarded. I should not have got yours now, only my wife had a dress sent to her, and the old woman who takes care of the house in Eaton Place crammed everything with my name on it that she could lay her hands upon into the box.

With respect to your questions, the Committee of Council insist on *boarded floors;* but, worse still, they insist on seeing and approving beforehand the building plans for all schools they aid; therefore, if Lady Slade wants a grant to help her build her school, she must apply before she begins it, for she will get none afterwards. However, if she is only anxious to get

[1] Mr. Justice Wightman lived at 38 Eaton Place.

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her school inspected, or to have pupil teachers in it, or to have a certificated master or mistress, any or all of these luxuries she may obtain though she builds her school herself, and in her own fashion. But for the Committee to give any assistance towards *building or fittings*, they must first approve the building plans.

There—I hope I have been intelligible.

I owed you a letter, which I was intending to pay. Do you remember sleeping at this little inn at the end of Wastwater two years ago, and going to Crummock and Buttermere next day? I am making the very same promenade now with my wife; I have just been looking at your name and mine written in the Fremdenbuch in my hand. How pleasant it was having you here! Couldn't you come now if you are at home? The partridges must be getting wild, and we should be *so* glad to see you. You are one of the few young gentlemen of whom I have never got tired. Fanny Lucy[1] and I are here till the 10th of October; we shall be at Fox How again at the end of this week. Write me a line, then, and tell me whether you can manage to be good and come. We will go and see Edinburgh together; it is only 4½ hours from Fox How. Write at once.—Ever yours affectionately, M. ARNOLD.

[1] His wife.

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TO WYNDHAM SLADE

To the Same

MR. SANSOM'S, DERBY, *October* 22, 1852.

MY DEAR WYNDHAM—An infernal steel pen which I must change. So—now I can get on. I presume you are blazing away in your ancestral fields. Need I say that I am passionately fond of the Colchic bird, and that your rifle is, I know, unerring? As for me, I shall never look along the deadly tube again, I expect; however, this will be no great blessing for the brute creation, as I never used to hit them.

I wish you could have been with us in Westmorland, as we had splendid weather, and many days of wandering perfectly successful. Do you remember our week, and the fearful way in which you used to blaspheme, as the daily saturation of your raiment commenced on some lonely mountain or other? Next year I am going abroad, I think. The child of my declining years, without brother or sister, unique of his kind, will have apartments at the Château de Lisbon, while his mother and I seek September fevers in South Italy. Such, at least, is our present intention.

I intend coming to the metropolis in a month's time, and then I hope we shall meet; I should so like to sit and talk for an evening with you on passing events. I have published some

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poems,[1] which, out of friendship, I forbear to send you; you shall, however, if you are weak enough to desire it, have them when we meet. Can you get from Heimann the address of one William Rossetti for me?—an ingenuous youth who used to write articles in a defunct review, the name of which I forget. I write this very late at night, with S——, a young Derby banker, *très sport*, completing an orgy in the next room. When that good young man is calm these lodgings are pleasant enough. You are to come and see me fighting the battle of life as an Inspector of Schools some day; this next year I mean to make you fulfil the promise.

S—— is in a state of collapse. He will be very miserable to-morrow. Good-night. Let me have a line here, and believe me, ever yours sincerely, M. ARNOLD.

To his Mother

DERBY, *November* 25, 1852.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I have been since Monday at Lincoln, hard worked, but *subsisting* on the Cathedral. Every evening as it grew dark I mounted the hill to it, and remained through the evening service in the nave or transepts, more settled and refreshed than I could have been by anything else. I came down the

[1] *Empedocles on Etna, and other Poems*, by A. 1852.

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valley of the Trent to-day. You have no idea what majestic floods! I asked a great deal about them; the new bank near Fledborough[1] has given way, and that place and Ragnall and Dunham are all floating. I astonished the country people by knowing the names of the remote villages by there. I looked affectionately in the bright morning towards Fledborough; my recollections of it are the only approach I have to a memory of a golden age. I thought how I should like once more to see it with you, dearest mother, and to look with you on the gray church, and the immense meadow, and the sparkling Trent. We will talk of it again, for it might be managed from Coleby.—Ever your affectionate son, M. ARNOLD.

To his Wife

BATTERSEA, *Friday* (*December* 1852).

This certainly has been one of the most uncomfortable weeks I ever spent. Battersea is so far off, the roads so execrable, and the rain so incessant. I cannot bear to take my cab from London over Battersea Bridge, as it seems so absurd to pay eightpence for the sake of the half-mile on this side; but that half-mile is one continued

[1] His grandfather, the Rev. John Penrose, was Vicar of Fledborough, Notts; and his mother was married there in 1820.

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slough, as there is not a yard of flagging, I believe, in all Battersea. Did I tell you that I have papers sent me to look over which will give me to the 20th of January in London without moving, then for a week to Huntingdonshire schools, then another week in London for the Inspectors' meeting and other matters, and then Birmingham for a month, and then London?

To the Same

THE BULL, CAMBRIDGE, *February* 28, 1853.

I have had a long tiring day, and it certainly will be a relief when I get these Eastern Counties over. The worst of it is that invitations to go and see schools are *rained* upon me; and managers who have held out till now against the Government plan ask me on my father's account to come and inspect them, and to refuse is hard.

I have seen nothing of this place. I see there is a long collegiate-looking building opposite. It seems so strange to be in a place of colleges that is not Oxford. You never knew such a scrape as I had of it this morning; it was one minute *past* the time when I drove up to Shoreditch, but they let me in. To-day there was a stoppage in Smithfield, and we had to go round by the Bank and Austin Friars; all down Bishopsgate Street we tore. What a filthy line is the Eastern

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Counties, and what bad carriages! But how unjust the world is to Essex!

I thought the valley of the Lea we came up this morning delightful, and the whole country very nice till about Chesterford. At the station here I had just time to eat a bun and book for St. Ives. We arrived at the latter place at half-past two, and I walked the two miles to Fenstanton, as it would have been a long business waiting for a fly to get ready. The school is a smallish affair, and at a quarter to five I went to Mr. Coote's. He is the principal man of the place, being a brewer and coal merchant, and is a rich, clever Dissenter. He has a nice old house, standing in grounds a little out of the town. I met at dinner there another Dissenter, who wanted to take me home to sleep, and offered to send me to all my schools if I would spend this week with him. He lives near Erith. I refused, however, but next year I shall go to him and Coote instead of coming to the inn here. It—the inn—is a pretty good one apparently. I have very good front rooms; it is a newer affair altogether than the Angel. I am off early to-morrow for Erith. I thought of you to-night as I drove through St. Ives, and of that bitter cold uncomfortable journey this time last year.

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To the Same

CAMBRIDGE, *March* 2, 1853.

At ten I went to my school here, a very large one, which kept me till past one; then I came back here, and at two went out to look at the places. At Trinity I found every one was absent whom I knew, but at Christ's I luckily found Mr. Gell, who is a fellow and tutor there, who was very glad to see me; he was an old pupil of my father's, and my father's picture was hanging in his room. He took me all over Cambridge, and I have since dined with him, and a Mr. Clark, the Proctor, has asked me to dinner to-morrow, but I shall not go, as I think of going to Ely to see the Cathedral.

The two things I wanted to see in Cambridge were, the statue of Newton and King's College Chapel; the former is hardly as effective as I expected, because the chapel, or rather ante-chapel, where it stands, is so poor; yet it is noble for all that. King's College Chapel deserves all that can be said of it. Yet I feel that the Middle Ages and all their poetry and impressiveness are in Oxford and not here. I want you sadly to go about with me; everything would be just doubly as interesting.

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To the Same

SUDBURY, *Tuesday*, 6 P.M. (1853).

I got here a little before two, had a sandwich, and then went to the school. I don't know why, but I certainly find inspecting peculiarly oppressive just now; but I must tackle to, as it would not do to let this feeling get too strong. All this afternoon I have been haunted by a vision of living with you at Berne, on a diplomatic appointment, and how different that would be from this incessant grind in schools; but I could laugh at myself, too, for the way in which I went on drawing out our life in my mind. After five I took a short walk, got back to dinner at a quarter to six, dined, and started the pupil teachers, and am just writing this to catch the post. Direct to me, P.O., Ipswich.

To the Same

SUDBURY, *March* 8, 1853.

This is positively the first moment I have had. I am obliged to remain here to-night, having found an immense school and a great number of pupil teachers; however, I shall get on to Ipswich to-morrow morning. I have fallen on my legs here, being most hospitably entertained by a Quaker who has a large house here. It is

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a curious place, and I am writing in the hall of it, at which all the pupil teachers are gathered together at their work. The hall is completely covered over as to its walls with a vast collection of stuffed birds, which gives it a ghastly effect enough.

I did not arrive here till just two, as the train was late; went to the school, and found there were three of them. About four o'clock I found myself so exhausted, having eaten nothing since breakfast, that I sent out for a bun, and ate it before the astonished school. Since then I have had a very good extempore dinner on mutton chops and bread pudding, all the Quaker household having dined early, and now I am in for the pupil teachers till ten o'clock.

To the Same

IPSWICH WESTERN SCHOOL,
Wednesday, 5 P.M., *March* 10, 1853.

I am too utterly tired out to write. It certainly was nicer when you came with me, though so dreadfully expensive; but it was the only thing that could make this life anything but positive purgatory. I was well taken care of by my Quaker last night; his collection of stuffed birds is really splendid. I could have passed days looking at it; every British bird you could name he has, and the eggs of all, which is almost

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as curious. He has stuffed all the birds himself, being an enthusiastic amateur ; the collection of sea-fowl, and of all varieties of the hawk and falcon, was beautiful. I got here at twelve, and in half an hour am going on to Norwich, and thence to Lowestoft, which I shall not reach before eleven to-night.

To the Same

ASPLEY GUISE, *Tuesday, March* 21, 1853.

I am staying with Mr. How, a venerable Quaker, and his wife in the prettiest little cottage imaginable, with lawn and conservatory, and all that a cottage ought to have. He has the land all around, and his family have had it for generations ; but his grand-uncle, an old bachelor, who built this to live quietly in, and who let the family house, being bothered by the tenant about repairs, etc., sold the house ; at the same time he retained all the land, so that what was once their own house overshadows the Hows in their cottage. However, the house is now unoccupied, having fallen into great decay ; and as the present Mr. How, who has no family, will not buy it back, it will probably tumble down. The same grand-uncle redeemed his sins by collecting a really splendid library—you know I am particular,—which the present people have built a room for, and had catalogued, and the

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catalogue will be a great resource to me this evening. I go to Ampthill by a most circuitous route to-morrow, and return here quite late to have tea and to sleep, which will be far pleasanter than sleeping at the Ampthill inn.

How charming it will be to be stationary for three days again without a journey!

To Mrs. Forster

LONDON, *April* 14, 1853.

MY DEAREST K.—There is an article by Forster[1] on A. Smith[2]—a most elaborate one—in last week's *Examiner*, which is worth reading. It can do me no good, meanwhile, to be irritated with that young man, who has certainly an extraordinary faculty, although I think he is a phenomenon of a very dubious character; but—*il fait son métier—faisons le nôtre.* I am occupied with a thing that gives me more pleasure than anything I have ever done yet, which is a good sign; but whether I shall not ultimately spoil it by being obliged to strike it off in fragments, instead of at one heat, I cannot quite say. I think of publishing it, with the narrative poems of my first volume,[3] *Tristram and Iseult* of my

[1] John Forster, editor of the *Examiner*.
[2] Alexander Smith, author of *A Life Drama, and other Poems*.
[3] *The Strayed Reveller, and other Poems*, by A. 1849.

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second, and one or two more, in February next, with my name and a preface.

Why is *Villette* disagreeable? Because the writer's mind contains nothing but hunger, rebellion, and rage, and therefore that is all she can, in fact, put into her book. No fine writing can hide this thoroughly, and it will be fatal to her in the long run. *My Novel* I have just finished. I have read it with great pleasure, though Bulwer's nature is by no means a perfect one either, which makes itself felt in his book; but his gush, his better humour, his abundant materials, and his mellowed constructive skill—all these are great things.

My love and thanks to William. God bless you, my darling.—Your ever truly affectionate

M. A.

To his Mother

HAMPTON, *Monday* (*May* 1853).

MY DEAREST MOTHER—All my spare time has been spent on a poem[1] which I have just finished, and which I think by far the best thing I have yet done, and that it will be generally liked, though one never can be sure of this. I have had the greatest pleasure in composing it—a rare thing with me, and, as I think, a good test of the pleasure what you write is likely to afford to others; but then the story is a very

[1] *Sohrab and Rustum.*

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noble and excellent one. F., I am sure, will be delighted with it, and K. I have settled with Fellowes to publish this, and one or two more new ones, with the most popular of the old ones, next winter or spring, with a preface, and my name. I never felt so sure of myself, or so *really* and *truly* at ease as to criticism, as I have done lately. There is an article[1] on me in the last *North British* which I will send you. Can it be by Blackie?[2] I think Froude's review will come sooner or later, but at *present* even about this I feel indifferent. Miss Blackett[3] told Flu that Lord John Russell said, 'In his opinion Matthew Arnold was the one rising young poet of the present day.' This pleased me greatly from Lord John—if it is true. You ask about Alexander Smith. There are beautiful passages in him, but I think it doubtful how he will turn. Here is a long letter, and all about myself; however, you will like that.—Ever your most affectionate M. A.

To the Same

LOUTH, *Tuesday Night* (1853).

MY DEAREST MOTHER—This morning I again left London, and having been busy all the after-

[1] 'Glimpses of Poetry,' *North British Review*, May 1853.
[2] John Stuart Blackie, Professor of Greek at Edinburgh.
[3] Sister of John Blackett, and afterwards Madame du Quaire.

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noon at Boston, have come on here to-night, as I have a large school here to-morrow. I like this place, it is so entirely an old country town, and it is in nearly the best part of Lincolnshire. I have been shaking off the burden of the day by a walk to-night along the Market Rasen road, over the skirts of the wolds, between hedges full of elder blossom and white roses; and the spire of Louth Church comes everywhere into the view so beautifully.

I have been reading Margaret Fuller,[1] and again been greatly struck with her sincere striving to be good and helpful. Her address to the poor women in the Penitentiary is really beautiful. 'Cultivate the spirit of prayer. I do not mean agitation and excitement, but a deep desire for truth, purity, and goodness, and you will daily learn how near He is to every one of us.' Nothing can be better than that. I long to be at Fox How with you. God bless you, my dearest mother.—Ever your most affectionate son, M. A.

To John F. B. Blackett, M.P.

LINCOLN, *November* 26, 1853.

MY DEAR BLACKETT—You knew, I am sure, what pleasure your letter would give me. I certainly was very anxious that you should like

[1] American philanthropist and mystic.

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'Sohrab and Rustum.' Clough, as usual, remained in suspense whether he liked it or no. Lingen wrote me four sheets on behalf of sticking to modern subjects; but your letter, and one from Froude (which I must send you, in spite of the praise), came to reassure me.

I still, however, think it very doubtful whether the book[1] will succeed; the *Leader* and the *Spectator* are certain to disparage it; the *Examiner* may praise it, but will very likely take no notice at all. The great hope is that the *Times* may trumpet it once more. Just imagine the effect of the last notice in that paper; it has brought *Empedocles* to the railway bookstall at Derby. What you say about the similes looks very just upon paper. I can only say that I took a great deal of trouble to orientalise them (the Bahrein diver[2] was originally an ordinary fisher), because I thought they looked strange, and jarred, if Western. But it is very possible you may be right.

I am worked to death just now, and have a horrid cold and cough; but at the end of next week I hope to get to town. We are not going to the sea after all, but are coming to Eaton Place for, I hope, two months.

I appreciated your sister's rancour. But mis-spelling of *English* words (mis-spelling of French words, like yours sometimes, is mere ignorance,

[1] *Poems by Matthew Arnold*, a new edition. 1853.
[2] See *Sohrab and Rustum*.

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and demands compassion, not blame) is such an odious affectation that I always check it. But remember me affectionately to her.

So Parliament is, at all events, dumb till January, thank God.—Ever, my dear Blackett, affectionately yours, M. ARNOLD.

To Mrs. Forster

LONDON, *February* 27, 1854.

MY DEAREST K.—So Mr. Forster[1] is dead. I do not know when I have been more affected than in reading your letter. The lives and deaths of the 'pure in heart' have, perhaps, the privilege of touching us more deeply than those of others—partly, no doubt, because with them the disproportion of suffering to desert seems so unusually great. However, with them one feels —even I feel—that for their purity's sake, if for that alone, whatever delusions they may have wandered in, and whatever impossibilities they may have dreamed of, they shall undoubtedly, in some sense or other, see God.

My love to William; he knows how truly, by this time, he has made relations of us all.—Ever your most affectionate M. A.

[1] Mr. W. E. Forster's father.

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TO WYNDHAM SLADE

To Wyndham Slade

6 Esplanade, Dover, *July* 28, 1854.

My dear Wyndham—The blue sky and the calm sea were too tempting when I came down here last week; so on Saturday we bolted, and returned yesterday, having been grilled alive, enjoyed ourselves immensely, spent £15, eaten one good dinner, and seen Brussels, Ghent, and Antwerp. Antwerp I had never seen, so we made that our object. I have so little money this year that I really could not have afforded to spend more than what I have spent on travelling, so I am glad that I went at once, when my work compelled me to be back in a few days, and did not wait till my holidays began, when I should certainly have gone farther, spent more money, and been more embarrassed than ever on my return.

But we have both recorded a solemn vow, if we live, to spend at least seven weeks abroad next year, and to make all our arrangements, from this time forth, in conformity with this resolution.

Antwerp is well worth seeing, though I hate poking about in the North. But Rubens's great pictures are there; and hardly Raphael himself is better worth seeing than Rubens at his best. If you have not yet seen the Descent from the Cross and the Crucifixion, go and see them.

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Brussels I had often seen. It is a white, sparkling, cheerful, wicked little place, which, however, one finds rather good for one's spirits.

I must say the *ennui* of having to return is somewhat lessened by returning to this place, which is charming. You must come here. We are here for three weeks from next Monday.

Write to me, you good soul, and believe me, ever yours, M. ARNOLD.

To the Same

6 ESPLANADE, DOVER, *August* 3, 1854.

MY DEAR WYNDHAM—An agreeable letter of mine, relating all my recent doings, has probably by this time reached you. It was sent to Montys.[1] I shall not write it over again, but content myself with entreating you to beware of cholera. Both the Wilts Yeomanry and the Somersetshire Militia are, I should think, very unfit to die.

I am very anxious to hear what it all is about young Lawley,[2] but probably being, like me, in the provinces, you are in the same benighted state as myself.

Tempests blow daily, and the boats come in in a filthy state from the habits of the passengers. It is a real pleasure to see the landings, day after

[1] Mr. Slade's home in Somersetshire.
[2] The Hon. F. C. Lawley, M.P. for Beverley 1852-1854.

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day. In fact, it is so pleasant here that come you must; only give me a line to say when. All but a bed we can give you.—Ever yours,

M. A.

My love to J. D. C.,[1] and tell him that the limited circulation of the *Christian Remembrancer* makes the unquestionable viciousness of his article[2] of little importance. I am sure he will be gratified to think that it is so. This must go, for I am off to Canterbury.

To his Wife

CAVALRY BARRACKS, BRIGHTON,
August 16, 1854.

I mean to sleep here to-night, instead of at Hastings, as it is very pleasant, and I think Henry[3] likes my being here. I have the rooms of a Sir Geo. Leith, who is away at present, and am very comfortable. We dined last night at eight, only Henry, myself, and one other officer, Watson by name, but it was extremely pleasant. We had a capital dinner, champagne and claret, and after dinner Henry and I played picquet, 6d. a game, the *parti* ending in my being the winner of one sixpence. We did not

[1] Mr., afterwards Lord, Coleridge.
[2] A review of Matthew Arnold's poems.
[3] His wife's brother-in-law, Captain, afterwards General, Benson, 17th Lancers.

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go to bed till one o'clock. This morning I breakfasted alone in the messroom very comfortably, and was off to my school before any of them were up, getting back here about twelve, when I went to the stables and riding school with Henry, and was introduced to several officers. Captain Holden came and lunched with us, and I found him very pleasant. The Colonel in command here, Mr. Clayton, and, I think, Watson again, dine to-night.

To Wyndham Slade

DOVER, *August* 21, 1854.

MY DEAR WYNDHAM—I should greatly have liked seeing you here, but I almost feared you would hardly think it worth while to come right across England when you found that our foreign excursions had been already made. Certainly I *was* rather perfidious, but after five months of London no one could have resisted the first sight of the French coast staring one in the face, and the boats perpetually steaming off under one's nose, in the loveliest weather that ever was in the world. You would have liked this place too, if you had come; however, you did *not* come, and there is an end of the matter for this year.

I have been in Brighton this last week, living in barracks with my brother-in-law,

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Henry Benson, who commands the depôt of the 17th there. I saw several men of the 13th, and also of the gallant 4th, though not the Brown who I see by to-day's paper has been distinguishing himself. There were, however, but few officers there; the old Colonel (M'Queen) who commands the whole of them I liked, and dining at mess I liked—so far as the dinners are concerned, very much. The young officers, the cornets, are certainly the drawbacks—such precious young *nincompoops*; I don't mean anything serious to be blamed in them, but the sort of faults boys coming straight from school to a messroom would naturally have: they *behave so badly*. This is an instance of what I mean. A precious young simpleton called ——, inoffensive enough *du reste*, when the cloth is removed pulls off three heavy rings from his fingers and goes on spinning them on the table before him for about a quarter of an hour — this with the Colonel and different people dining, and talking going on. I think every one before he gets a commission should be compelled to pass at least a year at one of the Universities and to pass the first examination, whatever it is. After all, college does civilise a boy wonderfully.

We are going to London by sea to-morrow if it is fine; it is much cheaper, and I want to see the Downs, the Nore, Pegwell Bay, etc., which I have never seen. We go straight on

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to Fox How on Wednesday or Thursday. Is it quite impossible for you to come and look at us there in the next six weeks? It is likely to be fine now, I do really think, even there.

M. ARNOLD.

To his Wife

MADELEY WOOD, *Wednesday, October* 17, 1854.

This must be a scrap, for I must get off as soon as I can in order to get to Lilleshall, nine miles of cross country road, in time to dress for dinner; and, while I *am* here, the managers do not like not to be able to talk to me. I have had a cold, wet journey, and only a bun for luncheon. I got to Wellington at one o'clock, and came on here—six miles—on the top of an omnibus—a dawdling conveyance, and a cold, wet drive. I felt rather disconsolate between Liverpool and Shrewsbury. . . . We have had such a happy time at Fox How. Then, too, I have had time for employment that I like, and now I am going back to an employment which I certainly do *not* like, and which leaves me little time for anything else. I read about fifty pages of *Hypatia*, which is certainly very vigorous and interesting; however, that did not comfort me much, and I betook myself to Hesiod, a Greek friend I had with me, with excellent effect; we will talk about *Hypatia* when we meet.

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To the Same

OXFORD, *October* 21, 1854.

I am afraid it is quite impossible for me to get back to Liverpool. I shall be detained so long by a large double school at Banbury to-morrow that it will be impossible for me to get to Liverpool till three or four on Saturday morning, and then to begin on Monday morning at Charlbury, thirteen miles from here. I am afraid it is out of the question. I am just back from Witney; as cold and uncomfortable a life I have had since I left you as one could desire. My bedroom here is fust and frowsiness itself, and last night I could not get to sleep. I have seen no one but Lake[1] for a minute after my arrival last night. I was off for Witney at eight this morning. I shall be hurried in writing at Banbury to-morrow. I dine in Oriel to-night—in Common Room at six.

To the Same

OXFORD, *Sunday* (*October* 1854).

I am writing from Walrond's rooms in Balliol. This time *thirteen* years ago I was wandering about this quadrangle a freshman, as

[1] The Rev. W. C. Lake, afterwards Dean of Durham.

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I see other freshmen doing now. The time seems prodigious. I do not certainly feel thirteen years older than when I came up to Oxford. . . . I am going with Walrond to-day to explore the Cumner country, and on Thursday I got up alone into one of the little coombs that papa was so fond of, and which I had in my mind in the 'Gipsy Scholar,' and felt the peculiar *sentiment* of this country and neighbourhood as deeply as ever. But I am much struck with the apathy and *poorness* of the people here, as they now strike me, and their petty pottering habits compared with the students of Paris, or Germany, or even of London. Animation and interest and the power of work seem so sadly wanting in them. And I think this is so; and the place, in losing Newman and his followers, has lost its religious movement, which after all kept it from stagnating, and has not yet, so far as I see, got anything better. However, we must hope that the coming changes, and perhaps the infusion of Dissenters' sons of that muscular, hard-working, *unblasé* middle class—for it is this, in spite of its abominable disagreeableness—may brace the flaccid sinews of Oxford a little.

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To the Same

AMPTHILL, *Wednesday* (1854).

I shall have no dinner at all to-day except so far as the mutton chop I had at one o'clock with one of the Committee here may count for one. But that will do me no harm. I mean to walk from here to Aspley, six miles, the road running really through beautiful country. I passed Millbrook, the Carrs' place, on my way here. Their house and grounds are really charming, but I hadn't time to stop and go in, which I was really sorry for. The newspaper makes one melancholy. It appears Louis Napoleon is certainly going to the Crimea after all; and when once he is there the English Army will have the character of nothing but a contingent, and France will more and more take the position of head of the Alliance, disposing of England as suits her best. And it seems the renewed bombardment has not, in fact, done anything. How I should like to live quietly in Switzerland with you and the boys!

To Wyndham Slade

DERBY, *November* 6, 1854.

MY DEAR WYNDHAM—I am writing this from a British school, where I am holding an

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examination of pupil-teacher apprentices, surrounded by an innumerable company of youths and maidens. I shall not be in London till the very end of this month, but then, I hope, for two months.

The news from the East seems a little improved to-day, at least the Varna despatch seems to establish that it was *Turkish* redoubts, and, consequently, Turkish cannon, that were captured. As for the light cavalry loss, those gentlemen, I imagine, will be more missed at reviews than in the field. The English cavalry never seem to do much good, and, I imagine, are a great deal too costly and too beautifully dressed and mounted for real service. I heard the other day from a man to whom Sir William Napier had said it, that while the British infantry was the best in the world, the cavalry of several other nations was better, even in equal numbers; he instanced the French and the Austrian.

The siege[1] is awfully interesting; one thinks they *must* take the place, though, after all; the loss of prestige will be so great if they do not.

. . . . . .

Edward[2] is coming to-night; from him I shall hear what your brother did at All Souls'. How I wish you were here for a week!

I have got another volume coming out in December; all the short things have appeared

[1] Of Sebastopol.

[2] His brother, the Rev. E. P. Arnold, Fellow of All Souls'.

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before, but there is one long thing at the beginning I think you will like.

Fanny Lucy desires to be most kindly remembered, at least she did this morning when I told her I should write to you. The big baby[1] pulls his elder brother over and over.—
Ever yours, M. A.

To his Mother

LONDON, *December* 9, 1854.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — You will have received six copies of my new volume.[2] Will you give one to Mrs. Wordsworth from me, telling her that I send it to her for the sake of the Memorial Verses,[3] imperfect tribute as they are.

I think this book will hold me in public repute pretty much at the point where the last left me, not advance me and not pull me down from it. If so, it was worth publishing, for I shall probably make something by the poems in their present shape, whereas if I had left them as they were, I should have continued to make nothing. The war, and the great length of time that has passed since most of the poems in this collection were written, make me myself

[1] His second son Trevenen William, born October 15, 1853.
[2] *Poems by Matthew Arnold*, Second Series. 1855.
[3] On Wordsworth.

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regard it with less interest than I should have thought possible. I am not very well lately, have had one or two things to bother me, and more and more have the feeling that I do not do my inspecting work really well and satisfactorily; but I have also lately had a stronger wish than usual not to vacillate and be helpless, but to do my duty, whatever that may be; and out of that wish one may always hope to make something.—Your most affectionate son, M. A.

To the Same

BIRMINGHAM, *February* 27, 1855.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I ought before this to have thanked you for sending the letter, which is ennobling and refreshing, as everything which proceeds from him always is, besides the pathetic interest of the circumstances of its writing and finding.[1] I think he was thirty-five when that letter was written, and how he had forecast and revolved, even then, the serious interests and welfare of his children—at a time when, to many men, their children are still little more than playthings. He might well hope to bring up children, when he made that bringing-up so distinctly his thought beforehand; and we who

[1] A letter of Dr. Arnold, relating to the education of his children; found thirteen years after his death.

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treat the matter so carelessly and lazily—we can hardly expect ours to do more than *grow up* at hazard, not be *brought up* at all. But this is just what makes him great—that he was not only a good man saving his own soul by righteousness, but that he carried so many others with him in his hand, and saved them, if they would let him, along with himself.

Dear Mary[1] was invaluable to us, and we have missed her terribly these last two evenings. I so liked hearing her and Flu talk in the evening, as they sate at work while I read. Now all is silence, unless when I sometimes read out a sentence or two. Tell her I find Etty's Life a great improvement on Montgomery's—in fact, decidedly interesting. Of all dull, stagnant, unedifying *entourages*, that of middle-class Dissent, which environed Montgomery,[2] seems to me the stupidest.

I should like to have Mary staying with us one six months of the year, and Fan the other.

It is no use telling you of little Tom's fascinations by letter when you have Mary with you, upon whom they have been exercised.

. . . . . .

I hope by the end of this week we shall be settled in London. My dearest mother, how I should like to have you quietly with us there. —Ever your most affectionate M. A.

[1] His second sister.

[2] James Montgomery (1771-1854), Moravian hymn-writer.

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TO HIS MOTHER

To the Same

EVESHAM, *April* 25, 1855.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I write to you from the Girls' British School here while the pupil-teachers are at work. I wish you could look out of the window with me and see our dear old friend, the Avon, here a large river, and the Cotswolds bounding the plain, and the plain itself one garden, for this is one of the richest and most beautiful parts of England. I was here this time three years ago coming from Cheltenham and returning there, and I should like very well to be going to Cheltenham now, to find Flu and our old lodgings there, and to stay a fortnight in that very cheerful place, for it is not now the season, and one is not overwhelmed with people, and Cheltenham itself and the country about it is as pleasant as anything in England. I left Flu at Oxford this morning. We have had a very pleasant four days at Oriel with the Hawkinses.[1] We slept in the rooms, which you must remember very well, looking out into Oriel Lane, and met a great many Heads of Houses and dignitaries, the inferiority of them all to the Provost being quite remarkable. I was not at all prepared for his being so pleasant. I think one's being removed from academic life

[1] Dr. Hawkins was Provost of Oriel 1828-1882.

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and its usages makes him treat one altogether in a simpler, more natural way. I found him not tolerable only, but actually very agreeable, and enjoyed being with him. Imagine his having quoted from a poem of mine in a note to a sermon [1] which he has just published. He seems to me very worn and thin. There will be some lines [2] of mine in the next *Fraser* (without name) on poor Charlotte Brontë. Harriet Martineau is alluded to in them, and if she is well enough you must forward the copy of the magazine which I will send you to her, after you have read the lines. I am glad to have the opportunity to speak of her with respect at this time, and for merits which she undoubtedly has.—Your most affectionate son,

M. A.

To the Same

LONDON, *Wednesday* (*May* 1855).

As to the poem in *Fraser*, I hope K. sent you a letter I wrote to her on that subject, in which I told her that I knew absolutely nothing of Harriet Martineau's works or debated matters —had not even seen them, that I know of, nor do I ever mention her creed with the

[1] On 'Christian Unity.' The quotation is from the poem now called 'Stagirius.'

[2] 'Haworth Churchyard.'

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slightest applause, but only her boldness in avowing it. The want of independence of mind, the shutting their eyes and professing to believe what they do not, the running blindly together in herds, for fear of some obscure danger and horror if they go alone, is so eminently a vice of the English, I think, of the last hundred years—has led them, and is leading them into such scrapes and bewilderment, that I cannot but praise a person whose one effort seems to have been to deal perfectly honestly and sincerely with herself, although for the speculations into which this effort has led her I have not the slightest sympathy. I shall never be found to identify myself with her and her people, but neither shall I join, nor have I the least community of feeling with, her attackers. And I think a perfectly impartial person may say all in her praise that I have said.[1] M. A.

To Mrs. Forster

TEDDINGTON, *June* 18, 1855.

MY DEAREST K.—I have not been able to write to you since the death of William's mother, and now comes the death of poor Holberton[2] also to remind one of one's mortality. How the days slip away, and how little one

[1] In 'Haworth Churchyard.' [2] The doctor at Hampton.

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does in them! That is more and more my thought in hearing of every fresh death among those whom I have known, and it becomes sadder and more serious as one advances in life.

The Judge has not got the North Wales circuit; one of the Chiefs took it, so the two dear little boys remain with us, and we all go to Dover together on the 16th of next month, I hope. The not losing them consoles one for losing the £75 which the circuit would have been worth.[1] I daresay if you are at home in November you will take them for two or three weeks, and perhaps me with them for part of that time. The two boys can hardly be at an age, I think, when they will be pleasanter company than they are now. They are perfectly well, and consequently in the best humour and spirits. This large house and garden suit them exactly. We have been here nearly a fortnight, and shall stay a week longer. I wish you could have seen Tom stop as he walked in the garden with me yesterday while the birds were singing with great vigour, put his little finger to his mouth as a sign to listen, and say, 'Papa, do you hear the mavis singing?' which is the first line of a song called 'Mary of Argyle,' which is one of his songs, and which he applied of his own thought in this pretty way. Every one notices and pets

[1] He used to act as Marshal to his father-in-law, Mr. Justice Wightman.

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the child, he is so singularly winning and *unexpected* in all he says and does.

Go to Auvergne by all means. You say in N. Italy you seemed to perceive where I had got my poetry, but, if you have fine weather, you will perceive it yet more in Auvergne. The country has such beautiful forms and such a southern air. The point is the Baths of the Mont d'Or; the inns or boarding-houses there are very good, and from there you must go up the Mont d'Or; and do not miss two things—the old bourg of La Tour d'Auvergne, and a Némi-like lake at the Cantal side of Mont d'Or. Clermont and the Puy de Dôme (where Pascal made the experiments which resulted in perfecting the barometer) you are sure to see, for they are on the great road of Auvergne. The country on the side of Thiers and Issoire is said to be very beautiful. It is far less known than the rest of Auvergne; I have not seen it. All that country is the very heart and nucleus of old France. There are very few English, and at the baths of the Mont d'Or many French of the best kind. Travelling and living accommodations are very good. Tell me again when you have settled to go.—Ever your most affectionate M. A.

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To his Wife

COUNCIL OFFICE, *Thursday* (1855).

I am having rather hard work at the Boro' Road — hard work compared with common inspecting, for I have the afternoon till five as well as the mornings; but I am rather interested in seeing the Training School for the first time. I am much struck with the utter unfitness of women for teachers or lecturers. No doubt, it is no natural incapacity, but the fault of their bringing-up. They are quick learners enough, and there is nothing to complain of in the *students* on the female side; but when one goes from hearing one of the lecturers on the male side to hear a lecturer on the female side there is a vast difference. However, the men lecturers at the Boro' Road are certainly above the average, one from his great experience, the other from his great ability. You should have heard the rubbish the female Principal, a really clever young woman, talked to her class of girls of seventeen to eighteen about a lesson in Milton.

I have got the *Allgemeine Zeitung* (did I tell you?) containing the mention of my poems. It is very uninteresting, however. And some one has sent me the *Sun*, containing a flaming account of the first series. I surely told you this, however?

There is no news to-day, except that 4000

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cannon have been found in Sebastopol. Things being as they are, I do not see anything to object to in the Emperor's message. But the situation is altogether disagreeable until the English fleet or army perform some brilliant exploit.—Ever yours, M. A.

To Mrs. Forster

LONDON, *December* 12, 1855.

MY DARLING K.—I think 'Balder'[1] will consolidate the peculiar sort of reputation that I got by 'Sohrab and Rustum,' and many will complain that I am settling myself permanently in that field of antiquity, as if there was no other. But I have in part done with this field in completing 'Balder,' and what I do next will be, if I can do it, wholly different.

I have had a letter from Arthur Stanley,[2] who remarks on the similes much as you do, so I daresay what you both say is true; he likes 'Balder' as a whole better than 'Sohrab,' but thinks it too short; and this is true too, I think, and I must some day add a first book with an account of the circumstances of the death of Balder himself.

I felt sure William would be interested from what I knew of his Scandinavian interests.

[1] 'Balder Dead,' in *Poems*, Second Series.
[2] Afterwards Dean of Westminster.

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Mallet,[1] however, tell him, and his version of the Edda, is all the poem is based upon.

It is hard to think of any volume like that of mine having a sale in England just now, with the war going on, and the one cry being for newspapers; but I daresay the book will dribble away in a year's time or so.—Ever your most truly affectionate M. A.

To Wyndham Slade

38 Eaton Place, *December* 29, 1855.

My dear Wyndham—I am quite provoked about the godfathership, the more so as if I had really thought you would have liked to be godfather there is nobody in the world, now that I have knocked off my dear Walrond with Master Trevenen, whom I myself should more have liked for the office. But the truth is that the night you dined in Eaton Place, and we were talking about names, you said, after Walrond had said that the boy ought to be called by the sweet name which I myself bear, that you too thought family names ought to be kept to, and that if you were me you would not give the child a name like Wyndham. It occurred to me afterwards that you had perhaps said this thinking that it would be rather a bore, and also *un peu ridicule*,

[1] Paul Henri Mallet (1730-1807) investigated the Mythology of the Scandinavians.

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for you to fill the office of godfather; and as I remembered that I, when unmarried, had precisely the same feeling, and, in fact, always declined to fill the office, I determined to say no more about the matter to you, and to ask other people. Accordingly, we have now got two ecclesiastics — the old Archbishop of Dublin[1] for one, and Peter Wood[2] for the other. This is a long story, but it is precisely the story of how the matter happened, and of what passed in my mind, and I know you will readily forgive me if I made a mistake as to what your real feeling was. I could not bear the notion, that was the fact, of boring you with such an office, which you might, I thought, have accepted because you did not know how to refuse.

This cursed long story has spoiled my letter. I am full of a tragedy of the time of the end of the Roman Republic—one of the most colossal times of the world, I think. . . . It won't see the light, however, before 1857.[3] I have only read about a hundred pages of Macaulay. I thought my chariot wheels went heavier than when I was reading the first two volumes. Read Prescott's *Philip the Second*. I think it is just the book you would like. You ought also to read Lewes's *Life of Goethe*. The time is short.—Ever yours most sincerely,

M. ARNOLD.

[1] Dr. Whately.

[2] His wife's brother-in-law, the Rev. Peter Wood.

[3] This design was not carried out.

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TO MRS. FORSTER

To Mrs. Forster

EDGBASTON, *February* 17, 1856.

MY DEAREST K.—I shall send you to-morrow by post a volume of Montalembert's about England, which, if you have not read it already, will interest both you and William, I think. Read particularly the chapter on the *Liberté de tester*, and on English Public Schools and Universities. What he says about the Public Schools and Universities comes curiously from a foreigner, and just now; but I think there is much truth in it, and that if the aristocratical institutions of England could be saved by anything, they would be saved by these. But as George Sand says in the end of her Memoirs (which you should read): 'L'humanité tend à se niveler: elle le veut, elle le doit, elle le fera'; and though it does not particularly rejoice me to think so, I believe that this is true, and that the English aristocratic system, splendid fruits as it has undoubtedly borne, must go. I say it does not rejoice me to think this, because what a middle class and people we have in England! of whom Saint Simon says truly: 'Sur tous les chantiers de l'Angleterre il n'existe pas une seule grande idée.'

I write this—pamphlet, it is getting like—to-day because I shall have not a minute to write it to-morrow.

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TO MRS. FORSTER

I am elected at the Athenæum, tell William, and look forward with rapture to the use of that library in London. It is really as good as having the books of one's own—one can use them at a club in such perfect quiet and comfort.—Your most affectionate brother, M. A.

To the Same

THE ATHENÆUM, *March* 31, 1856.

. . . And how are you, my dear, dear soul? I read William's speech[1] the other day with great interest. I see Baines[2] has poured himself out in to-day's *Times*. Lord John's measure[3] is said to be of Shuttleworth's concoction, and if so, I think it will succeed, for Shuttleworth knows better than most people what will go down in the way of education.

Have you seen Ruskin's new volume of *Modern Painters?* I ask you because I saw William alluded to him in his speech. Full of excellent *aperçus*, as usual, but the man and character too febrile, irritable, and weak to allow him to possess the *ordo concatenatioque veri*. You see I treat you as if you were Lady Jane Grey.

When are you coming to London? for coming you are. I am glad peace is made, as it was to be; it is all a stupid affair together. Write

[1] At the opening of a Working Men's College at Halifax.
[2] Edward Baines, afterwards M.P.
[3] A Scheme of National Education, anticipating the Act of 1870.

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to me soon at 11 Lower Belgrave Street. Do you see anything of Bright at Ben Rhydding? This Athenæum is a place at which I enjoy something resembling beatitude.—Ever your most affectionate M. A.

My love to William. Trevenen can say 'Cuckoo, cherry tree'; that is the latest domestic news. God bless you.

To the Same

LONDON, *Tuesday Morning* (*April* 1856).

Many thanks, my dearest K., for your extracts. My poems are making their way, I think, though slowly, and perhaps never to make way very far. There must always be some people, however, to whom the literalness and sincerity of them has a charm. After all, that American review, which hit upon this last —their sincerity—as their most interesting quality, was not far wrong. It seems to me strange sometimes to hear of people taking pleasure in this or that poem which was written years ago, which then nobody took pleasure in but you, which I then perhaps wondered that nobody took pleasure in, but since had made up my mind that nobody was likely to. The fact is, however, that the state of mind expressed in many of the poems is one that is becoming more

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common, and you see that even the Obermann stanzas are taken up with interest by some.

I think I shall be able to do something more in time, but am sadly bothered and hindered at present, and that puts one in *deprimirter Stimmung*, which is a fatal thing. To make a habitual war on depression and low spirits, which in one's early youth one is apt to indulge and be somewhat interested in, is one of the things one learns as one gets older. They are noxious alike to body and mind, and already partake of the nature of death.

Poor John Blackett[1] is dead. I send you a short note I had from his sister yesterday to tell me of it. This is indeed 'one's own generation falling also.' I had more *rapports* with him than with almost any one that I have known. There was a radical good intelligence between us which was based on a natural affinity. I had lived so much with him that I felt mixed up with his career, and his being cut short in it seems a sort of intimation to *me*.

Let me know, as soon as it is settled, when you come up here on your way abroad, and pray don't shoot through like an arrow. My love to William.—Ever most affectionately yours,

M. A.

[1] See p. 16.

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TO WYNDHAM SLADE

To Wyndham Slade

BRIGHTON, *August* 10, 1856.

MY DEAR WYNDHAM—I look across the sea to you, and imagine your agreeable countenance looking out from a window on the other side. I don't wonder you migrated, for after your some years' experience of Dieppe, you must have sighed for it again when you found yourselves at Boulogne. That place I consider we exhausted in our two days last year, and I never wish to pass another whole day there.

The circuit was better than I expected, because more of a tour. All the country from Shrewsbury to Gloucester was new to me, and Ludlow and Herefordshire are well worth seeing; and we went down the Wye by boat from Goodrich Castle to Chepstow, one of the most beautiful water passages in the world. I tried fishing once or twice, and in very renowned waters, but with the heat and the sunshine and the thunderyness it was of no use. I find that we must have made an exchange of rods on our return from the Laverstoke expedition; at least, I think it is yours that I have, and I hope you have got mine. Yours is much the newest, and would pass for by far the best rod, but mine, though old and a little strained, is a great favourite of mine, and the best balanced rod I have ever known, so pray

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take care of it. I don't know whether you are fishing at Dieppe, but I should certainly try the chalk country inland there. I met an old gentleman the other day who assured me it abounded in trout streams, and the more I see of other trout streams the more I am convinced of the ineffable superiority of those in the chalk.

I have been here for a few days. I like the place, but have been laid up by a thundering bilious attack, the result of the heat, bad cookery, and port wine of the circuit. The living on circuit is very bad, of the worst tavern kind, everything greasy and ill served. The one comfort is the perpetual haunch of venison, which even a bad cook cannot well spoil. Fanny Lucy and I go on to Folkestone to-morrow. We go to Dover, to our old quarters on the Esplanade (No. 6), on Thursday, and shall be there till the 27th. Charmed to see you if you can come. About the 29th we go up to Westmorland. I have determined, as my affairs are doing better, to lie by and get thoroughly sound this year, and then next year I hope I may get abroad for a good six weeks or two months without borrowing or forestalling. I am glad you don't re-propose the Pyrenees, as it would be dreadfully tempting, and it is better I should stay at home. Write to me and tell me of your movements and doings, and whether we shall see you at Dover. My compliments to your mother and sister, and believe me, ever yours, M. A.

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TO MRS. FORSTER

To Mrs. Forster

101 MOUNT STREET, *December* 6, 1856.

MY DEAREST K.—I am writing to you from my old rooms in Mount Street, which are now occupied by Wyndham Slade, of whom you have heard me speak. He is a barrister, and out daily following his avocations from eleven to five. During this space of time he puts his rooms at my disposal, and I fly and hide myself here from the everlasting going in and coming out of Eaton Place, in the profoundest secrecy, no one but Wyndham Slade knowing where I am. 'Hide thy life,' said Epicurus, and the exquisite zest there is in doing so can only be appreciated by those who, desiring to introduce some method into their lives, have suffered from the malicious pleasure the world takes in trying to distract them till they are as shatter-brained and empty-hearted as the world itself.

The air is like balm to-day, and little Tom will go out, I think, in Eaton Square, for the first time since we have been in London. We had, indeed, an alarm about him, and I think it nearly developed in me the complaint he is said to have; at least that alarm, added to large dinners and a hot bedroom, have produced in me a fuller beating of the heart than I like, but I get better as Tom gets better, and he really seems getting better every day. I am always, my dearest K., your most affectionate M. A.

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TO MRS. FORSTER

To the Same

HAMPTON, *May* 2, 1857.

MY DEAREST K.—On no account send me your Keller. I never borrow maps, and I wish I could say I never lent them. I have lent my Keller to somebody or other, and I shall never see it again. My one consolation is that Williams and Norgate tell me the map is quite obsolete, and that there are three new ones on the same scale, all better.

We talk of going abroad for three weeks, but I sometimes have doubts whether we shall manage it; what to do with the three children is too embarrassing. Else I have a positive thirst to see the Alps again, and two or three things I have in hand which I cannot finish till I have again breathed and smelt Swiss air. I shall be baffled, I daresay, as one continually is in so much, but I remember Goethe, 'Homer and Polygnotus daily teach me more and more that our life is a Hell, through which one must struggle as one best can.'

This is gloomy, but your letter, my dearest K., made me a little gloomy. . . . How I wish that while William is necessarily much engaged and away from home you could come to us for one little fortnight or three weeks. Is it quite impossible? Now that we have ample room in this house on the beautiful Thames bank, the

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only *riant* part of England, we could and would but too gladly take in William too, if he could come with you; but he is a restless creature and would not stay if he came. It would be such a deep pleasure to Flu as well as to me if you would come; such a boon too if you could come now, for I shall be away from here for two or three days in the week after next, and the week after that. We have this house till the 1st of June certain. Do think of it.

The day I read your letter I said to Budge[1] as I was dressing for dinner, 'Budge, you must go and see your Aunt Forster.' 'No,' says Budge, '*do* let me 'top with papa.' So I turn to Tom, and when I remind him of the Noah's ark, Tom says he will go and stop with you 'for two days.' Upon which Budge begins to howl, and running up to Tom, who is sitting on the camp bed in my dressing-room, entreats him not to go away from him. 'Why not, Budge?' says Tom. 'Because I do love you so, Tiddy Tom,' says Budge. 'Oh,' says Tom, waving his hand with a melancholy air, 'this is *false*, Budge, this is all *false!*' You should have seen the sweet little melancholy face of the rogue as he said this.

Diddy[2] gets very pretty, but he is fretful. *Do* come and see him, and love always your most affectionate brother, M. A.

[1] His second son's nickname.

[2] His third son, Richard Penrose, born November 14, 1855.

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TO MRS. FORSTER

Love to William. Tell him to think of me between twelve and five on Tuesday, when the voting for the Poetry Chair[1] will be going on. It is impossible to be sure how it will go.

To the Same

21 WATERLOO CRESCENT, DOVER,
July 25, 1857.

MY DEAREST K.—We are expecting the Judge, Lady Wightman, and Georgina to-day to stay till Monday. How delightful this place is it is vain to say to the barbarous inhabitants of the north.

Flu and I hope to start on Tuesday week, the 4th of August. We go by Paris and Basle to Lucerne, then by the Titlis (for Obermann's sake) and Grimsel to Zermatt, where we meet Wyndham Slade and some of his family, then in company with them to Vevey and Geneva, and home by France. What are *you* going to do? Tell me soon and exactly—how long you mean to be out, and how much money to spend. What are the Croppers,[2] that unwriting couple, going to do?

[1] He was elected Professor of Poetry at Oxford, May 5, 1857, defeating the Rev. J. E. Bode. His Inaugural Lecture, 'On the Modern Element in Literature,' was delivered in the following term, and eventually published in *Macmillan's Magazine*, February 1869.

[2] His sister Susanna was married to J. W. Cropper of Dingle Bank, Liverpool.

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Do tell me this. I am well in the middle of my *Merope*, and please myself pretty well, though between indolence and nervousness I am a bad worker. What I learn in studying Sophocles for my present purpose is, or seems to me, wonderful ; so far exceeding all that one would learn in years' reading of him without such a purpose. And what a man ! What works ! I must read *Merope* to you. I think and hope it will have what Buddha called the 'character of *Fixity*, that true sign of the Law.' I send you a rough draft of a testimonial I mean to give to Temple for Rugby.[1] Return it to me, telling me how you like it. I have not yet sent it. He is the *one* man who *may* do something of the same work papa did. God bless you. Our united affectionate love to you prospectively for your birthday. Love to William.—Your ever affectionate

M. A.

To his Mother

LONDON, *Sunday, January* 3, 1858.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—You wished to see everything about *Merope*,[2] so I send you these. They have lost no time in opening cry. The *Athenæum* is a choice specimen of style, and the *Spectator* of argumentation. The *Saturday Review*

[1] Dr. Temple, Head Master of Rugby, 1858 ; Bishop of Exeter, 1869 ; of London, 1885 ; Archbishop of Canterbury, 1896.

[2] *Merope, a Tragedy*, 1858.

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is not otherwise to be complained of than so far as it is deadly prosy. I am very anxious to see what Lewes[1] says about *Merope*, as I have a very high opinion of his literary judgment, but the *Leader* is silent this week. It is singular what irritation the dispute between classicism and romanticism seems always to call forth; but I remember Voltaire's lamentation that the 'literæ humanæ,' *humane* letters, should be so desperately *inhuman*, and am determined in print to be always scrupulously polite. The bane of English reviewing and newspaper writing is, and has always been, its *grossièreté*.—Ever your affectionate M. A.

To the Same

January 18, 1858.

My dearest Mother—I send you to-day two or three newspapers, none of them exactly favourable, but which you will perhaps like to see. In spite of the aversion of people to the unfamiliar stranger introduced to them, her appearance evidently makes them think and turn themselves about it; and this will do them good, while their disinclination will do me no harm, as their curiosity will make them buy *Merope*, and I have no intention of producing, like Euripides, seventy dramas in this style, but shall now turn to something wholly different.

[1] G. H. Lewes, Literary Editor of the *Leader*.

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To Miss Arnold

February 3, 1858.

MY DEAREST FAN—If you knew what a pleasure it was to me to hear from you, you would write oftener. I have but little time this evening, for I have been at work all day on my General Report, and it is now just post time. With respect to your question: there is a *Rhyming Dictionary*, and there is a book called a *Guide to English Verse Composition*, published, I believe, by Smith and Elder; but all this is sad lumber, and the young lady had much better content herself with imitating the metres she finds most attract her in the poetry she reads. Nobody, I imagine, ever began to good purpose in any other way. But what a prospect for a girl to cultivate a poetical gift now!

The *Leader*[1] was very gratifying. A great many letters I have not sent you, and indeed it rather goes against the grain with me to send you newspapers, I am so dead sick of criticism. Had it been one of my earlier volumes, I should have sent you a multitude of letters, but with this I soon got tired, seeing it was not going to take as I wished. Instead of reading it for what it is worth, everybody begins to consider whether it does not betray a design to substitute tragedies *à la Grecque* for every other kind of

[1] 'Arnold's *Merope*,' the *Leader*, January 30, 1858.

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poetical composition in England, and falls into an attitude of violent resistance to such an imaginary design. What I meant them to see in it was a specimen of the world created by the Greek imagination. This imagination was different from our own, and it is hard for us to appreciate, even to understand it; but it had a peculiar power, grandeur, and dignity, and these are worth trying to get an apprehension of. But the British public prefer, like all obstinate multitudes, to 'die in their sins,' and I have no intention to keep preaching in the wilderness.

The book sells well, but it must be remembered that a good many people read it from curiosity. Temple writes me word that 'he has read it with astonishment at its goodness.'

What a delightful letter from dear old Mary,[1] and how happily she seems to be settled! I liked so much her words 'the red glow over the forest hills.' I know them so well, and that glow too, and admire them and it so much.—Your ever affectionate M. A.

To Madame du Quaire[2]

THE ATHENÆUM, *February* 9, 1858.

MY DEAR FANNY—I hope by this time you have *Merope*. I got Drummond Wolff to under-

[1] His second sister, married to the Rev. J. S. Hiley.
[2] *Née* Fanny Blackett.

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take the transmission of her. I am anxious to explain to you that you are not the least bound to like her, as she is calculated rather to inaugurate my Professorship with dignity than to move deeply the present race of *humans*. No one is more sensible of this than I am, only I have such a real love for this form and this old Greek world that perhaps I infuse a little soul into my dealings with them which saves me from being entirely *ennuyeux*, professorial, and pedantic; still you will not find in *Merope* what you wish to find, and I excuse you beforehand for wishing to find something different, and being a little dissatisfied with me; and I promise you, too, to give you a better satisfaction some day, if I live.

I often think of poor dear Johnny[1] and the pleasure that he would have taken in *Merope*, he having much the same special fondness for this sort of thing that I have. Make Browning look at it, if he is at Florence; one of the very best antique fragments I know is a fragment of a Hippolytus by him.[2]

The poem is a great deal reviewed here, very civilly, but very expostulatingly.

I dined at Lord Granville's on Sunday, and found all the Ministerial people saying, 'What a stormy time we shall have!' The Duke of Argyll said with a sublime virtue that we were not to shrink from doing what was right because

[1] Her brother, John F. B. Blackett, M.P. (see p. 16).
[2] 'Artemis Prologizes'—in *Men and Women*.

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other people did and said what was wrong. There is no doubt that between India and the 'French Colonels' Bill,'[1] as their enemies call it, the Government are in a critical situation. It is said that Lord Derby is both willing and eager to come in. Bright has appeared with a strong manifesto about Reform, written with great spirit; but, in the first place, no one cares as yet about the Reform question; in the second place, every one agrees that Bright could not be active in the House for a week without breaking down again.

When shall we all meet? We have taken a house in Chester Square. It is a very small one, but it will be something to unpack one's portmanteau for the first time since I was married, now nearly seven years ago. Write still to the Privy Council Office, and believe me always affectionately yours, M. A.

To his Wife

VEVEY, *August* 28, 1858.

I shall go back to where I left off in my last letter. We were just going to dine at Philippe's. We walked there. It is too far—in the Rue Montorgueil. When you are there the rooms are low and small. The dinner very good

[1] Lord Palmerston's Conspiracy Bill, occasioned by Orsini's attack on the Emperor Napoleon.

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certainly, but not perceptibly better than the dinner you get at the Trois Frères. I should say it was a better place to give a party in than to come into and have a chance dinner. We then strolled on the Boulevard, had ice at one café and coffee at another, then back to our hotel, where young Grenfell left us, charmed with his day, poor fellow, as he is tied for some weeks to a French tutor, and never sees a *compatriote*. Next morning we were up not quite so early as we should be, and only just caught the train at a quarter to eight. You remember you and I nearly missed on our first tour the eleven o'clock train at the same station, that for Lyons, which is a long way off. We were just in time, however, getting into the *salle d'attente* just as the doors were opened to let the people out. We managed very well, Walrond settling with the drivers while I got the tickets. I thought of you as we passed out into the open valley of the Seine, and shot away towards Fontainebleau. How new that line and country were to both of us, and how we looked out of the window for every place to be seen on both sides of the road! Seen a second time, the Lyons line is a dull one; I am glad to have seen it once more, however, and now, I think, if ever I pass by it again, it shall be at night. We had for companions a shaky old Englishman with a peevish wife, and a Genevese and his wife, very pleasant people, with whom we talked a great

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deal. It came out at the very end of the day that she was a grand-daughter of old Mrs. Marcet,[1] and connected with all the Romilly set. At Tonnerre we had a very good breakfast, which was lucky, as the train was a little behind time, and the stoppages at all the other places came to little or nothing. At Dijon we just found time to telegraph to the Ecu at Geneva for beds. The days are bright, but cold, with occasional showers, and as there had been much rain the night before, we had no dust. The train was by no means crowded, and better travelling I have never known. At Macon at 5 P.M. we unhooked from the Lyons train (in 1851 you and I passed Macon by steamboat, the line being then only finished to Chalons) and started on the new line to Geneva. We got a mouthful to eat at Macon, but, as I have told you, the stopping time was taken away. From Macon, leaving the Seine, you go along the valley of the Veyle through a dead flat, richly green, and wooded country to Bourg. Behind us the sun was setting beautifully over the Charolais mountains, the outliers of the Cevennes, but in front storm-cloud and rain and a rainbow were over the Jura. We dropped our Genevese friends at Bourg, the capital of the department of the Ain, and went on alone with our two English to the passage of the Ain and

[1] Jane Marcet (1769-1858), writer on Political Economy. Her daughter Sophia was married to Edward Romilly, M.P.

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Amberieux, where the line enters the Jura. It was now past seven, at which time it is nearly dark here, and the rain began. This was provoking, so I went to sleep. I woke up occasionally to hear the rain pattering and to see black obscure ridges close to the carriage window. These were the defiles of the Jura, but the immediate sides of the defiles we went through did not seem so high. Finally, it cleared up as we approached Geneva; at eleven the moon *came* out, and we saw the tall white houses, with their lights, scattered about the valley of the Rhône, and the high line of the Jura in the distance, beautifully soft and clear. We drove straight to the Ecu, found they had kept very good rooms for us, looking right over the Rhône. We had tea. I sat for a little while by my open window, and then went to bed. Next morning we were up at seven—a beautiful morning,—and there was the exquisite lake before us, with the Rhône issuing out of it, and the sun on the rocky summits of the Jura—all that one thinks of so often when one cannot see them with one's eyes. After breakfast we strolled about the town, and by the lake. I bought a map of Savoy, and we went to see the model of Mont Blanc; then we took a *calèche* about twelve and drove to Ferney. We did not drive by the great public road to Gex, but kept along a little winding cross road shaded over with trees, all among the country houses of

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the Genevese. We stopped at a *campagne*, where the driver told us the gardener had permission to sell the fruit, and bought all the peaches and figs we could carry for a fabulously small price, then drove on up a little hill to the Petit Saconnex, a small village, and there, on looking back, was Mont Blanc in all his glory, with a few clouds playing about the middle of him, but his head and all his long line of Aiguilles cutting the blue sky sharp and bright, without a speck of mist. Then on to Ferney, where the terrace has the most beautiful view possible.

On Sunday morning—more is left of Voltaire than I expected, but I cannot describe Ferney here—we drove slowly back to Geneva, with Mont Blanc before us all the way—went and bathed in the lake—delightful—then back to the five o'clock *table d'hôte*. After dinner we drove again to the Petit Saconnex to see the sun set over Mont Blanc. We were a little too late, but what we saw was very impressive. Then we drove to the junction of the Rhône and the Arve, which we reached to see just by twilight; then back to Geneva to have our coffee at the Café du Nord, and to walk about the quays till bedtime. Yesterday morning we left Geneva by the 9 A.M. boat. We would not leave this lake so soon, so we put in here for Sunday. One of the things I most long for is to come here with you. It seems absurd to tell you,

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now I have come without you, how I long for you, but so it is. I have not yet once, for a moment, felt as I generally feel abroad; for the first time in my life I feel willing to go back at any moment, and do not mind what happens to shorten the journey. I must just finish my journey. We got here about half-past one yesterday; got rooms high up, but looking over the lake; had luncheon, and started immediately for Meillerie. As we neared the opposite side we undressed, jumped out of the boat, and swam to the famous rocks. It blew uncomfortably as we came back. Walrond rowed all the way there and back to quicken the boat. We dined at the eight o'clock *table d'hôte*—pretty good, but this hotel is too crowded. We are now going to walk about Clarens, Montreux, etc., then to dine at the five o'clock *table d'hôte*, and after dinner to Bex. To-morrow, I hope, over the Diablerets. I shall find a letter from you at Zermatt, I hope and trust. I thought of you yesterday on your journey to Fox How. Love to all there.

To the Same

HÔTEL DU MONT CERVIN,
September 1, 1858.

Here I am at last, but without you, alas! I have got your letter, and am more vexed than I can say at your having had no letter from me

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last Thursday. By this time you will have found that I wrote it and posted it on Wednesday, as I promised. Now I shall continue my account of myself. After writing to you on Sunday, Walrond and I set off to walk to the Château de Blonay, an old castellated house standing among those exquisite hills of park and lawn which are interposed between the high mountains and Vevey, and which make Vevey so soft and beautiful. The family were at dinner, so we could not go in, but we walked about the terraces and into the village church, with beautiful views of the Lake of Geneva, and got back to Vevey just in time for the five o'clock *table d'hôte*. The dinner was very good, but at six Walrond and I had to leave it to get to the steamboat, which deposited us at Villeneuve, just as it got dark. The evening was rather heavy and overcast, but Clarens and Montreux still looked beautiful as we passed them. I walked up and down on the pier at Villeneuve till the train started for Bex—ten miles. The railroad is just open. We got to the Hôtel de l'Union at Bex about half-past nine; it is a dirty place, though Murray calls it good. We engaged a guide to take us over the Diablerets next day, had some tea, and went to bed. Walrond complained of insects, but I saw none. However, I was on a different story from him. I slept badly, the bed being uncomfortably short for me; but at six o'clock I was up, and at

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half-past seven we had started with our guide, the Dent de Morcles glittering in front of us, and Bex and its trees in shade. The pass of the Diablerets is not much travelled. It cuts off a great corner from Bex to Sion, but it is long—the ascent easy enough, but the descent on the Sion side steep in parts and very stony. The Diablerets and his glaciers are very fine, and the long descent towards the Vallais, along the valley of the Liserne, with hundreds of feet of precipice above and below for two or three miles, is very fine too. At a little chapel, dedicated to St. Bernard, you make a sudden turn, and the Vallais lies all before you, and in the middle of it Sion, with its hills and castles. We stopped at one or two little places for bread, milk, and country wine, but we made the day's journey in less time than Murray allots to it, even with good walking. Walrond walks fast —too fast for my taste, for I like to look about me more—and stops very little.

We got to Sion about a quarter past five, and went to the Lion d'Or, an immense stony old house in the somewhat gloomy but picturesque old town, the capital of the Vallais. We ought to have gone to the Poste which Murray recommended, not to the Lion d'Or; however, there we went. We went and had a bath at the hospital, and dined about seven. At half-past eight arrived the diligence from Bex, which ought to have brought our bags. . . . Walrond

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went to the diligence office, and there were no bags come. We had walked all day, and had nothing but the things we wore; however, there was no help for it. Eleven we went to bed, having adjoining rooms. I slept for an hour or two, when I woke feeling myself attacked; I had taken the precaution to get some matches from the waiter, not liking the aspect of the bedrooms. I found my enemy and despatched him, but kept the candle lighted. I slept pretty well for the rest of the night, but the Lion d'Or is a filthy hole; it makes me feel sick to think of it. The next morning Walrond was out at seven, and bought a comb, soap, and tooth-brushes, so we made a decent toilet; and at eight, as we finished breakfast, the right diligence arrived from Bex with our things. With this diligence we went on, up the Vallais, to Visp. There we arrived about two in the afternoon, and went into the inn, the Soleil, for luncheon. I took up the strangers' book, and there was Edward's name.

To the Same

HÔTEL DU GRAND ST. BERNARD,
September 4, 1858.

I wrote to you from Zermatt. When I had finished my letter Walrond and I started for the Riffel. It is a long climb of more than two

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hours, and after our four hours' walk from St. Nicholas in the morning I felt the climb a good pull. We rested at the hotel on the Riffel, which we both thought an uninviting, dreary place; ate some bread and drank some Swiss wine there, and talked to the travellers who were preparing to go up Monte Rosa next morning, and then climbed up the ridge of the mountain on whose slopes the hotel is perched to the Gorner Grat, by which time we had both of us, I think, had climbing enough for one day. We got up just as the sun set, and saw lying magnificently close before us, separated only by a broad river of glacier, Monte Rosa, the Lyskamm, the Jumeaux, the Breithorn, and the St. Théodule, while to the right of them the extraordinary peak of the Matterhorn, too steep for much snow to rest upon, ran up all by itself into the sky. We came down slowly, for it was difficult to leave the mountains while there was any light upon them. We got back to Zermatt about a quarter past seven, got tubs of warm water, as we nearly always manage to do, washed and dressed, and dined in great comfort, the Lingens sitting by us. There were a good many people in the inn, several of them great Alpine climbers, such as Hinchliff, who has written about the high passes. Davies[1] was there, too, the clergyman with a beard, who has been up the Finster Aarhorn. He came and

[1] The Rev. J. Llewellyn Davies.

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talked to me a long time, reminding me that he had met you and me at the Cromptons'; he made himself very agreeable. We made acquaintance also with Serjeant Deasy,[1] the member for Cork, who was there, and William Cowper,[2] too, who was there with his wife, came and talked to me. We had thought of going up the Cima di Jazzi, but as to do this it would be necessary to go up the Riffel again, and to sleep at the very unpromising inn there, we decided to go straight over the St. Théodule. The Lingens were going too, and they started with Serjeant Deasy at five the next morning. We were rather tired, and had, besides, all our arrangements to make about guides and porters, and did not get off till twenty minutes past seven. It was a fine morning, but the clouds were low; we had two capital guides. We all went fast, and got on the snow in about three hours after leaving Zermatt, I having first passed round my pot of cold cream, which I must tell you is becoming celebrated in Switzerland for the good it has done. We all had veils, too, and as the sun was a good deal clouded, we did not feel the glare of the snow much. It is a curious and interesting thing to go once over a great snow pass; the St. Théodule is a very easy one, and I cannot tell you how I wished for you. It is a walk of two or three hours over not very steeply inclined plains

[1] Afterwards Lord Justice Deasy.
[2] Afterwards Lord Mount-Temple.

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of snow; you go in Indian file, in a track of steps made by your predecessors in the snow. Very occasionally you come to a small crevasse, across which you generally find a plank laid, where the guides make a good deal of fuss, and you have to go carefully; but there is really not the least danger. The view down into the crevasses is sometimes very fine, with no bottom to be reached by the eye, and beautiful green lights playing about the broken walls of ice. There is a hut on the top of the pass (11,185 feet above the sea—the greatest height I have ever been), where two women live in the summer, and sell wine, bread, *kirschwasser*, etc., to the passers. We caught the Lingens up at the hut, and, climbing to a little peak just above, tried to see what we could through the driving mist. High up in the sky it cleared occasionally, and we had glimpses of the top of the Matterhorn, the top of Monte Rosa, the top of the Breithorn, but their trunks were all in mist. We had some hot wine, and set off down the pass on the Italian side. The snow stretches much less way on this side than on that of Switzerland, but all the way down to Breuil, a little hamlet at the immediate foot of the mountain, there is nothing Italian in the vegetation or the mountain forms. Walrond and I got down at a great pace, and reached the new inn at Breuil at a quarter past two. The Lingens came about half an hour after, and found us drinking beer. One of the

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effects of Alpine walking is to produce an insatiable thirst. Mrs. Lingen crossed in a *chaise à porteur*. Lingen rode up to where the snow began. We were obliged to stop at Breuil, as the next sleeping-place, Chatillon (you and I passed it together that night from Aosta to Ivrea) was six hours off. So after settling with the Lingens to dine at seven, Walrond and I started to look for some lakes marked in my map as being on a mountain near. We had a long business looking for them. When we at last found them they were mere snow-water lakes, dirty, and not worth looking at, but in scrambling about we had found a number of perfectly bright little streams worthy of Westmorland — water such as my eye so often longs in vain for in this country, — and their banks covered with the giant gentian and the Alpine rhododendron, the latter with a few red blossoms still here and there upon him. We got back just before seven, after a hard day. The dinner was bad, but the evening was pleasant enough — ourselves, the Lingens, Serjeant Deasy, and a young Irish barrister, a friend of his. Next morning Walrond and I were off before seven to descend the Val Tournanche to Chatillon. At the village of Val Tournanche, two hours down the valley, is the Sardinian passport-station, and as the *visé*-ing made a delay, we struck up to a little lake of clear water we heard of a little way off among the hills, and

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had a charming bathe. When we got back to the village the Lingens caught us up, and we went on together to Chatillon. There we got into the Val d'Aosta, and, as you may remember, that is Italy indeed. We had some fruit and wine at Chatillon, and there we parted with Serjeant Deasy, and the Lingens and we went on together in a carriage to the Aosta, three hours off. We got to Aosta just at sunset—a fine evening, but not such weather as you and I had. We passed the dirty Couronne, where you were alarmed by the great spider, and drove through the town to a new hotel outside it, on the Courmayeur side, kept by an old Chamouni guide, the Hôtel du Mont Blanc. There at half-past seven we dined. We had a capital dinner, and the hotel excellent. Here I must stop for the present and post this. I will go on from Chamouni, where we are going over the Col de Balme to-morrow.

My face is now set steadily homewards, Chamouni, Geneva, Dijon, Paris, London, Fox How. Kiss my darling little boys for me.

M. A.

To Mrs. Forster

MARTIGNY, *September* 6, 1858.

MY DEAREST K.—Here is a pouring wet day, to give me an opportunity of paying my long-standing debt to you. I have never thanked

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you for sending me Kingsley's[1] remarks on my poems, which you rightly judged I should like to hear. They reached me when I was worried with an accumulation of all sorts of business, and I kept putting off and putting off writing to thank you for them; at last, when I had fairly made up my mind to write, I heard you were gone to Holland. What on earth did you go to do there?

Kingsley's remarks were very *handsome*, especially coming from a brother in the craft. I should like to send you a letter which I had from Froude about *Merope*, just at the same time that your record of Kingsley's criticisms reached me. If I can find it when I return to England I will send it to you. It was to beg me to discontinue the *Merope* line, but entered into very interesting developments, as the French say, in doing so. Indeed, if the opinion of the general public about my poems were the same as that of the leading literary men, I should make more money by them than I do. But, more than this, I should gain the stimulus necessary to enable me to produce my best—all that I have in me, whatever that may be,—to produce which is no light matter with an existence so hampered as mine is. People do not understand what a temptation there is, if you cannot bear anything not *very good*, to transfer your operations to a region where form is everything. Perfection

[1] Author of *The Saint's Tragedy* and other poems.

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of a certain kind may there be attained, or at least approached, without knocking yourself to pieces, but to attain or approach perfection in the region of thought and feeling, and to unite this with perfection of form, demands not merely an effort and a labour, but an actual tearing of oneself to pieces, which one does not readily consent to (although one is sometimes forced to it) unless one can devote one's whole life to poetry. Wordsworth could give his whole life to it, Shelley and Byron both could, and were besides driven by their demon to do so. Tennyson, a far inferior natural power to either of the three, can; but of the moderns Goethe is the only one, I think, of those who have had an *existence assujettie*, who has thrown himself with a great result into poetry. And even he felt what I say, for he could, no doubt, have done more, *poetically*, had he been freer; but it is not so light a matter, when you have other grave claims on your powers, to submit voluntarily to the exhaustion of the best poetical production in a time like this. Goethe speaks somewhere of the endless matters on which he had employed himself, and says that with the labour he had given to them he might have produced half a dozen more good tragedies; but to produce these, he says, I must have been *sehr zerrissen*. It is only in the best poetical epochs (such as the Elizabethan) that you can descend into yourself and produce the best of your

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thought and feeling naturally, and without an overwhelming and in some degree morbid effort; for then all the people around you are more or less doing the same thing. It is natural, it is the bent of the time to do it; its being the bent of the time, indeed, is what makes the time a *poetical* one. But enough of this.

It is nearly a fortnight since Walrond and I started, and in ten days I hope to be at home again. They will have kept you more or less informed from Fox How, I daresay, of our travelling proceedings. We have hitherto done just what we intended: Geneva, Bex, and the Diablerets, Zermatt, and the Grand St. Bernard. The fates are against us to-day for the first time, for at this moment we ought to be on the Col de Balme, and we are here kept to the house by good heavy Westmorland rain. It will be curious if I again miss Chamouni, which I have missed so often; but we are resolutely staying over the day here, not to miss it if the weather will give us a chance. If it rains to-morrow, however, we shall go on to Geneva. I am glad to have been here again, and Walrond has admirable qualities for a travelling companion; but I have found two things: one, that I am not sure but I have begun to feel with papa about the time lost of mere mountain and lake hunting (though every one should see the Alps once to know what they are), and to desire to bestow my travelling solely on eventful countries

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and cities; the other that I miss Flu as a travelling companion more than I could have believed possible, and will certainly never travel again for *mere pleasure* without her. To go to Rome or Greece would not be travelling for mere pleasure, I consider; but to Rome I would not easily go without her. I shall conclude with one anecdote of dear old Budge. Just before we left Dover, the Judge, who was staying with us, took us all in a carriage to St. Radigund's Abbey, a beautiful ruin near Dover. We entered the precinct, and there were the beautiful ruins, and capitals and fragments of arches lying about the grass, as you see them at such places. We all said how beautiful, etc., etc.; but Budge, surveying the litter with the greatest contempt, exclaimed at last these words —'What a nasty, *beastly* place this is!' You have no notion what a comic effect the child and his speech produced.

God bless you, my dear old K. Suppose you write me a line to reach me at the *Hotel Windsor, Paris,* on or before this day week; if not that, write to me soon at Fox How. My love to William.—Your ever affectionate

M. A.

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TO MISS ARNOLD

To Miss Arnold

LONDON, *November* 4, 1858.

MY DEAREST FAN—I have thought a good deal of Fox How to-day. I have not yet got over the profound disgust which the first loss of the country creates in me at my return to London, and with the prospect of tramping on stone pavements for nine months to come. I was at Hammersmith to-day, and even there the fog was less, and the blue sky visible in breaks, and the trees had still some leaves upon them, and the enclosures showed a sort of tendency to become fields, though of a blackish and miserable kind. I inspected a little school at Hammersmith, lunched at a hideous square red-brick barrack, which a great auctioneer has just built and furnished at an immense expense in a brickfield, to serve him for a country retreat, and came back to London through Shepherd's Bush and Bayswater, in bright sunshine, which duly dwindled away as I approached the Marble Arch, and disappeared in impenetrable fog as I reached Belgravia. There I found little Tom, much better, preparing to go with Flu in the carriage to Howell and James; and Budge and Baby I despatched to Hyde Park with the nurses, to breathe a somewhat lighter atmosphere than that of Chester Square. The rogues are both wonderfully well, however, and Baby

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looking so splendid that a lady stopped her carriage in Lowndes Square yesterday, got out of it, and accosted Charlotte to know who he was. Our house is delightful inside, and very pleasant to return to, though at present I cannot quite forgive it for not being twenty miles out of London. My books will come about the 14th of this month. I have a great book-case put up for them in the study; I have also hung there what pictures I have—a little gallery you have not yet seen. At Colnaghi's yesterday I got a print of papa (as Jane declares I gave her mine, which I doubt), which Colnaghi is to frame; it will hang by itself in the dining-room over the mantelpiece.

Do look if you can find at Fox How two volumes of Michelet's *Histoire de France* of mine (8vo in paper), and one volume of Warton's *History of Poetry*, also a parcel of about 100 or 150 leaves of Rousseau's *Nouvelle Héloïse*. They have not turned up at the unpacking, and I hope and trust they are at Fox How. Pray relieve my mind about them soon.

Flu will have told you that I heard Bright to perfection.[1] The company was dismally obscure, the dinner abominably bad, the speaking, all but his, unutterably wearisome; but his speech made amends. He is an orator of almost the highest rank—voice and manner excellent; perhaps not quite flow enough—not that he halts

[1] At a public dinner at Birmingham, October 29, 1858.

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or stammers, but I like to have sometimes more of a *rush* than he ever gives you. He is a far better speaker than Gladstone. . . . If you have not read Montalembert's article on India and the Indian Debate of this last spring in the House of Commons, you should try and get it. It is in a French periodical, *Le Correspondant.* The periodical has been suppressed in France, and I know not what vengeance taken on author and editor. I am sorry mamma's finger is not yet well. One should be a baby to heal fast. My love to her, and believe me always your affectionate brother, M. A.

To the Same

2 Chester Square, *January* 18, 1859.

The night before I got your letter I heard from Stephen, the Secretary to the Education Commission, asking me to call upon him, and I saw him yesterday. He proposed to me to go as the Foreign Assistant Commissioner of the Commission to France and the French-speaking countries—Belgium, Switzerland, and Piedmont —to report on the systems of elementary education there. There are to be two Foreign A.C.s, one for France, one for Germany. I cannot tell you how much I like the errand, and above all, to have the French district.

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TO MRS. FORSTER

To Mrs. Forster

January 21, 1859.

My dearest K.—Tell my dearest mother I have written so little of late because I am overwhelmed with grammar papers to be looked over, and not choosing as I grow older, and my time shortens, to give up my own work entirely for any routine business, I have a hard time of it just at present. When I have finished these papers I have a General Report and a Training School Report to get out of hand, the inspection of schools going on alongside of this all the while, so at the beginning of next month, when my office work is again reduced to inspecting, I shall feel myself quite a free man.

I thought Bright's speech[1] read as well as any but his Birmingham speeches. What a good speaker he is! I am so glad they heard him. You see the *Times*, after hanging poised for a day or two, at last rolls its waves decidedly against Bright's scheme. You hear everybody saying that it is unfair to the Counties, but I don't think there is much in that. The real cause for alarm is in the prospect of the people the great towns would return.

I must stop. You can't think how nicely the two boys go on with Mrs. Querini, their governess. From my little study I can hear all

[1] At Glasgow, on Parliamentary Reform; December 21, 1858.

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that passes. She said to Budge this morning, 'Who do you love best of anybody in the world?' 'Nobody at all,' says Budge. 'Yes,' says Mrs. Querini, 'you love your papa and mamma.' 'Well,' says Budge. 'But,' goes on Mrs. Querini, 'you are to love God more than any one, more even than your papa and mamma.' 'No, I shan't,' says Budge. Jolly little heathen. My love to all.—I am ever your most affectionate M. A.

To the Same

LONDON, *February* 16, 1859.

I thought of starting next Monday week, but I shall hardly be ready by that time, besides, I think of being presented at the *levée* on 2nd March, in order to be capable of going to Courts abroad, if necessary. I like the thoughts of the Mission more and more. You know that I have no special interest in the subject of public education, but a mission like this appeals even to the general interest which every educated man cannot help feeling in such a subject. I shall for five months get free from the routine work of it, of which I sometimes get very sick, and be dealing with its history and principles. Then foreign life is still to me perfectly delightful, and *liberating* in the highest degree, although I get more and more satisfied to live generally in England, and convinced that I shall work best

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in the long-run by living in the country which is my own. But when I think of the borders of the Lake of Geneva in May, and the narcissuses, and the lilies, I can hardly sit still.

I shall try and give one lecture at Oxford before I go, on the Troubadours. I know pretty much what I want to say, but am doubtful whether I can put it together in time. But I can work harder than I did of old, though still very far from hard, as great workers count hardness. I think we shall be back in England early in August, spend that month at Dover, and then, I hope and trust, come north in September.

To his Mother

PARIS, *April* 14, 1859.

What can one do, my dearest mother, except bow one's head and be silent? My poor dear Willy![1] If he had but known of my being here and had telegraphed to me from Malta, I might have reached him at Gibraltar in time. And no one else could. I like to imagine, even now that it is so entirely vain, the arriving at Gibraltar, the standing by his bedside, the taking his poor hand — I, whom he would

[1] His brother, William Delafield Arnold, Director of Public Instruction in the Punjab, commemorated in 'Stanzas from Carnac' and 'A Southern Night,' died at Gibraltar, on his return from India, April 9, 1859.

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hardly perhaps have expected to see there—I, of whom he thought so far more than I deserved, and who showed him, poor boy, so far less tenderness than *he* deserved. How strange it seems that he should have overlived his first terrible illness when his wife was alive to nurse him and he had but one child to suffer by his loss, to die now alone, with only a chance acquaintance to attend him, and leaving those four poor little orphans, to whom no tenderness can ever quite replace a father and a mother! And then that he should have overlived the misery of his poor wife's death to struggle through a year's loneliness, and then to die too. Poor Fanny! she at Dhurmsala, and he by the Rock of Gibraltar. God bless you. What I *can* be to you, and to all of them, I will be.—Yours ever, M. A.

To his Wife

PARIS, *April* 28, 1859.

I quite counted on another line from you to-day to tell me of your safe arrival in London. The post has only just come in, everything on the line of railway being disorganised by the passage of the troops, but there is nothing for me. Now I cannot hear to-morrow, for you will think I am gone away from here, and not know where to write to me. But I do not go to Brittany till Saturday morning, as my letter

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for the Préfets will not be ready till the middle of the day to-morrow.

I have seen Guizot, Dumont, a number of the officials at the Ministère de l'Instruction Publique, and the Père Etienne, the Superior-General of the Female Religious Orders in France. This last is a most interesting man, one of the most striking persons I have seen here, but more of him hereafter. I finished my round by calling on the Duc de Broglie, but he was out. Now I am going to call on Madame de Staël, and then coming back to meet Wyndham Slade, that we may dine together.

Guizot told me the great news, which I suppose you all know to-day in England, but which has been kept out of the papers here—that Austria had accepted the English mediation and that France had refused it; so in a few days the cannon will begin to roar. The moment is certainly most interesting and agitating. There is not much enthusiasm here, but a great deal of excitement at the perpetual sight of troops marching past. All this grand military spectacle so animates and interests the French. Miles of infantry have just gone past to the Lyons station, all in heavy marching order, with their drinking cups round their necks, their round loaves of brown bread fastened to their knapsacks, and their tent-poles stuck through a strap on their backs. How I wish for you all and my darling boys!

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I had a pleasant dinner at Lady Elgin's last night. I sat between Lady Frances Baillie and Miss Farquhar. She had an enthusiasm about Fox How and my father. I walked home with Baillie—he and his wife charming people. You shall see them when you come back here. The Nuncio's letters to the bishops and archbishops have come, and I am now only waiting for M. Roulands'.[1]

If you can write by to-morrow's post, write to me at the Poste Restante, Nantes.

I hope to return on Saturday night week. God bless you. M. A.

To the Same

Hôtel Meurice, Paris,
Sunday, May 8, 1859.

Now I must tell you something of my history. If I allowed myself, I should fill the letter with talk of your joining me. I had a misgiving that you would not get my Quimper letter in a hurry, but it was only on Thursday, the day I wrote, that your letter reached me, and I have a particular dislike to writing in the dark when I know a letter is on its road to me. I am glad to be out of Brittany, as the dirt and the badness of the food had begun to make me feverish and unwell. I am rejoiced you were

[1] Minister of Public Instruction.

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not with me there, though I am glad to have seen the country. Nearly all Thursday I passed with the Quimper Inspector, and on Friday morning at half-past five I started by diligence for Auray, in the Morbihan. My bill at the Hôtel de l'Epée for three days and nights was 17 francs 50 centimes. Think of that! and all my expenditure in Brittany was in the same proportion.

Brittany is a country of low hills, *landes* covered with furze and broom, and small orchards and meadows with high banks dividing them, on which banks grow pollard oaks. The whole effect is of a densely enclosed, wooded country, though the extent of *landes* is very considerable.

I left the diligence at Auray at half-past four in the afternoon, after a sitting of eleven hours, and immediately ordered a conveyance for Carnac, about ten miles off on the sea-shore. The great Druidical monument is there, and I stopped at Auray on purpose to see it. It is a very wild country—broom and furze, broom and furze everywhere—and a few patches of pine forest. The sea runs into the land everywhere, and beautiful church towers rise on all sides of you, for this is a land of churches. The stones of Carnac are very singular, but the chapel of St. Michel, on a hill between the stones and the village of Carnac, I liked better still; the view over the stones and the strange country of

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Morbihan (the little sea), on the spur of Carnac by the sea, and beyond the bay and peninsula of Quiberon, where the emigrants landed, and beyond that the Atlantic. All this at between six and seven on a perfectly still, cloudless evening in May, with the sea like glass, and the solitude all round entire. I got back to Auray at eight. It was to Auray that the emigrants after their surrender were taken and shot in the market-place, on which my inn, the Pavillon d'en Haut, looks out. My dinner was soup, Carnac oysters, shrimps, *fricandeau* of veal, breast of veal, asparagus, etc.; cider was the drink. This looks well, but everything was so detestable that my dinner was, in fact, made on bread and cheese. To get to my room I had to tread a labyrinth of dirty passages, and my room smelt like a stable. However, I did not try the room long, for at half-past one I was called, and at half-past two blundered in the dark through the passages and the courtyard to the Diligence Office, and took my place for Rennes. Again I got the *coupé*, and again a corner; but I am very sick of diligences, the distances seem so long in them. By this journey to Rennes I have pretty well seen Brittany, all except the northern line of St. Malo, Dinan, and Brest. We passed through Meyerbeer's Ploërmel, and there I got an interesting companion, in a *chef de bataillon* of the 7th Infantry, whose regiment had been in garrison at Brest, and was on its

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way to Paris for Italy. His *bataillon* was at Ploërmel, but he got leave to go to Rennes to see his old mother, who is eighty-five. He was a C.B., and wore the decoration, and one of the best possible specimens, I imagine, of a French officer. His regiment was in the Crimea, and nearly every man has the Victoria medal. The country was covered with men on 'congé renouvelable' coming in to join the regiment. My acquaintance's *bataillon* was one thousand strong, and the entire regiment was four *bataillons*. This shows you what a French regiment on its war footing is. He was full of the war, and we talked of it incessantly. He said the army would be as much as any one against a war of conquest such as the first Napoleon's wars, and if Napoleon III. attempts such a thing, he said, 'on le renversera.' But he had a great enthusiasm for the Italian cause, and this is certainly gaining ground in France. The reading he had with him was a new book on the *Art of War*, and his spirit and enthusiasm were really interesting, his appearance and manner very good, but I tell you I imagine he was a favourable specimen. When we got to Rennes at four o'clock he was received in the arms of three women and a boy—aunts, cousins, etc.—in the costume of the country, and of the regular peasant class, and embraced all his relations before me without the slightest awkwardness.

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The enthusiasm of the French people for the army is remarkable; almost every peasant we passed in the diligence took off his hat to this officer, though you never see them salute a gentleman, as such; but they feel that the army is the proud point of the nation, and that it is made out of themselves. At Rennes I shaved, washed, saw the cathedral and the old Parliament House of Brittany, dined at an infamous *table d'hôte* at the Hôtel de France, where I met a pleasant Spaniard, and at seven in the evening was at the station starting for Paris. I was tired and slept well, having just had a good deal of conversation with a French naval officer on his way from Rennes to Cherbourg. The military and naval movement here is immense, but I am convinced that the *nation* in France at present means fairly. What the Emperor means it is harder to tell. But his proclamation was excellent.

I am going to write a few lines to my mother. Let me have one line here on Tuesday. I will write to you also on that day. God bless you. Love to all at Teddington.

M. A.

To his Mother

PARIS, *May* 8, 1859.

I thought of Willy the other day at Carnac while I looked over the perfectly still and bright

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Atlantic by Quiberon Bay, and saw the sails passing in the distance where he would have passed had he lived to come home. I could not but think of you in Brittany, with Cranics and Trevenecs all about me, and the peasantry with their expressive, rather mournful faces, long noses, and dark eyes, reminding me perpetually of dear Tom and Uncle Trevenen, and utterly unlike the French. And I had the climate of England, gray skies and cool air, and the gray rock of the north too, and the clear rushing water. One is haunted by the name *Plantagenet* there. The moment one enters Anjou, from which the family came, the broom[1] begins, and Brittany seems all in flower with it, with furze mixed. I had no notion the waste stretches of *landes*, where there is nothing but these plants, heath, and rock, were still so considerable. The enclosed country is very like England, small bright green pastures, separated by high banks as in Devonshire and Cornwall, full of pollard oaks just coming into leaf. The country from a height looks like a mixture of *landes* and oak forest. But even the field banks are covered with broom. I went to Carnac to see the Druidical stones, which are very solemn and imposing. The sea is close by, with the sickle-shaped peninsula of Quiberon, where the emigrants landed and were beaten by Hoche, sweeping out into it. The

[1] *Planta Genista.*

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Breton peasant has still a great deal of his old religious feeling. May is the Mois de Marie, and the sailors, in whom Brittany abounds, pay their thanks particularly in this month. Every evening there is service in the cathedrals and sermon at Quimper (where the cathedral is beautiful). I went in one evening. The service lasts from half-past seven to nine. It is in the nave, which is nearly full, the bishop and clergy in a reserved place in front near the pulpit, then a mixed audience of gentry, peasantry, soldiers, and sailors. There is one great lamp hung in the middle of the nave; no other light except that the image of Marie, which stands on the screen between the choir and the nave, looking towards the people, with really a beautiful expression and attitude, has a branchwork of lights all round it during the service of this month, and below it a perfect conservatory of flowers, all white lilies, white rhododendrons, white azaleas, arums, etc. The preacher was a Jesuit from Paris, and I soon had enough of him. But the Bishop of Quimper, Monseigneur Sergent, to whom I paid a long visit, is a very remarkable person. He is celebrated for his tolerance, and the sagacity and knowledge with which he spoke about the people and their education struck me exceedingly. I pick up a good deal that is very interesting and instructive, and the French ecclesiastics, I must say, are not the least interesting objects among those which I see. In

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the south I am going to see Lacordaire and Cardinal Miolau, the Archbishop of Toulouse; the latter, the Papal Nuncio said, was so bigoted a Catholic that he would not give a Protestant a letter to him, but the Superior of the Sœurs has given me one. I am anxious to see him, as Guizot says he is an excellent man, though austere. Of one thing I am convinced more and more—of the profoundly democratic spirit which exists among the lower orders, even among the Breton peasants. Not a spirit which will necessarily be turbulent or overthrow the present Government, but a spirit which has irrevocably broken with the past, and which makes the revival of an aristocratic society impossible. The Orleanists, etc., you see and hear plenty of in Paris, especially if you are English, but they go only skin deep into the nation. The Legitimists, not so much as that; they are utterly insignificant. The clergy is very strong, and, on the whole, favourable to the present *régime*.

To his Wife

PARIS, *May* 10, 1859.

After I wrote to you on Sunday, I wrote a long letter to my mother. I never thanked you for sending me that most interesting letter of Fan's. Then I went and had a hot bath, which took the ache of this diligence out of my bones.

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This morning I went early to the Oratoire, to see the head of the Protestant School Agency, then at eleven o'clock to breakfast with the Seniors; they had the Polish General who commanded the Sardinian army in the Novara campaign, and the talk was all about battles. The Pole gives the Sardinian army a bad name, but to look at him I should say their defeats must have been more owing to the General than the men. It appears certain that Francis Joseph keeps Hess at Vienna because he is jealous of him and has quarrelled; and Giulay is a mere General d'Antichambre. If this is so, and it looks likely, the Austrians will be well beaten, and well they will deserve it; but it is said here that the French do not at present expect to do more than drive them back upon Verona. Verona, Mantua, etc., are too strong to take. Duvergier d'Hauranne, who was a deputy and minister under Louis Philippe, was also at Senior's, and another Orleanist ex-deputy, Lanjuinais.

After breakfast I came back here. Then Monsieur Magin came to bring me letters of introduction for the south; and then came Theodore Martin, who brought down his wife, 'Helen Faucit,' and introduced me to her. She is an intellectual-looking person. She gave a reading unexpectedly at a house where she was dining the other night, of which the papers say wonders. Now I must pack up,

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dine at the *table d'hôte*, and set off for the Orleans station.—Ever yours, M. A.

To the Same

BORDEAUX, *Saturday Morning, May* 14, 1859.

After I wrote to you the day before yesterday, I wrote a long letter to Lord Lansdowne, and that took me till six o'clock—the *table d'hôte* time. I sat by a Frenchman of Martinique, who was very pleasant. After dinner I strolled along the Quai des Chartrons, which extends down the river a long way. The nuisance is one cannot go *on* the river to see the town and environs from it, as steamers are almost wholly wanting. There are two a day, morning and evening, to the mouth of the river, but the Ferry steamers which one has in such abundance at Liverpool are wholly wanting. The stream and tide are so powerful that little row-boats are no use. It was a gloomy evening, blowing up with dust for a storm, which broke in rain just as I got into the reading-room, under the Great Theatre. I have not been to the theatre—it is too hot. Yesterday morning I was up at seven—a day without a cloud. I was out at eight, wandering about the town, looking at old streets, churches, and market people. After breakfast I strolled to the post, going to the Prefecture on the

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way to read the Emperor's address to the army. Very poor and empty, I think; not to be compared with his Manifesto, which was excellent. I got your letter and the *Galignani*, came back and read them under the porch of the hotel. By this time came a light open carriage I had ordered to take me to Blanquefort, and at the same time came the inspector, whom the authorities have given me—the head one of the Department, a Monsieur Benoit, a man of sixty or more, an old officer of the First Empire, who was at Vimeira and in the capitulation of Cintra, and afterwards made the campaigns of Germany and the final campaign of France. He was what we call a jolly old fellow. We had a beautiful drive through a country of villas, gardens, and vines to Blanquefort, a little bourg about seven miles from here. I saw four schools there, and was much interested. The best was the girls' school, kept by the Sœurs of the Immaculate Conception. Afterwards we made the schoolmaster guide us to the ruined castle, which is in a green hollow on a little river at the foot of hills covered with vines at about a mile from Blanquefort. It is like every other ruined feudal castle, but the stone beautifully fresh, and the vegetation luxuriant. I scrambled to the top of the principal tower, and had a splendid view over the country. Not a soul, from M. Benoit to the *paysanne*

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who lives in a hut in the ruin, knew anything about the Black Prince's connection with the castle; and M. Benoit told me there is no talk or tradition of him whatever in the country. The lions of England are clean gone from the gate, if they ever existed there. The Revolution has cleared out the feudal ages from the minds of the country people to an extent incredible with us. We got back here at six. After dinner another storm, from which I took refuge in the great reading-room, which has the *Times*. I read *Daniella* to an end and went to bed. I write this before breakfast, then I shall pack up, and start at half-past eleven for Toulouse. I must tell you one or two good things here. One is a triple medallion picture of Marshal Randon, Prince Napoleon, and Marshal Vaillant, with the Prince in the middle, and the names underneath, so as to run Randon (rendons) Napoleon Vaillant. Kiss my darlings for me. I shall write again from Toulouse to-morrow.

To Miss Arnold

AMSTERDAM, *June* 12, 1859.

We stayed at the Hague nearly all the week, having only left it yesterday; a small taste of Holland is sufficient, one place is so exactly like another. It is like England more than any other part of the Continent is—that is, it is

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like the slightly old-fashioned red-brick England of parts of London and the towns of the southern counties. Like the new characterless towns of the Midland counties and the north, it is not in the least. The people occupy separate houses, as in England, instead of living in flats; this makes the houses smaller and more varying in size than in the Continental towns in general. The language sounds much more like English than the German does, and better than the German — less pedantic; but it has none of the distinction and command which the Latin element so happily gives to the English language. The climate is detestable. When the sun shines, the exhalations from the canals make an atmosphere which is the closest and the most unwholesome I ever breathed, and when the sun does not shine, the weather is raw, gray, and cold. The general impression Holland, curious as it is, makes on me, is one of mortal *ennui*. I know no country and people where that word seems to me to apply with such force. You have the feeling which oppresses you so in Suffolk and Norfolk, that it all leads nowhere, that you are not even on the way to any beautiful or interesting country. The Hague is a town of 70,000 people, with a number of streets of excellent houses, bordered with fine trees. I never saw a city where the well-to-do classes seemed to have given the whole place so much

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their own air of wealth, finished cleanliness, and comfort; but I never saw one, either, in which my heart would have so sunk at the thought of living. This place is far better, for it has great animation and movement; and it has one of the two interesting things I have seen in Holland, the Palace or old Hôtel de Ville, an immense Renaissance building, all stone and marble within and without. Its size and its stone amidst the pettiness and brick of Holland produce on one the effect of a mountain, and is a wonderful refreshment. The other interesting object in Holland is the face of William the Silent, the founder of the House of Orange, which meets one everywhere, in statues or pictures. You remember how great a reverence papa had for him, and he is one of the finest characters in history. His face is thoughtful and melancholy, quite a history in it, and is interesting in the highest degree. Pictures we have seen without end, and it is a great pleasure to me to find that I get fonder and fonder of seeing them, can pass, without having, or wishing to have, the least of a connoisseur's spirit about them, more and more hours in looking at them with untired interest.

We are now just going to see a private collection here, then we are going to Saardam, to see the hut where Peter the Great lived while working as a ship's carpenter—one of

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the best incidents in history, and one of the spots I would on no account leave Holland without seeing. I am not much taken with the people, but not speaking their language is a great disadvantage. I doubt, however, whether they have not a good deal fallen off from the *élan* which made them so great in the fifteenth and seventeenth centuries. It is the Norman element in England which has kept her from getting stupid and humdrum too, as the pure Germanic nations tend to become for want of a little effervescing salt with their magnesia. To-morrow we shall go to Haarlem, I to see a training school, Flu to hear the organ, the next day to Utrecht, the day after, I hope, to Paris. . . . I think not a day passes without my thinking five or six times of you, dear Fan, and Fox How. I never so much longed to be there, and certainly I get fonder of it every year, and how this day[1] brings it and all of you present to me!

To the Same

PARIS, *Sunday, June* 19, 1859.

We have a dull suite of rooms here in the inner court, but charmingly furnished and plenty of them—an ante-room, a dressing-room,

[1] The anniversary of Dr. Arnold's death.

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a sitting-room, and a bedroom. I care very little for the look-out at this time of year: one is out so much, and when indoors, occupied. I am delighted to be out of Holland and back here, where the soil is dry and one can communicate with the natives. What wounds one's feelings in Holland is the perpetual consciousness that the country has no business there at all. You see it all below the level of the water, soppy, hideous, and artificial; and because it exists against nature, nobody can exist there except at a frightful expense, which is very well for the natives, who may be thankful to live on any terms, but disagreeable for foreigners, who do not like to pay twice as much as elsewhere for being half as comfortable. How I thought of the abundance and prodigality of the truly 'boon' nature of Guienne and Languedoc, from which I had just come! In Holland what is most disagreeable is the climate; you live in a constant smell of ooze, at least in summer,—hot ooze when in the sun, cold ooze when you go under the trees. The pleasant moment is when you get on the open beach, at Scheveningen for instance, with the waves tumbling and the wind whistling; but even then you cannot help feeling that the sea ought, if it had its rights, to be *over* the beach and rolling across the country for miles inland. Last Wednesday morning we left Amsterdam, and I went to Utrecht. At Utrecht

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you begin to have a sniff of dry, wholesome air, and the trees look as if they stood in real ground, and the grass as if it was not growing in the water. In the evening we drove out six miles on the prettiest side to Zeist, a Moravian village—one succession of country houses, gardens, and small parks, the best we had seen in Holland, but even there *quel ennui!* The next day by rail to Rotterdam, where we embarked on the Maas. The sweep of Rotterdam seen from the river, wrapt in smoke, with its towers and spires, and brick houses breaking through, with masts of ships everywhere, reminds one very much of London; in fact, the great towns of Holland remind one constantly of one side of England—its commercial side; but never does one feel more the splendid variety of England, that it has so much more than its mere commercial side; and even its commercial side it has on a scale so prodigious that this has a grandiosity of its own which in Holland is nowhere to be found. It was a dull, cold, blustering day—unluckily, we have too many of them in England,—and when we finally landed and looked back across the broad Maas at the cloudy plains and trees of Holland, I felt that we had got into the real world again, though I dislike Belgium, and think the Belgians, on the whole, the most contemptible people in Europe. We went right through

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Antwerp to Brussels, which is a desert just now; slept there, and on by the express on Friday morning here, arriving about six o'clock. The fashionable world has left Paris, and there are fewer gay carriages than in the spring, but Paris, like London, has always immense life and movement in its streets. I did not tell you of two things I was very much interested in seeing in the museum at the Hague: one, the shirt and undershirt worn by our William III. the last two days of his life, while he kept his bed after his fatal fall from his horse; the other, the entire dress which William the Silent wore when he was assassinated, with the pistol and ball which did the deed.

Now we are going to church. We hope on Wednesday night to go to Strasbourg. Suppose you write to me there at the Hôtel de la Ville de Paris. We shall be two days there. I am seeing a great deal, but you at Fox How are never long out of my mind. I am glad you saw Blackie.[1] I believe he is an animated, pleasant man, with a liking for all sorts of things that are excellent. *Au reste*, an *esprit* as confused and hoity-toity as possible, and as capable of translating Homer as of making the Apollo Belvedere.

My love to my dearest mamma, and to Edward, who is a rogue for giving me no

[1] See p. 40.

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news of himself, from Flu and myself both, and I am always your affectionate brother,

M. A.

To the Same

STRASBOURG, *June* 25, 1859.

. . . A real summer day without a cloud in the sky has come at last to make travelling pleasant, and to light up the charming old town with its high roofs and great houses, the old ones of white plaster, and the new ones of the most beautiful pink stone in the world. The whole country round, the plain of Alsace, is to me one of the pleasantest anywhere, so genially productive, so well cultivated, and so cheerful, yet with the Vosges and the Black Forest and the Alps to hinder its being prosaic. And one is getting near Switzerland, and I shall see the Lake of Como, I hope and trust, before the month of June quite ends. I had promised myself to see it in May with the spring flowers out in the fields, but that could not be managed. And the news of another great French victory has just come, and every house has the tricolor waving out of its windows, and to-night, this beautiful night that it is going to be, every window will be lighted up, and the spire of the Cathedral will be illuminated, which is a sight. I shall go down towards the Rhine and Desaix's

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monument to see the effect from there. . . . You know the people here are among the Frenchest of the French, in spite of their German race and language. It strikes one as something unnatural to see this German town and German-speaking people all mad for joy at a victory gained by the French over other Germans. The fact speaks much for the French power of managing and attaching its conquests, but little for the German character. The Rhine provinces in 1815, after having belonged to France for only ten years, objected exceedingly to being given back to Germany. The truth is that, though French occupation is very detestable, French administration since the Revolution is, it must be said, equitable and enlightened, and promotes the comfort of the population administered. They are getting very angry here with Prussia, and if Prussia goes to war there will be a cry in this country to compel the Emperor to take the limit of the Rhine whether he wishes it or no. That the French will beat the Prussians all to pieces, even far more completely and rapidly than they are beating the Austrians, there cannot be a moment's doubt; and they know it themselves. I had a long and very interesting conversation with Lord Cowley, *tête-à-tête* for about three-quarters of an hour the other day. He seemed to like hearing what I had to say, and told me a great deal about the French Emperor, and about the Court of Vienna,

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and their inconceivable infatuation as to their own military superiority to the French. He entirely shared my conviction as to the French always beating any number of Germans who come into the field against them. They will never be beaten by any nation but the English, for to every other nation they are, in efficiency and intelligence, decidedly superior. I shall put together for a pamphlet, or for *Fraser*, a sort of *résumé* of the present question as the result of what I have thought, read, and observed here about it. I am very well, and only wish I was not so lazy; but I hope and believe one is less so from forty to fifty, if one lives, than at any other time of life. The loss of youth ought to operate as a spur to one to live more by the head, when one can live less by the body. Have you seen Mill's book on Liberty? It is worth reading attentively, being one of the few books that inculcate tolerance in an unalarming and inoffensive way.

To Mrs. Forster

GENEVA, *July* 9, 1859.

MY DEAREST K.—Your letter reached me at Chamouni, and I knew I should answer it quicker by waiting till I got down to this place. It would be very pleasant to meet William, but I am afraid he will be arriving on the stage as

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we are going off it. We stay here till Thursday, the 14th, then go to Lausanne till Monday the 18th, then to Fribourg, and back here, I hope, by the 20th or 21st. On the 23rd we shall be at Lyons, on the 25th at Châteauroux, or thereabouts, as I have a visit to pay to George Sand (Michelet has given me a letter to her); on the 27th or 28th in Paris. It may be regarded as certain that Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, 29th, 30th, and 31st, we shall be at Meurice's in Paris; the rest is not quite so certain, but highly probable. At Lyons we shall be at the Grand Hôtel de Lyon, the new inn. On your birthday, if all is well, we certainly return to England, meeting the children at Dover. I do so wish dear mamma and Fan would come to us there for their sea excursion, instead of going to Grange or Llandudno. We could perfectly take them in, and Dover in August is certainly the pleasantest sea-place in the world. Few things I should like better than going along the path under the cliffs towards the Foreland with Fan, with all the movement of the world passing through the narrow channel on our right. Budge will be big enough this year to go with us. I hear from Miss Nicholls he has been very good lately at his lessons, being very anxious to have a letter from me, which was to be the reward of his continued industry; but what the dear old boy would like, says Miss Nicholls, would be to be all day and every day

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riding about the downs on a donkey. I cannot much afflict myself yet at his and Tom's resolute indifference to learning. Diddy monopolises all the studious wisdom of his family, and really gets on very fast. I wish you would encourage mamma and Fan to come to Dover to us; I am going to write to her about it. Flu says she will take your children for you next year, to let you go abroad with William, if you will time your absence to correspond with our stay at Dover, as she would prefer to have them at that temple of health—the seashore. One sentence of Miss Nicholls gives us, who know the child, the best news in the world about little Tom: 'He goes whistling all the day long,' she says. You know he is too weak to sing, so he solaces his musical taste by perpetual whistling while he is well, like a little bullfinch, poor little darling; but directly he is ill his pipe stops. How interesting are public affairs! I really think I shall finish and bring out my pamphlet.[1] What pains the English aristocracy seem to be taking to justify all I have said about their want of ideas! I hope the Emperor does not mean to stop before the Austrians are out of Venice as well as Lombardy. If he does it will be out of apprehension at the attitude of England (Prussia, I have told you, they do not care for a rush), but it would be a mistake on his part and on England's. Write to me within a post or two

[1] *England and the Italian Question*, by Matthew Arnold, 1859.

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of getting this at the Hôtel Gibbon, Lausanne. Dearest Flu is all right again, and the best of travellers. She was nearly at the top of the Brévent yesterday, at the châlets of Plan-pratz. Being at Martigny we took two days' holiday to Chamouni, the weather was so splendid. But I do not care to come to Switzerland again, unless it is to bring Budge and Dicky a few years hence; meanwhile, I believe I am elected a member of the Alpine Club, though entirely undeserving of such an honour. God bless you, my dear old soul.—I am your always affectionate

M. A.

I am getting very much to want to be back in England: partly the children, but partly also affection for that foolish old country.

To the Same

LAUSANNE, *Sunday Night,*
July 17, 1859.

MY DEAREST K.—I forget now what I told you in my last letter, but I write in great haste, having just received yours, to tell you that, finding the holidays begun in all the Swiss schools and the schools closed, and having seen the chief authorities and got the necessary papers, I am not going on to Fribourg and Neufchâtel, but am going *to-morrow* to Geneva

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and Lyons. At Lyons we shall stay Tuesday and Wednesday, and go on Wednesday night to Paris. So on Thursday morning, the 21st, we shall be at the Hôtel Meurice, at Paris. If I knew where to write to William I would write and tell him this, as he will surely stay and meet us in Paris. I am terribly afraid this will reach you too late for you to communicate with him except by that detestable engine the telegraph. Our inn at Lyons will be the Grand Hôtel de Lyon. I shall leave Paris again on Friday, the 22nd, in order to see one or two more of the departments of the Centre. I have arranged to leave Flu there, in order not to expose her to the bad and dirty inns of the French provinces in these terrible heats. I shall rejoin her Sunday or Monday, and about the end of that week we hope to be at Dover.

I have not been in such spirits for a long time as those which the news of this peace[1] has thrown me into. Louis Napoleon's preponderance was really beginning to haunt me. He had possessed himself of an incomparable position. Our English Government entirely misunderstood the situation, and were holding language that could only damage themselves, not affect him. Everything was going smoothly for him, and he was going to have obtained the unwilling recognition of the Liberal party through Europe as the necessary man of his

[1] Between France and Austria.

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time, when suddenly he stumbles, falls flat on his face, and loses his chance for this time. I am sorry for the Italians; but it is incomparably better for Europe that they should wait a little longer for their independence, than that the first power in Europe, morally and materially, should be the French Empire. Morally, after this blunder it loses its advantage, however strong it may be materially. I said to Lord Cowley the other day that I was convinced Louis Napoleon's one great and dangerous error was that he exaggerated the power of the clergy, and bid for their support far higher than it was worth. I little thought how soon he would give a far more signal proof of this error of his than I ever expected. There can be no doubt that what made him nervous, and resolved him suddenly to pull up, was the growing and threatening discontent of the French clergy (which is nearly all Ultramontane) at the Pope's position in these Italian complications. Accordingly, the French clergy are enchanted at the peace; but they are the only people really pleased with it, and their applause is not exactly that which a prudent man would wish to have. Their great organ, Louis Veuillot, thanks God that the war ends by one Emperor *giving* and the other *receiving* Lombardy, and that the hateful and anarchical doctrine of a people having itself any voice in its own assignment receives no countenance. There is a creditable and agreeable ally for *l' uomo del Secolo!*

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TO R. MONCKTON MILNES

We are off early to-morrow morning, and I must pack up. I am getting on, and think I shall make an interesting pamphlet; but Heaven knows how the thing will look when all together. If it looks not as I mean it, I shall not publish it.—I am always your most affectionate

M. A.

To R. Monckton Milnes, M.P.[1]

1 Wellesley Terrace, Dover,
August 3, 1859.

My dear Mr. Milnes—I have desired the publisher to send you a copy of a pamphlet of mine on the Italian question, which embodies some of the French experiences I inflicted on you in Paris. You know, you entirely belong to the 'Aristocratie Anglaise,' in the broad (and just) French acceptance of the term. But then you differ from them by having what Sainte-Beuve calls an 'intelligence ouverte et traversée,' and they in general have every good quality except that. I am only here for a few days on business, and return to France next week. No one knows my address, and I see no newspapers. I have so much on my hands just now. But still I have a natural solicitude to hear how 'the judicious' take my *résumé* of the Italian question, which I cannot help thinking is true; and if

[1] Afterwards Lord Houghton.

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you would let me have one line to tell me whether you have read it, and whether you agree with it, you would do me a great kindness.—Believe me, dear Mr. Milnes, very truly yours, M. ARNOLD.

To Mrs. Forster

DOVER, *August* 13, 1859.

MY DEAREST K.—I never thanked you for your letter, because I meant my note to mamma to thank you both; but I was very glad to have it, and to hear that you read the pamphlet with pleasure.

. . . . . .

I could talk to you a great deal about the pamphlet (I want to know how William likes *that*; he will find a passage at page 39, line 1, softened and left more *open* in consequence of some conversation we had), but I have not time to go beyond this sheet. You and Clough are, I believe, the two people I in my heart care most to please by what I write. Clough (for a wonder) is this time satisfied, even delighted, 'with one or two insignificant exceptions,' he says. 'I believe all you say is probably right, and if right, most important for English people to consider.' Harriet Martineau in the *Daily News*[1] I have not seen. Edward says it is

[1] Of August 8, 1859.

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disapproving. I have seen no English papers abroad, but I fancied the *Daily News* had been much the same way as the pamphlet, but Harriet herself is a little incalculable. I want to see the *Morning Post*,[1] which has an article, because of its connection with Lord Palmerston. There is a very clever and long answer[2] to the pamphlet in to-day's *Saturday Review*, by Fitz-james Stephen, the man who ill-treated papa in reviewing 'Tom Brown.' He is exceedingly civil this time, and no one can complain of his tone. Like you, he does not seem convinced by the *nationalities* section. As it first stood it was longer, exhausting the cases more. I had pointed out that isolated spots like Malta and Gibraltar could be, and in fact nearly were, *de*nationalised and Anglicised. As to the Ionian Islands, I said what I believe to be true, that if Greece ever becomes a really great nation it will be impossible for us to keep them, being the size they are, on the Greek frontier as they are, and the Greek race being what it is. All this I left out because I thought this about Corfu might give offence, and I wished to be as much swallowed as possible. But the worst of the English is that on foreign politics they search so very much more for what they like and wish to be true than for what *is* true. In Paris there is

[1] Of August 4, 1859.

[2] 'Mr. Matthew Arnold on the Italian Question,' *Saturday Review*, August 13, 1859.

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certainly a larger body of people than in London who treat foreign politics as a science, as a matter to *know* upon before *feeling* upon.

I must stop, but write to me at the Hôtel Meurice in Paris. I go there to-morrow night. I send you Gladstone's note, and also one from the Judge,[1] the latter to show you his *firm, sound touch*, both physically and intellectually, at the age of very nearly seventy-five. Tell William I should be very glad if he could find out how either Bright or Cobden liked my pamphlet. I sent it to both of them, but do not feel at all to know what view they would be likely to take of it. They are both well worth convincing. Send Gladstone's note on to Fox How, and with love to William and kisses to the dear children, believe me, my dearest K., your ever affectionate M. A.

To his Mother

PARIS, *August* 16, 1859.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I saw in the *Times* the death of Uncle Penrose. I have often thought of him since I read your account of your last meeting with him; it was very affecting. Though not a successful man—at least, not successful in proportion to his powers, and I suppose not successful in proportion to his wishes,

[1] His father-in-law.

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—he never seemed an unhappy man, and for that, whether it was self-command or real content, I always admired him. But I believe he was, on the whole, a happy man, and if he was that, what does his more or less of success matter now?

This is my last appearance abroad as 'Monsieur le Professeur Docteur Arnold, Directeur-Général de toutes les Écoles de la Grande Bretagne,' as my French friends will have it that I am. I go down to Berri on Sunday to see George Sand. I saw Prosper Mérimée this morning, a well-known author here, and member of the French Academy. He is Private Secretary to the Empress, and a great favourite at Court. He asked me for a copy of my pamphlet to send to M. Fould, the Minister who is gone with the Emperor to Tarbes, that he might read it himself, and give it to the Emperor to read, if he thought fit. Mérimée said, as many of the intimate Imperialists say, that the one thing which induced the Emperor to make peace was the sight of the field of Solferino after the battle. That he was shocked greatly, and that he is a humane and kind-hearted man there is no doubt, but that he made the peace of Villafranca solely because he was shocked it is absurd to say. If true, it would show that he is a much weaker man than either his friends or his enemies at present suppose.

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TO HIS WIFE

To his Wife

PARIS, *August* 19, 1859.

I sent you the *Galignani*, as probably you have not seen the *Globe*, and you may imagine the sensation the extract with my name produced among my acquaintances at this hotel, where every one spells the *Galignani* through from beginning to end. I want you to give Dr. Hutton a copy of the pamphlet, and ask him to present it with my compliments to Mr. Seymour Fitzgerald, who voted for me at Oxford. He is all the other way, but that is no reason he should not read what may do him good. You see how well this man[1] is going on —first his amnesty, and then his removal of the newspaper pains and penalties. I am going to-morrow to pass an hour with the Circourts; he writes me word that they are delighted with the pamphlet. The first day they got it, he and his wife read it aloud together, and then he translated it, extempore, from beginning to end, for the benefit of a friend staying with them, 'who knows not your tongue.' Lord Cowley is at Chantilly, so I have no means of knowing how he likes it.

I dine to-night with Sainte-Beuve, who is gazetted to-day Commander of the Legion of Honour. I have almost made up my mind not

[1] Napoleon III.

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to go into Berri. I think I shall gain more by getting another day's work with Magin here. I like him more and more, and shall make, I think, with his help, a very interesting report. You may rely on my leaving Paris, Wednesday night, unless there is a wonderfully good tidal train on Thursday, which I don't think. If I am in Paris on Sunday I shall go to St. Germain, which I have never seen. The English seem coming at last, as they are to be seen everywhere. I am nearly the whole day with Magin, and never dine at the *table d'hôte*.—Ever yours.

I had a very pleasant letter from Wm. Forster about my pamphlet, and about his ascent of Mont Blanc.

To the Same

PARIS, *August* 21, 1859.

I shall not leave Paris till Thursday evening, because I find the annual Public Séance of the Académie Française is fixed for Thursday, and as Guizot is to speak, though I really would rather get home now, I should afterwards be sorry if I had missed it. The meeting is at two in the afternoon, and I shall start by the mail train at 7.30. Everybody said I *must* stop, but I think it was Sainte-Beuve who finally persuaded me. Villemain speaks first, and then

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Guizot speaks and crowns the Laureate for the year, a young lady; and all the Institut will be there. M. de Circourt is coming into Paris to be present.

Now I will go back a little. After writing to you on Friday, I strolled out a little, came back and dressed, and drove to Sainte-Beuve's, which is an immense way off, close to the Brittany railway. He had determined to take me to dine *chez le Restaurant du Quartier*, the only good one, he says, and we dined in the cabinet where G. Sand, when she is in Paris, comes and dines every day. Sainte-Beuve gave me an excellent dinner, and was in full vein of conversation, which, as his conversation is about the best to be heard in France, was charming. After dinner he took me back to his own house, where we had tea; and he showed me a number of letters he had had from G. Sand and Alf. de Musset at the time of their love affair, and then again at the time of their rupture. You may imagine how interesting this was after *Elle et Lui*. I will tell you about them when we meet. Sainte-Beuve says I must read *Lui et Elle*, to finish the history, and then to complete it all, a few pages in the *Memoirs* of Mogador about Musset. As for G. Sand and him, Sainte-Beuve says, '*Tout le mal* qu'ils ont dit l'un de l'autre est vrai.' But De Musset's letters were, I must say, those of a *gentleman* of the very first water. Sainte-Beuve

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rather advised me to go and see George Sand, but I am still disinclined 'to take so long a journey to see such a fat old Muse,' as M. de Circourt says in his funny English. All Sainte-Beuve told me of her present proceedings made me less care about seeing her; however, if Berri was nearer, the weather less hot, and French travelling less of a bore, I should go—as it is I shall not. After all, by staying I shall get another visit to Cousin, which is some compensation. I stayed with Sainte-Beuve till midnight, and would not have missed my evening for all the world. I think he likes me, and likes my caring so much about his criticisms and appreciating his extraordinary delicacy of tact and judgment in literature. I walked home, and had a wakeful night. Yesterday I worked with Magin in the morning, and then went to see Villemain. He gave me a ticket for Thursday (they are very hard to have), and I *hope* to get two more through the Minister of Public Instruction, so as to be able to take two of your party. Villemain brought out *Merope*, which he likes, naturally, more than the English do. He was extremely gracious, and presented me to an old grandee who came in as *un Anglais qui nous juge parfaitement.* He expresses great interest about my pamphlet, and said he should certainly speak of it in the periodical press, which is excellent, as he can do what he likes in the *Débats* and the *Revue des Deux*

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Mondes. I left him to go to the St. Germain railway, and partly by rail, partly by omnibus, and partly by walking, got to Les Bruyères soon after four. Mme. de Circourt looked dreadfully ill, and I thought would have fainted with the effort of coming into the drawing-room and crawling to the sofa; however, her salts revived her, and without the least allusion to her health, she began to talk about my pamphlet. I think they both heartily like it, and they say that I have *apprecié-d les choses avec une justesse extraordinaire*. They have already sent off their own copy to M. de Cavour, so you were wrong. They want others to distribute. For once M. de Circourt talked French, and we three and a very pleasant Comte de Beauwysse, who was staying with them, a Frenchman of the old school, who knows nothing but French and a little Latin, had a very pleasant hour. I had refused to dine when he wrote to me here to ask me, thinking I should put them out, but was sorry afterwards, as I found they had a party, and amongst the party Mlle. Von Arnim, the daughter of Bettina, Goethe's friend, who is said to be as charming as her mother. I got a glimpse of her on a balcony as I came away, and thought her very handsome and striking-looking. She was to sit down to dinner with four gentlemen she had refused, two French and two German. Les Bruyères is a very pretty place of several acres, on a beautiful range of

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heathy forest hill commanding the valley of the Seine, with views of Marly, St. Germain, etc. God bless you. Tell the boys how I love them, and love to hear of them being such good, dear boys while I am away.—Ever yours.

To Miss Arnold

LONDON, *August* 29, 1859.

I am rheumatic and full of pains, coming back after five months of dry air into this variable one, but I have not more to complain of than a day on the hills will set right. I have often thought, since I published this on the Italian question, about dear papa's pamphlets. Whatever talent I have in this direction I certainly inherit from him, for his pamphleteering talent was one of his very strongest and most pronounced literary sides, if he had been in the way of developing it. It is the one literary side on which I feel myself in close contact with him, and that is a great pleasure. Even the positive style of statement I inherit.

To the Same

THE ATHENÆUM, *November* 21, 1859.

My drill[1] spoiled my project of writing on Saturday. On Saturday it is from four to six,

[1] He served in the Queen's Westminster Rifle Volunteers.

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just the letter-writing time, as the post goes out from this club at six. To-night the drill is from seven to nine—a better time in some respects, but it deprives one of one's dinner. For this, however, I am not wholly sorry, as, in the first place, one eats and drinks so perpetually in London, that I am rather glad on two evenings in the week to be relieved from a regular dinner; in the second place, it gives me an opportunity of having supper at home on these two evenings, and keeping one's own cook's hand in. I like the drilling very much; it braces one's muscles, and does one a world of good. You saw General Hay's speech to us the other day. The other corps which was joined with us, the London Scottish, is larger and more advanced than we are, but we shall do very well, as we have a splendid neighbourhood to choose from. Far from being a measure dangerous by its *arming the people*—a danger to which some persons are very sensitive—it seems to me that the establishment of these Rifle Corps will more than ever throw the power into the hands of the upper and middle classes, as it is of these that they are mainly composed, and these classes will thus have over the lower classes the superiority, not only of wealth and intelligence, which they have now, but of physical force. I hope and think that the higher classes in this country have now so developed their consciences that this will do them no

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harm; still, it is a consequence of the present arming movement which deserves attention, and which is, no doubt, obscurely present to the minds of the writers of the cheap Radical newspapers who abuse the movement. The bad feature in the proceeding is the hideous English toadyism with which lords and great people are invested with the commands in the corps they join, quite without respect of any considerations of their efficiency. This proceeds from our national bane—the immense vulgar-mindedness, and, so far, real inferiority of the English middle classes.

To the Same

LONDON, *December* 19, 1859.

Last week slipped away without my writing, for my hours at the Training School, on which I counted, were so broken by people coming in to speak to me or ask me questions that I had time for nothing. Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday I had to be at the Westminster Training School at ten o'clock; be there till half-past one, and begin again at three, going on till half-past six: this, with eighty candidates to look after, and gas burning most of the day, either to give light or to help warm the room. In the middle of the day I had to dine with Scott, the Principal of the Training School, so

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I went out in the morning before I had seen little Lucy, and did not get home at night till she had gone to bed. On Saturday I finished at the Training School at half-past two, but then I had my drill, which I find in my absence at York I have much forgotten. To-morrow I begin again at the Training School, and continue till Friday, when I hope to be finally free, and to be able to work at my French Report till the end of January, when I hope to send it in. I shall avoid going back to Paris if possible, though it is rather tempting in some ways when one hears of winter society having begun there, and everybody being alive and gay. My great inducement in going back would be to see and talk to Cousin, who has himself had a Report to make much like that on which I am engaged. I should also, now that I know and have read so much about popular education in France, much like to see Guizot again, and to ask him some questions. However, I don't much think I shall go. The most important and difficult part of my Report is pretty well formed in my head now, and going back to Paris might give me a new start in some direction or other which would unsettle me, and give me all to do again.

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TO MRS. FORSTER

To Mrs. Forster

December 24, 1859.

My dearest K.—I must write a line home on my birthday, and I have long wanted to write to you, who luckily find yourself at Fox How at this moment; so at the same time that I fulfil a long-entertained wish, I can send my love to all at Fox How, and thanks to my dearest mother, Fan, Walter,[1] and Rowland[2] for their affectionate good wishes. Thank you, too, for your dear letter, my darling K. If I do not often communicate with you, it is not that I do not often think of you. There is no one about whom I so often think in connection with my lectures, which have now entirely taken shape in my head, and which I hope to publish at the end of 1860, giving five between this and then. I thought the other day that I would tell you of a Frenchman whom I saw in Paris, Ernest Renan, between whose line of endeavour and my own I imagine there is considerable resemblance, that you might have a look at some of his books if you liked. The difference is, perhaps, that he tends to inculcate *morality*, in a high sense of the word, upon the French nation as what they most want, while I tend to inculcate *intelligence*, also in a high sense of the word, upon the English nation as what they most want; but with respect

[1] His youngest brother, Walter Arnold, R.N.
[2] His old nurse.

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both to morality and intelligence, I think we are singularly at one in our ideas, and also with respect both to the progress and the established religion of the present day. The best book of his for you to read, in all ways, is his *Essais de Morale et de Critique*, lately published. I have read few things for a long time with more pleasure than a long essay with which the book concludes—'Sur la poésie des races celtiques.' I have long felt that we owed far more, spiritually and artistically, to the Celtic races than the somewhat coarse Germanic intelligence readily perceived, and been increasingly satisfied at our own semi-Celtic origin, which, as I fancy, gives us the power, if we will use it, of comprehending the nature of both races. Renan pushes the glorification of the Celts too far; but there is a great deal of truth in what he says, and being on the same ground in my next lecture, in which I have to examine the origin of what is called the 'romantic' sentiment about women, which the Germans quite falsely are fond of giving themselves the credit of originating, I read him with the more interest.

How I envy you Rydal Lake! But the Serpentine is better than might be supposed, and very beautiful. The frost has been so hard that in spite of this thaw (thermometer at 45°) the ice still bears, and Dicky and I on our pilgrimage to the City this morning were on it in St. James's Park.—Your ever affectionate M. A.

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TO HIS MOTHER

To his Mother

2 CHESTER SQUARE, *December* 31, 1859.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I have not much time, but must not fail to wish you many, many happy New Years. I keep planning and planning to pass Christmas and the New Year again at Fox How, where I have passed them so often and so happily, now, alas! so long ago, but I do not see when it will be practicable. To make up, I think of you all more and oftener at this time of year than at any other. Poor little Tom has been having, and has, one of his attacks, cough and fever, and yesterday was very ill indeed; but he struggles on in the wonderful way that you know, and in every hour that he gets a little ease seems to recover his strength, which two or three hours of continuous cough try terribly. I hear his little voice now in the next room talking to his mamma about 'Brown, Jones, and Robinson.' It is one of his good hours, but this afternoon he has been very unwell. The others are very well indeed, and Lucy[1] making a great start in liveliness. Budge and Dick went with us in the carriage this afternoon to make a call in the Regent's Park, and as the people were out, we took them on to the Zoological Gardens for an hour. It was Dick's first visit, and he

[1] His elder daughter, Lucy Charlotte.

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shouted and danced for pleasure at the animals, above all at the lion, who was in high excitement, and growling magnificently. I am very fond of the Gardens myself, and there are many new things this year. I must stop and go on looking over papers. Did you see a long article in the *Times* on Clough's *Plutarch?* It pleased me so much. Clough has just had the scarlatina, and is at Hastings to get well. Were you not agitated to hear of Macaulay's death?[1] It has made a great sensation. But the *Times*' leading article on him is a splendid exhibition of what may be called the *intellectual vulgarity* of that newspaper. I had no notion Macaulay was so young a man. It is said he has left no more history ready, which is a national loss.

To Miss Arnold

January 20, 1860.

My last week's note was a shabby one, but I am very busy now with my Report; that is because I was not busy with it when I ought to have been, you will say; but I was really not ready to write when I was at Fox How, and should even be glad to let the thing lie in my head a month or two more before I write it. I have not even yet composed more than a sentence or two here and there of the Report as it will

[1] December 28, 1859.

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actually appear, though I have covered a good many sheets with notes and extracts. I have passed the last week at the British Museum, and *to-day* I receive from France a number of documents which I ought to have received months ago, and which would have saved me a world of trouble by coming sooner. Flu goes with me to the Museum to-morrow to make extracts for me, and on Monday I hope to begin writing fast and fluent. I have had to look a good deal into the history of the present French organisation in Church and State, which dates from the first Consulate of the great Napoleon, and have come out of my researches with, if possible, a higher opinion of that astonishing man than ever. The way in which he held the balance between old and new France in reorganising things I had till now had no idea of, nor of the difficulties which beset him, both from the Revolution party and the party of the ancient *régime*. I am glad to have been led to use the Museum, which I had actually not seen since the great improvements in 1857. You must on no account leave London without seeing it. Not a day passes but I think with pleasure of the 31st. I had written what precedes with difficulty, being besieged by Dicky's questions about a number of things, he being in his black velvet and red and white tartan, and looking such a duck that it was hard to take one's eyes off him. I write now from the British Museum. I have

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not brought Flu as I meant, because it is a pouring wet day. Was ever anything like this incessant rain and mild weather? It loosens all my joints and makes my back ache. I am going the Home Circuit with the Judge. I shall be anxious to see William's article; he is lucky in his subject, for there is considerable interest just now in England about John Brown,[1] and very little information. 'What did it all mean?' is a question a great many people will like to have clearly and well answered for them. I see Bright goes on envying the Americans, but I cannot but think that the state of things with respect to their *national character*, which, after all, is the base of the only real grandeur or prosperity, becomes graver and graver. It seems as if few stocks could be trusted to grow up properly without having a priesthood and aristocracy to act as their schoolmasters at some time or other of their national existence.

To the Same

VIEL SALM,
Sunday, September 9, 1860.

We left Dover on Monday morning, had a beautiful passage, none of the children ill, reached Calais before eleven, gave the boys their

[1] John Brown of Harper's Ferry, the abolitionist hero, executed December 2, 1859.

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dinner and Lucy her sleep, and at two started for Ghent, which we reached at 7.30 in the evening. We got very good rooms at the Hôtel de la Porte, and at 8.30 the children were to be seen as gay as larks sitting round the table with Mrs. Tuffin[1] and Charlotte, discussing their tea and mutton cutlets, little Lucy among the rest. Flu and I dined in the coffee-room by ourselves. Next morning we were off at half-past eight. We were at Spa between one and two, and got rooms for the one night at the Hôtel de Flandre. Spa I had never seen before. It stands prettily in a basin surrounded by wooded hills of about the Matlock size, but it hardly deserves its reputation, I think, and as a town it astonished us both by its insignificance. Flu and I dined at the *table d'hôte* at four o'clock, and after that walked about a little with the boys ; then I went and looked on for a little at the gambling, came back and made an agreement with a carriage-master to bring us here next day, and got early to bed. Next morning we awoke upon a world of mist, but as we got up it gradually cleared, and when we started a little before ten the sun was shining brilliantly. Our carriage was a sort of omnibus, which held us and our luggage excellently. Lucy is rather a terrible inmate inside, but she went to sleep at eleven, and slept in her mamma's lap till after one, which was a wonderful piece of good fortune. The three

[1] The nurse.

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boys are capital travellers. It is only about 25 miles from Spa to this place, but such are the hills that we took five or six hours to accomplish the journey, and did not arrive here till nearly four o'clock. It had clouded over when we arrived. The hotel, of which a prepossessing picture had been sent us, looked but a poor affair when actually seen. The beds were damp, and the first evening was spent in some depression and apprehension. But the journey had been so expensive that the chance of remaining still for a little while was not to be lightly abandoned, and one knows beforehand that one will shake down into almost any place. Now that the sheets are aired and the rooms arranged, we begin to feel quite settled. The landlord is a man who seems honesty itself. It is a thoroughly country place, splendidly healthy, and we live very cheap. Flu and I pay for board and lodging 4 francs a day each, the two nurses pay 3 francs a day each, the children 1 franc a day each. For this we have a large salon, three double-bedded rooms and a single-bedded room, and three meals a day—breakfast, a luncheon at half-past twelve, and a dinner at half-past five. We dine at this early hour because it enables us to have the three boys to dine with us, and you may imagine how they like that. It is, properly speaking, an inn for sportsmen, as this is a great game country. It is a district of great abundance and few travellers; this accounts for everything being so cheap. The

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character of the inn accounts for the cookery being so good as it is. We had to-day for dinner, soup, trout, roast mutton and potatoes, stewed beef and carrots, roast chicken and peas, plum pudding, Gruyère cheese, and peaches, cherries, walnuts, and sweet biscuits. The *pension* includes fire in the salon (for this whole country is high and cold) and lights in the salon, for fires in the bedrooms and bougies in the bedrooms we pay extra. But the only real extra is wine; however, everything included, I reckon that board and lodging will cost us less per week here *together* than board alone costs us in London. About the country I will tell you in a second letter. It is very pleasant; the weather, however, is still unsettled. I hoped for shooting, and brought my gun, but owing to the backward state of the crops, the authorities have put off the opening of the shooting season till the 20th of this month, so I shall probably miss the shooting altogether. Meanwhile, the rivers are the most beautiful in the world, and I have had splendid fishing both yesterday and to-day. The natives fish with nets, but nobody fishes with rod and line, and with nets in these rough rivers there are many places you cannot fish. Besides, the natives are so indolent that they never go far from home, so the rivers abound in trout, if you go a little distance from the villages. The astonishment of the people at the fishing I make with the fly is comic. I can get almost any number I want, and two or three of them are

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sure to be of a pound weight. It is the best free inland trout-fishing (neither preserved nor, from neighbourhood to the sea, enriched by sea trout) which I have ever known. The children are perfectly well and happy, and the freedom of this place is delightful to them. Flu treats me as her great schoolboy, to whom she is giving his holiday. The place cannot have many resources for her, but she takes kindly to it, out of tenderness to me. We shall stay here, I think, another week, so write to me here again.

To the Same

VIEL SALM,
Thursday, September 13, 1860.

MY DEAREST FAN—I have not heard from any of you, but I feel disposed to write to you, perhaps because I think this place would suit you so well. We are here 'in Arden,' but it is astonishing how like it is in all things to England, except in the speaking French; and the singular tranquillity and beauty of the country, the *bonhomie* of the people, and the entire independence of the mode of life you would greatly enjoy. I hardly know how to give you an idea of the country: the hills are like either the long hill over Kendal which you see from Helm Lodge (Kendal Moor, do they call it?) or the hills at the foot of Windermere; that is, they are like

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these for form, height, and wood, but there the likeness ends, for in England there is nothing exactly like this country. In the first place, we are in latitude 50° 15′; and though the whole country is high, yet the corn, which in Westmorland struggles painfully for life in the valleys, here flourishes high up among all the hills. In the next place, there is here the vastness which in England is wanting. As far as the eye can reach, when you get high up, there is range beyond range of rounded slopes, either clothed in forest or purple with heather, here and there a smoke among the woods where they are clearing; that is, they have cut down the trees over a space of ground and are burning the turf to get the soil for receiving corn. The brooks and rivers are everywhere, and are just like ours, as bright and rapid, only the rivers are fuller and deeper. We are only a few miles from Germany, and from any hill can look into it. From here to the Rhine it is a country much like this, only wilder and lovelier, much of it (the Eifel) volcanic; the inhabitants a dirty, savage, backward race, bigoted Roman Catholics. It would shock a Teutomaniac to see the contempt with which this Walloon or mixed Roman population regards them: *Ce sont des butors* (clowns), they say, and speak of their dirt and barbarism with unfeigned horror. The people here are generally well off. There is no real poverty, and every one possesses some land.

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This is all since the abolition of feudalism at the first French revolution. Before this all the district was a feudal principality under the Counts of Salm, Germans, whose castle is still to be seen in ruins at the hamlet of Salm Château, about one and a half miles from this place. The Counts of Salm have disappeared, and a Mr. Davidson, a Scotchman, has bought the ruins of this château, with but little land round it, however, great properties being almost unknown just hereabouts. All up the beautiful hill above this place there is first a patch of meadow, then of oats, then of some other crop, no fences to mark the boundary between them, but all belonging to different proprietors. The people have been Roman Catholics from the earliest times, and seem devoted to their religion, though they have the *enjoué* character which belongs to the Belgians. On Sunday the church is full, both morning and afternoon, peasant women on one side, and peasant men on the other; and constantly on the hills and by the waterside you meet crosses and religious memorials, consecrating any spot where *il est arrivé un malheur*, a man killed by a cart upsetting, or a child drowned. We like the people at this inn extremely, but they are from a distance, from Liège. All the promise of cheapness has been kept. I paid yesterday one bill for the first week. For the board and lodging of the whole party it was, wine, fire, and light included,

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174 francs 20 centimes, under £7, that is including wine. Our board and lodging at Dover the first week cost £16 ! And our living here is incomparably better, to my taste, than at any English inn. I think I sent mamma our bill of fare for one dinner, and it is the same thing every day. I have made splendid fishing here, but the day before yesterday the weather changed, and it is now much too bright for fishing ; so to-day I have been over a wide range of country with M. Henrard, our landlord, to look for snipes. I cannot say we saw many. One snipe and one hare (both of which M. Henrard missed) was all the game which showed itself ; but our walk carried us over a high range of hill, from which the views were splendid. Everywhere there is fern and heather, and the ground on the hillside is smothered in whortle-berry plants, now covered with berries. Almost all the Westmorland flowers are here ; the buck bean is still in flower by the riverside, and I notice the Lancashire asphodel. I think we shall certainly stay on for a week or ten days more, so pray write to us here. The children are as happy as the day is long. The air is so good as to be intoxicating, and to-day, what with a bright sun and the wind in the south, even Flu is beginning to find it warm enough. That dear soul is fairly well. We have both longings for the Rhine, but with our large party we really cannot afford much money.

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TO MISS ARNOLD

To the Same

VIEL SALM, *September* 21, 1860.

We are now very full, as the shooting season began yesterday, and several people from Brussels and Liège have come here for it. I was out yesterday from eleven to six, but the weather is detestable, and the corn being still uncut, we had wretched sport. But I had a pleasant day, having for my companion an *avocat* of Brussels, a very agreeable man, and seeing this singular country in its details. It was very rainy and misty in the morning, but cleared in the afternoon, and the extraordinary beauty of the hill-villages, surrounded with the most beautiful green meadows, in the midst of a wilderness of heather and forest, was to be seen in full perfection. Besides crosses, almost every parish has in some isolated part of it, among the woods and hills, a chapel called 'Chapelle du Calvaire,' and to come upon these in one's rambles is very striking. The whole nomenclature of the country bears witness to its religion, the places named from crosses are as numerous as the 'hams' and 'wichs' in England. There is about here the Croix de l'Allemand, the Croix Guillaume, the Croix Henri Bernart, the Croix de Devant les Forges, the Croix de Champs des Heids. And the same with the streams. There is the Ruisseau de S. Martin, the Ruisseau de S. Ruth,

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the Ruisseau de Fond du Paradis, and I know not how many more with like names. But the true natural feature of the country is its beautiful fountains or springs, and names given from these are everywhere. There is the beautiful village of Arbre Fontaine, and there is Noire Fontaine, and Blanche Fontaine, and Grande Fontaine, and Mauvaise Pierre Fontaine, and nothing can well be more living and beautiful than the springs from which these names come. . . . We shall stay on till Wednesday and complete our three weeks, the cheapest three weeks I ever spent. On Tuesday the great *char-à-banc* which brought us from Spa will come to fetch us, and on Wednesday morning about ten we hope to make our start. I have no space to write about Italy, but how interesting the daily reports are! Aubrey de Vere might as well ask Pagan Rome what it thought of the Papacy as Furness Abbey what it thought of Garibaldi. for Paganism is hardly more gone by and extinct than Papism. The *Times*, I see, blunders intrepidly on as usual. A summary of its chief Italian articles is given in the Belgian paper which we see daily.

To the Same

2 CHESTER SQUARE, *October* 9, 1860.

MY DEAREST FAN—This is actually the first letter I have written since I returned to England,

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though I returned this day week. I have not yet had the courage to open one of the pile of letters waiting for me at the Council Office, but now I must face the situation, and will begin with a pleasant task—that of writing to you for your birthday to-morrow. Many, many happy returns of it, my dearest Fan, and with fewer cares than you have had in the last two or three years. It is a grievous thing not to spend the day in your company, as I have spent I know not how many birthdays of yours, but I shall try and arrange some expedition in honour of the day. But when I write the word Expedition I think of your mountains in this October sun and air, and sigh. Even London is looking cheerful.

I am immensely in arrear with news. I had bought a stamp to put on a letter to mamma which I was to have written from Brussels, but the letter was never written, and the stamp remains in my possession. I seem to myself never to have had a quiet hour for the last fortnight. I have not brought down our history later than the Viel Salm. It will be a fortnight to-morrow since we left it, on a wet morning, one of the many we had there. The cheapness of living and the obligingness of the inn people remained the same to the last, but our last Sunday was the *fête* of Viel Salm, and that day, Monday, and Tuesday there was a ball at our inn, and a general relaxation and rejoicing,

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which made our quarters a little too unsettled and noisy. Still, we were sorry when the great omnibus which had brought us came again from Spa to fetch us, and we started in the rain down the gorge of that beautiful Salm which we had come up three weeks before. The return journey was the best of the two, for we had taken the children's dinner with us, and an immense basket of peaches and nectarines, which was a parting present from the Henrards, and the operation of dining made the journey pass quicker for the children. It cleared when we got half-way, but it was still raw and cold and cloudy when we reached Spa at four in the afternoon. We drove straight to the station, and reached Liège after a change at Pepinser, just as it got dark. The Hôtel de l'Europe at Liège is kept by the father and mother of M. Henrard, and he had written for rooms for us, so we found splendid rooms and everything ready. Here we had our only alarm about little Tom, for he had complained of fatigue and great pain in his side from Spa to Liège, and looked dreadfully ill. Luckily we had kept him always warm, and got him to the inn at Liège well wrapt up and without catching cold. There he was put to bed with a fire in his room, and calomel administered, and the pain passed off, and he woke the next morning quite himself. I had never seen Liège, and the next day we devoted to seeing it. It was quite strange to be in a town again, with all the luxuries of

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life which at Viel Salm we had been without. Liège stands at the junction of three valleys, the Meuse, the Ousthe, and the Verdre, and with the Ardennes Mountains all about it. It is one of the finest towns I have seen, and the old Bishop's Palace, now the Government House, quite a model of architecture for public buildings, to my taste. The vine appears at Liège, and I had the pleasure of showing little Tom a vineyard. On the second day we went on to Brussels, and found good rooms at the Bellevue, where I had written on beforehand. Brussels I meant for a consolation to my party for the simplicity and solitude of Viel Salm, which they had so cheerfully undergone on my account, and certainly it is one of the gayest and prettiest of cities. Saturday was passed in shopping, and in the evening Flu and I went to one of the theatres, and laughed very much. On Sunday morning after early church Flu and I started in an open carriage with two horses for the field of Waterloo—an expedition I had long wanted to make. It was gray and misty when we left Brussels, but cleared as we got out of the forest of Soigny and near Waterloo, and we had a splendid afternoon. I have seldom been more interested. One has read the account of the battle so often, the area is so limited, and the main points of the battle so simple, that one understands it the moment one sees the place with one's eyes, and Hougoumont with its

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battered walls is a monument such as few battlefields retain. Our guide had been Lord Byron's guide in 1816, and, only a few years ago, Jerome Bonaparte's, the very man who commanded the French in their attack on Hougoumont, and who had never visited the field since. We got back late to Brussels, and found Lucy better, so the next day, as the cost of living at the Bellevue is considerable, we started for Calais, which we reached, after a long and tiring journey, at ten at night, having had an hour for dinner at Lille on the way. The children bore the journey capitally, and I had by letter secured rooms at the very good clean hotel they have built at the station, so we were saved the long journey up into the town to Dessin's. Next morning it was fine, though with a little breeze. In the morning we all went on the sands, a little after twelve the children dined, and at a quarter past one we went on board the packet. On the whole, the passage was a good one. We met a splendid fast train at Dover, which took us to London in two hours, and by half-past seven I had got all our luggage through the Custom House, and was sitting at dinner with Flu in this dear little house. Thank dearest mamma for her long and informing letter, received at Brussels. Tell her I hope to write to her on Saturday, and every Saturday. We are now permanently here for the winter, unless we pay a visit or two.

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Lucy is all right again, and the other children very well. Tom sends you a line or two with this. My love to dearest mamma, Susy and John, and all kind friends, as the children say in their prayers, and with all our good wishes, believe me, my dearest Fan, your ever affectionate brother, M. A.

To his Mother

LONDON, *October* 29, 1860.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I will not this time take a large sheet, I am so pressed for time; but I will not let more than a week pass without writing to you. I am in full work at my lecture[1] on Homer, which you have seen advertised in the *Times*. I give it next Saturday. I shall try to lay down the true principles on which a translation of Homer should be founded, and I shall give a few passages translated by myself to add practice to theory. This is an off lecture, given partly because I have long had in my mind something to say about Homer, partly because of the complaints that I did not enough lecture on poetry. I shall still give the lecture, continuing my proper course, towards the end of the term. That, and preparing an introduction to my foreign Report, will keep me well employed up to January. But with the limited sphere of action in outward life which I have,

[1] *On Translating Homer*. Three Lectures given at Oxford. 1861.

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what is life unless I occupy it in this manner, and keep myself from feeling starved and shrunk up? I was away nearly all last week staying at All Souls', and in the daytime inspecting at Banbury. Have you had this wonderful summer weather, which lighted up for me so beautifully last week the wood and stone of Oxfordshire? I say—and stone—because to my mind the yellows and browns of that oolite stone, which you may remember about Adderbury on the road to Oxford, make it one of the most beautiful things in the world.

To Miss Arnold

2 Chester Square, *December* 17, 1860.

. . . I have not been in better case for a long time, and I attribute it entirely to making greater demands on myself. If you only half use the machine it goes badly, but its full play suits it; and if I live and do well from now to fifty (only twelve years!), I will get something out of myself. I shall to-morrow finish my third lecture. It will not be given till the middle of January, but I want to get the subject done, and to have my mind free for other subjects. I have at last got the Commissioner's distinct leave to publish my Report,[1]

[1] *The Popular Education of France, with Notices of that of Holland and Switzerland.* 1861.

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with additions, as a book. It will appear in February. By the time you come I hope to have finished the introduction to that and to have got it printed, and to be well plunged in the Middle Age. I have a strong sense of the irrationality of that period, and of the utter folly of those who take it seriously, and play at restoring it; still, it has poetically the greatest charm and refreshment possible for me. The fault I find with Tennyson in his *Idylls of the King* is that the peculiar charm and aroma of the Middle Age he does not give in them. There is something magical about it, and I will do something with it before I have done. The real truth is that Tennyson, with all his temperament and artistic skill, is deficient in intellectual power; and no modern poet can make very much of his business unless he is preeminently strong in this. Goethe owes his grandeur to his strength in this, although it even hurt his poetical operations by its immense predominance. However, it would not do for me to say this about Tennyson, though gradually I mean to say boldly the truth about a great many English celebrities, and begin with Ruskin in these lectures on Homer. I have been reading a great deal in the *Iliad* again lately, and though it is too much to say, as the writer in the *Biographie Universelle* says, that 'none but an Englishman would dream of matching Shakspeare with the Greeks,' yet it is true that Homer leaves

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him with all his unequalled gift—and certainly there never was any such naturally gifted poet—as far behind as perfection leaves imperfection.

To his Mother

2 CHESTER SQUARE, *December* 31, 1860.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I ought long before this to have thanked all at Fox How, and you in particular, for all manner of affectionate letters and messages on my birthday; but along with my birthday arrived a frightful parcel from the Council Office of grammar papers claiming to be returned, looked over, not later than to-day. Unluckily, at the same time I had entangled myself in the study of Greek accents, led thereto by some remarks on rhythm which I had to make in my lectures. Accent has a vital connection with the genius of a language, as any one can tell who has observed the effect of his own language spoken with a foreign accent, and anything in vital connection with the genius of such a language as the Greek must be interesting; still, the subject is one of those which lead you on and on, and I have been obliged to enter in my diary a solemn resolution not to look again at a treatise on accents till I have sent in all my papers. To-day, accordingly, I have sent in the great batch demanded of me, but with too great an effort, as in the early part of the week I had given too much time to my

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accents, and at the cost of nearly all duties of correspondence. I have still papers which will take me till the 24th of the month which begins to-morrow, but I have now got into the swing of them, and shall do my daily number with ease in two and a half hours in the evening, keeping my mornings for myself. In the next three or four mornings I must work at my Report for the past year, but then I hope to give my mornings steadily to preparing my French Report for the press.

The thaw has come, and I am glad of it, for the ice was spoiled for skating by the snow. I have had some pleasant days on the ice with Budge, Dick, and the nursemaid, but skating here reminds me too painfully of Westmorland. I begin now to count the weeks till you and Fan come. I must now go out and post this; it is past eleven o'clock, and I write after coming back from dinner in Eaton Place, and then before bed I must look over twenty papers. Little Tom is delightfully well; he and his brothers are to dine in Eaton Place at the late dinner on Twelfth Night. They are dear little boys, and as I work in a morning I hear Tom's voice in the dining-room reading aloud to his two brothers, who are seated one on each side of him. Lucy is getting a rogue of the first water. My love to all, not forgetting Rowland, and wishing you all a happy New Year, I am always, my dearest mother, your most affectionate son, M. A.

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TO MRS. FORSTER

To Mrs. Forster

January 28, 1861.

MY DEAREST K.—There are few people of whom I so often think as of you, though I write to you so seldom. Your long letter was a great pleasure to me.

You will have my Homer lectures in a day or two. They were very well received, and at the end of the last, which I gave on Saturday to a full audience, I was cheered, which is very uncommon at Oxford. Public matters are, as you say, absorbingly interesting. I have not much faith in the nobility of nature of the Northern Americans. I believe they would consent to any compromise sooner than let the Southern States go. However, I believe the latter mean to go, and think they will do better by going, so the baseness of the North will not be tempted too strongly. I myself think that people in general have no notion what widely different nations will develop themselves in America in some fifty years, if the Union breaks up. Climate and mixture of race will then be enabled fully to tell, and I cannot help thinking that the more diversity of nation there is on the American continent the more chance there is of one nation developing itself with grandeur and richness. It has been so in Europe. What should we all be if we had not one another to check us and to be learned from? Imagine an English

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Europe! How frightfully *borné* and dull! Or a French Europe either, for that matter. In the appendix to the last volume of Guizot's *Memoirs* there is a letter on American affairs from a very shrewd old fellow, a member of the Convention and a regicide, who had taken refuge in Alabama, and lived there till quite lately, which William should read. I have got from Senior his last journals, the most interesting series I have seen. They close with a letter from Lord John Russell to Senior, commenting on the French conversations recorded in the journals. This letter was written only last November. It is very satisfactory, I think, as showing both the decision and the good sense of Lord John's convictions.

Now I must go to bed. Kiss all the children for me, and give my love to William.—Your ever most affectionate M. A.

To his Mother

MAIDSTONE, *March* 14, 1861.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—Many thanks for your letter, which Flu sent on to me here. I return the sonnets. I cannot say I think they have any great poetic value, but they are interesting as coming from Moultrie,[1] and valuable as witnessing to the indisposition of some among the

[1] The Rev. John Moultrie, Rector of Rugby.

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clergy to join in any act of persecution against the Essayists and Reviewers. It seems to come out clearer and clearer that, however doubtfnl may be the position of the Essayists, there is no ecclesiastical authority which public opinion is willing to entrust with the power of censuring or punishing in these matters, and I think public opinion is right. As to the Essays,[1] one has the word of Scripture for it that 'new wine should be put into new bottles,' and certainly the wine of the Essays is rather new and fermenting for the old bottles of Anglicanism. Still the tendency in England is so strong to admit novelties only through the channel of some old form, that perhaps it is in this way that religion in England is destined to renew itself, and the best of the Essayists may have some anticipation of this, and accept their seemingly false position with patience in this confidence. Temple's position,[2] however, seems to me very difficult, for the last quarter in which people in general wish to admit religious uncertainty is in the education of the young. They would here have the old remain till the new is fully matured and ready for use, and I doubt whether Temple will be able to hold his ground, or Lord Denbigh[3] to maintain him as your informer thinks. That absurd correspondence with the Bishop of Exeter, in which

[1] *Essays and Reviews.* 1861.
[2] As Head Master of Rugby.
[3] One of the Trustees of Rugby School.

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Temple by a mere blunder managed to extract a most damaging letter to himself with no reply to it on his part, has done him, I think, much harm. If he holds on at Rugby, it will be, it is said, by recruiting the school from another class than hitherto, a class not exactly the same in social rank, and without the ecclesiastical attachments of the upper classes. The other Essayists are quite secure, and will be rather fomented than abated by all this clamour.

I have had a bad return of my cold, and on Monday was really very much knocked up. I was in a general state of rheumatism, with a headache which was perfectly overpowering. Yesterday, finding myself much distressed while inspecting, I wrote a note to Lingen[1] telling him I proposed not to re-enter a school till my cold was gone, else, I am told, I shall never shake it off; and with this relief, and a few baths at Brighton, I hope to be myself again soon. In all this discomfort my Introduction has gone on slowly, and it needs so much tact as to the how much and the how little to say that I am never satisfied with it. I hope to finish it by the end of next week, and then to give myself a fortnight's holiday before I begin anything else. Inspecting seems mere play when I have nothing else to do beside it.—Your ever affectionate son,

M. A.

[1] Secretary to the Education Department.

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To the Same

LEWES, *March* 20, 1861.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—Flu has sent me your long letter and Fan's note.

The 4th of April will do beautifully for us. We shall not let you go quite so soon as the 13th, though. My dearest mother, it is such a pleasure to me to think of having you with us once more. . . . . I went over to Brighton to-day to look at houses. I have got the help of some of the Sussex county gentlemen who were on the grand jury here, and hope to deal with an honest agent, and get a clean house. We shall take a whole house, and regularly establish ourselves. This is the dead season at Brighton, and one can get for five guineas a week houses that in the winter were fifteen. Before you finally go north you and Fan must come down and see us for a day or two. There is nothing else in England like Brighton, and it is but an hour from London. It did me good to-day to look over the wide expanse of sea, and think how my darlings would be freshened up by it after their measles. The new baby,[1] or gorilla, as I call her, is a fiend at night. She nearly wore poor Mrs. Young out, and I look forward to the sea to make her a little less restless.

I have had a long, obstinate cold, but am

[1] His younger daughter, Eleanor Mary Caroline.

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certainly getting better. I meant to have tried Mahomet's baths at Brighton, but am so much better that I do not like to give the time. I refuse all going out in the evenings to play whist with the bar, and take as much care of myself as an old man. My brother-marshal, young Thesiger, Lord Chelmsford's son, is a very good fellow, and Erle, the Chief Justice, is one of my favourite Judges, so our own society is very pleasant. I could spend a good deal of time in court—on the *nisi prius* side, not the criminal—if the air was not so bad, and if I could afford the time ; as it is, I work away in my own room, and am at last getting on with my Introduction.[1] I have got Sainte-Beuve's new book on Chateaubriand, in which my poem on Obermann is given. It has given me very great pleasure. I keep it to show to you and Fan. The poem is really beautifully translated, and what Sainte-Beuve says of me is charmingly said. I value his praise both in itself, and because it carries one's name through the literary circles of Europe in a way that no English praise can carry it. But, apart from that, to any one but a glutton of praise the whole value of it lies in the mode in which it is administered ; and this is administered by the first of living critics, and with a delicacy for which one would look in vain here. Tell Fan I have got her Macaulay's new volume. I hear my Lectures will be

[1] To *The Popular Education of France.*

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attacked in the *Saturday Review* as too French in style. We shall see. They praise or blame from some absurd pique or whim, not because the thing is praiseworthy or blameworthy; and I do not much care for them. I send the sonnets I forgot last week. Love to dear Fan and Edward, and believe me always, my dearest mother, your most affectionate son, M. A.

To the Same

OXFORD, *May* 14, 1861.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I have to thank you for two letters—a long one, and a note returning a letter (of no importance) of a Russian count who had been sent with a letter to me. This is the first summer, or, indeed, spring day. The wind changed in the night, and to-day it is south-west, with the lights and airs as they only can be with the wind in that quarter in May, and spring coming on in its glory over all the country. One long, rigid succession of black north-east winds we have had, lasting even through the rain of Saturday and Sunday. I thought they would never end, and was really depressed by them. Even this country I am so fond of looked forbidding, and the flowers themselves were no pleasure. However, the change has come at last. About old May Day (yesterday) they say one may always look for fine weather, and the rain,

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ungenial as it was, has wetted the ground and vegetation so thoroughly that now the warmth has come there is yet no sensation of dryness. I have been at Wantage to-day—King Alfred's birthplace. A wonderful, quiet old Berkshire town, in the White Horse Vale at the foot of the downs. I started by the half-past seven train this morning, and then drove four miles from Farringdon Road. The Vale is nearly all grass fields, with trees in a park-like way about them, and every village quite clustered round with elms; and the line of the downs bounding it all has great character, and has always been a favourite object with me. Presently I am going to my old haunts among the Cumner hills, and shall come back with plenty of orchises and bluebells. I left Wantage at half-past twelve, and am back here by two, having had a biscuit and some mulled claret at Didcot. Getting back so early is one's reward for getting up early. I am wonderfully changed about that, now that without the slightest effort I get up at six, and walk down more than half a mile to take the early train at half-past seven. It is a great thing in my favour (and that advantage I have always had) that I am utterly indifferent about the time of my breakfast, and can wait for it till such time as it pleases Providence to send it me. I always like this place, and the intellectual life here is certainly much more intense than it used to be; but this has its disadvantages too, in the

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envies, hatreds, and jealousies that come with the activity of mind of most men. Goldwin Smith, whose attack on Stanley's *Edinburgh* article[1] has made much noise, is a great element of bitterness and strife, though personally a most able, in some respects even interesting, man; the result is that all the world here seems more perturbed and exacerbated than of old. If I was disposed to fly for refuge to the country and its sights and sounds against the rather humdrum life which prevailed here in old times, how much more am I disposed to do this now, convinced as I am that irritations and envyings are not only negatively injurious to one's spirit, like dulness, but positively and actively.

Talking of irritation, I want Fan to find out whether Miss Martineau takes my Introduction in good part, or is still further estranged by it; if the latter, I shall be sorry, as it will show that, in some quarters at any rate, what I sincerely meant to be conciliating and persuading proves of contrary effect. I hear little about my book at present, but am easy about it. The great thing is to produce nothing of which, if it comes into broad light, you will be ashamed; and then whether it *does* come into broad light or no need not much trouble you. Tell Fan, too, to get Banks[2] to *make* his friend at Keswick let me have some salmon roe this spring; he is

[1] On 'Essays and Reviews,' *Edinburgh Review*, April 1861.
[2] The gardener at Fox How.

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to set about this *at once*, or it will all be sold. Among the vile poaching fishers of the Lakes one must be armed as they are. I had a cold, but am all right now. The wind has changed. —Your ever affectionate M. A.

To the Same

BRIGHTON, *June* 15, 1861.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—My lecture[1] is given, and my heaviest schools are inspected, and, though my work will not fairly end till about the 20th of August, I begin to feel comparatively free, and to project all sorts of readings, for which I have for the last few months had little or no time. At this time of year I am always particularly reminded of papa, and of what he accomplished in the few years he had. If he had been alive now he would have only been just sixty-six! Yet he has been dead nineteen years. The interest of the world and of the spectacle of its events as they unroll themselves is what I regret for him; indeed, this is the main part of what is valuable in life for anybody.

Children, however, are a great pleasure, or at least I find mine so. I had not seen them for a fortnight. Flu had been a week away from them, and we returned together to them

[1] *On Translating Homer.*

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yesterday. We came by an earlier train than we had meant, so they did not meet us at the station, but we found them all at home, or close by, in the Square garden. The weather is at last thoroughly hot—weather to enjoy the seaside and the change to it from London. Dear little Tom has entirely recovered under this heat, which relieves his poor oppressed circulation of all struggle and difficulty. A very little cough in the early morning is all that is left of his illness. Budge and Dicky are in splendid force, and in their brown holland suits look the most comfortably dressed children in Brighton. Lucy in her white frock looks as cool and as pretty a little object as you can imagine. The worst of the heat is that there is a high wind with it, a regular sirocco, which to me is exceedingly disagreeable. It gets into every corner of the house, and nothing is cool except the Wenham Lake ice at dinner. That is the greatest luxury of modern times. For threepence one gets enough of it to cool all one drinks at dinner. The children are out very late, as till the sun is down it is really too hot for them. However, Dicky, whenever he *is* out, runs all the time at the top of his speed. Before luncheon to-day he and Budge bathed with me in a bathing machine, and Tom came to dress Dicky. It was great fun. It is pleasant to see how Tom enjoys himself just now.

Budge is going to ride with his mamma this

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evening. We do not dine till eight. It is so hot that I think I shall crawl about with Tom in his wheel chair, instead of riding. Flu's love to you. She has got a new photograph-book, and wants you all to send your pictures. I have had some interesting notices of my book, which I will send you soon. Now I am going out with Flu to pay the bills. Give Fan a kiss for me.—Your ever most affectionate M. A.

To the Same

Norwich, *July* 30, 1861.

My dearest Mother—I think it would suit us, if it suited you to have us then, to come about the 23rd or 24th of August, and to stay till the 3rd or 4th of October—at any rate, to be back in London by Saturday the 5th, as we shall have two or three other visits to pay probably.

This is our last place but one, and this morning at eleven o'clock the Judge and I go on to Ipswich, where he opens the Commission at one o'clock. Yesterday we were over at Lowestoft, which has grown into a lively watering-place since you saw it, with an excellent hotel, a crowded port, and a capital esplanade and piers. The sea was covered with ships, and it was a fine day with a fresh breeze, so the Judge enjoyed it very much. Chief Justice Erle is

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sleeping there. We mean to ride on part of the way to Ipswich to-day with his marshal. You know how much I like Erle, and this time I have been riding with him a great deal. He brings three horses round the circuit with him. The other day I rode with him from Cambridge to Ely, and went over Ely Cathedral, which they are restoring magnificently. I had not been in the cathedral since I was there with you and dear papa, I don't know how many years ago, the same day that he carried me up to the top of Peterborough Cathedral on his back; and to this moment I can see the roofs of the Peterborough houses as I then saw them from the tower, and the tower of Ely as I then saw it from the carriage. I find the memory and mention of dear papa everywhere—far oftener than I tell you—among the variety of people I see. This variety is nowhere greater than on circuit. I find people are beginning to know something about *me* myself, but I am still far oftener an object of interest as his son than on my own account. You will have seen the attack on me in the *Saturday Review*,[1] which I had heard a long time ago was coming. When first I read a thing of this kind I am annoyed; then I think how certainly in two or three days the effect of it upon me will have wholly passed off; then I begin to think of the openings it

[1] 'Homeric Translators and Critics,' *Saturday Review*, July 27, 1861.

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gives for observations in answer, and from that moment, when a free activity of the spirit is restored, my gaiety and good spirits return, and the article is simply an object of interest to me. To be able to feel thus, one must not have committed oneself on subjects for which one has no vocation, but must be on ground where one feels at home and secure—that is the great secret of good-humour. I shall probably give a fourth lecture next term to conclude the subject, and then I shall try to set things straight, at the same time soothing Newman's[1] feelings—which I am really sorry to have hurt—as much as I can without giving up any truth of criticism. I have just been appointed one of the Committee for regulating the Educational Section at the Great Exhibition next year; this will give me certain privileges and admissions, which I hope to avail myself of in your company. My love to Mary, and very kind remembrances to Mr. Hiley. On Thursday or Friday I hope to be in London again.—Your ever most affectionate M. A.

To Mrs. Forster

IPSWICH, *July* 31, 1861.

MY DEAREST K.—This will reach you on your birthday. How the years fly! and at twenty

[1] Professor F. W. Newman.

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what would one have thought of the twenty years between forty and sixty, even supposing them secured to one? The twenty years from twenty to forty seemed all life to one then, the very heart of one's time here, the period within which all that was interesting and successful and decisive in one's life was to fall. And now, at forty, how undecided and unfinished and immature everything seems still, and will seem so, I suppose, to the end.

At Norwich the other night, at dinner at Canon Heaviside's, the sheriff for the *city* asked to be introduced to me, and it turned out that he asked this because he knew William, and had known his family so well. It was a Dr. Dalrymple. I had noticed him at dinner for the cleverness and information he showed in conversing, and Erle was very much struck with him too. He said he had attended William's mother in her last illness, and seemed to have been greatly struck and interested both with her and his father, and to like to speak of them. I could have stayed a long time in Norwich. It is like Bristol, an old city and not a modern town, and it stands so picturesquely, and has so many old bits, and the water winds about it so, and its cathedral and thirty-eight churches make such a show, that I got at last quite the feeling of being in some old town on the Continent. The tower and nave of the cathedral seem to me not surpassed by anything in the English

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cathedrals; the spire, of course, is beaten by Salisbury, but the tower of Salisbury is not to compare with Norwich. And then the music was so good as powerfully to impress even me. On Sunday evening Erle, with the other marshal and me, got up to the top of Mousehold Heath, where the butts for rifle-shooting are now—one of the best ranges in England, tell William,—and the view of the city and the successive horizons all round was such as is seldom to be seen. Norfolk seems to me, as country, much underrated, and I could live there very well, while Cambridgeshire, Huntingdonshire, and Lincolnshire I should find detestable. We had a beautiful house, on a hill, quite out of the town, standing in its own grounds. This—Ipswich—is a curious place too, and, like Norwich, is unlike the Midland towns, Derby, Leicester, Nottingham, etc., by seeming so much older and so much more of a provincial capital. I hope to-morrow to go down the Orwell to Harwich, and on Friday to get back to London.

You will have seen the amenities of the *Saturday Review*. It seems affected to say one does not care for such things, but I do really think my spirits rebound after them sooner than most people's. The fault of the reviewer, as of English criticism in general, is that whereas criticism is the most delicate matter in the world, and wants the most exquisite lightness of touch, he goes to work in such a desperate

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heavy-handed manner, like a bear in a china-shop—if a bear can be supposed to have hands. I daresay I shall find an opportunity to set straight all that needs to be set straight in what both he and Newman[1] have brought forth. The disadvantage under which both of them labour is that the subject is not one for learning nor for violence, but rather for a certain *finesse*.

I send you a letter from old Rapet,[2] who knows, Guizot says, more of the French system than any other man living. My love to William, and to that darling Fan, and believe me always, my dearest K., your most affectionate M. A.

To his Mother

FOLKESTONE, *August* 15, 1861.

. . . Budge very nearly wheedled me into bringing him all by himself, but, as I told him, I should have found him, when I came back from my schools, making mud-pies in the harbour with all the dirty little ragamuffins of Folkestone. I meet here and at Dover a vast number of people I know; that, too, is a sign one *is* getting old. I came here at twenty-four without meeting a soul I knew, and that was the

[1] *Homeric Translation in Theory and Practice: A Reply to Matthew Arnold, Esq.* By Francis W. Newman. 1861.

[2] See vol. xv. p. 114.

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best time, too. Tell Fan I must finish off for the present my critical writings between this and forty, and give the next ten years earnestly to poetry. It is my last chance. It is not a bad ten years of one's life for poetry if one resolutely uses it, but it is a time in which, it one does not use it, one dries up and becomes prosaic altogether. Thackeray is here with his daughters. I see a good deal of him. He is much interested in me just now because of the *Saturday Review's* attack, he also being an object of that newspaper's dislike. *Their* calling *anybody conceited* is, he says, the most amusing piece of audacity he ever knew. Lady de Rothschild[1] is at Dover; the Balguys too, and a number of other people I know, and whom I stumbled on one after the other. Next week I sleep on Monday at Faversham, at a friend's house, on Tuesday at Tunbridge Wells, at another friend's; then I have a day or two to wind up my affairs in London, and on Friday I think we shall all come to you, if that day suits you—the 23rd.

To the Same

ALVER BANK, *October* 16, 1861.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I have never thanked you for your last week's letter, and, besides, I

[1] *Née* Louisa Montefiore; wife of Sir Anthony de Rothschild.

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wish to stick to my day, so I begin this, though I am not quite sure of finishing it. We go to London to-morrow with Lady Wightman. The extended holiday in country air has gone, I hope, to lay in a stock of vigour for the coming year, but I have not been so well here as I was at Fox How—bilious and headachy, —and this place is very, very far from being to me what Fox How is. The sea is a fine object, but it does not replace mountains, being much simpler and less inexhaustible than they, with their infinite detail, are; and the country hereabout is too hideous. Then the place, as a place, is so far less pleasant than Fox How, and the grounds so inferior, and it is melancholy to see the pines struggling for life and growth here, when one remembers their great rich shoots at Fox How. But I have been much struck with the *Arbutus* in the grounds of a villa close by this, and it seems to me we do not turn that beautiful shrub to enough account at Fox How. I should think our soil and air were just the thing for it. You ask me about shrubs. On the *left* hand of the path, as you go from the drawing-room window to the hand-bridge, nothing is to be put in except one evergreen, to make a sort of triangle with the little cypress and the odd-leaved beech. On the other side are to be rhododendrons, with a few laurels interspersed, but neither the one nor the other thick enough to make a jungle.

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I wish I could see the place at this moment, and how the changes look.

We have had the most wonderful weather—days without a cloud, and a sun so hot as to be almost unbearable without shade. Yesterday being Budge's birthday, Flu, I, Tom, Budge, and Dick went at half-past ten into Gosport in the carriage, got into a boat, and scrambled on board the Ryde steamer off the Portsmouth landing-stage just as her paddles began to move, to Flu's great alarm; crossed over to Ryde, passing the *Warrior* at Spithead, drove through that beautiful Isle of Wight to Whippingham, and got out at the church. I called on Mr. Protheroe, but he is out on his holiday. I got the key of the church, however, but they have been rebuilding it, and the tablets are standing on the pavement of the chancel, one over the other. I made out the upper half of grandpapa Arnold's,[1] and the whole of Uncle Matt's; whether there are any more I don't know. I must go and see them again when the church is finished and the tablets refixed. Then we drove on past Osborne to East Cowes, and dined the children at the Medina Hotel, where I was with you and papa on that delightful tour in the island some twenty-five years ago. I took Flu to Slatwoods,[2] but it is sold already to a building society, and

[1] His grandfather was Collector of Customs at Cowes.
[2] Dr. Arnold's early home.

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the grounds all torn up with roads and excavations they are making. The house and five acres are to be resold separate. All had gone to ruin, however, and there was much overgrowth. I made up my mind, however, that at its very best of times Slatwoods can never have been for a single moment to compare with Fox How. Both look to the north, but Fox How, at any rate, stands admirably, while Slatwoods is put all in the wrong place. We went over in a boat to West Cowes Castle, now the Yacht Club-house, and Flu and Budge went to see Cyril at Egypt House, while Tom, Dick, and I strolled slowly through Cowes to the steamer pier. Flu and Budge only got back just in time, and at five we started for Portsmouth again, touching at Ryde. Norris Castle and Osborne under the magnificent sunset were splendid, and I was glad to see the tower of Eaglehurst and Calshot Castle again. We caught the steam bridge at Portsmouth and got a fly at the landing in Gosport, and were back here about seven, in time for a half-past seven dinner. We go back to London to-morrow. My love to Fan.—Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

At this period Matthew Arnold became involved in an educational controversy, the

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history of which may best be given in his own words :[1]—

'The appointment of the Commission "to inquire into the present state of popular education in England," commonly known as the Duke of Newcastle's Commission, was due to the apprehensions caused by the rapid growth of the Parliamentary grant. The Commission reported in 1861. By a large majority, the Commissioners decided on recommending the continuance of public aid on an unreduced scale to both normal and elementary schools. They enounced the opinion, however, that the actual system of grants was too complicated, and that it threatened to become unmanageable by the central office, and they proposed to transfer to the local rates a considerable part of the charge. The grant then stood at about three-quarters of a million. The Commissioners proposed to lay on the county rates a charge calculated at £428,000 a year for the present. Moreover, they had convinced themselves that insufficient attention was paid to junior classes in elementary schools; that the teachers were tempted to be too ambitious, and to concentrate their attention on a showy upper class, while the bulk of the scholars were comparatively neglected, and failed to acquire instruction in "the most necessary

[1] From *The Reign of Queen Victoria.* Edited by T. H. Ward. 1887.

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part of what they came to learn," reading, writing, and arithmetic, in which only one-fourth of the school children, it was alleged, attained any tolerable knowledge. But the Commissioners thought that, even under the present conditions of age and attendance, it would be possible, if the teachers had a strong motive to make them bring the thing about, for at least three-fifths of the children on the books of the schools—the three-fifths who were shown to attend one hundred days and upwards—"to read and write without conscious difficulty, and to perform such arithmetical operations as occur in the common business of life." To supply the teachers with the requisite motive, therefore, the grant from the county rates was to take the form of a capitation grant, dependent on the number of scholars who could pass an examination in reading, writing, and arithmetic.

'The Vice-President of the Education Department in 1861 was Lord Sherbrooke, then Mr. Lowe, an acute and brilliant man, to whom pretentiousness with unsoundness was very distasteful and contemptible. The permanent Secretary was one of the best and most faithful of public servants, the present[1] Lord Lingen, who saw with apprehension the growth of school grants with the complication attending them, and was also inclined to doubt whether Government had not sufficiently done its work, and

[1] Written in 1887.

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the schools might not now be trusted to go alone. These powerful officials seized upon the statements and proposals of the Commissioners, and produced, as a consequence of them, the Revised Code. But they went far beyond the Commissioners. The training schools were to lose their lecturers' salaries, the stipends of pupil teachers and the augmentation grants of masters and mistresses were to be discontinued; everything was to be capitation grant, dependent on the ability of the individual scholars to pass an examination in reading, writing, and arithmetic, an examination for which they were to be arranged in four groups according to their age. The system of bounties and protection, said Mr. Lowe, had been tried and had failed; now another system should be tried, a system under which he would promise that popular education, if not efficient, should at least be cheap, and if not cheap, should be efficient.

'There was a great outcry. It was said that, if the Government grant had increased, so had voluntary contributions; the one-third of the cost of popular education which the State contributed had called forth two-thirds from local and private sources to meet it, and this resource it was now proposed to discourage and endanger. The improved schools had been but a dozen years at work; they had had to civilise the children as well as to instruct them; reading, writing, and ciphering were not the

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whole of education; people who were so impatient because so many of the children failed to read, write, and cipher correctly did not know what the children were when they came to school, or what were the conditions of the problem which their educators had to solve. Sir James Shuttleworth maintained that, so far from its being true that all the children who had been at school for one hundred days and upwards in the year preceding the examination ought to be able to pass in reading, writing, and arithmetic, only those of them who had attended more than two years were fit subjects for the examination proposed.

'The impossibility of preparing the bulk of the children to pass the examination proposed was, no doubt, exaggerated. We have seen what can be accomplished in this line by preparers. On the other hand, I have always thought that the Commissioners, finding in the state of the junior classes and of the elementary matters of instruction a point easy to be made and strikingly effective, naturally made it with some excess of energy, and pressed it too hard. I knew the English schools well in this period, between 1850 and 1860, and at the end of it I was enabled to compare them with schools abroad. Some preventible neglect of the junior classes, some preventible shortcoming in the elementary instruction, there was; but not nearly so much as was imagined. What there

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was would have been sufficiently met by a capitation grant on individual examination, not for the whole school, but for the children between seven or eight years old, and nine or ten, a grant which would then have been subsidiary, not principal. General "payment by results" has been a remedy worse than the disease which it was meant to cure.

'The opposition to Mr. Lowe's Revised Code of 1862 so far prevailed that it was agreed to pay one-third of the Government grant on attendance, and but two-thirds on examination. Moreover, the grouping by age was abandoned, and the arrangement of the children in six classes, or standards, as they have come to be called, was substituted for it. The teacher presented the child in the standard for which he thought him fit; he must present him the next time, however, in a standard above that.

'The capitation grant on attendance was four shillings; that on examination was twice that amount, one-third of which was forfeited for a failure in reading, or writing, or arithmetic. This latter grant has governed the instruction and inspection of our elementary schools ever since. I have never wavered in the opinion—most unacceptable to my official chiefs—that such a consequence of the Revised Code was inevitable, and also harmful. To a clever Minister and an austere Secretary, to the House of Commons and the newspapers, the scheme of

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"payment by results," and those results, reading, writing, and arithmetic, "the most necessary part of what children come to school to learn"—a scheme which should make public education "if not efficient, cheap, and if not cheap, efficient," —was, of course, attractive. It was intelligible, plausible, likely to be carried, likely to be maintainable, after it had been carried. That, by concentrating the teacher's attention upon enabling his scholars to pass in the three elementary matters, it must injure the teaching, narrow it, and make it mechanical, was an educator's objection easily brushed aside by our public men. It was urged by Sir James Shuttleworth, but this was attributed to a parent's partiality for the Minutes of 1846 and the Old Code founded on them, a Code which the Revised Code had superseded. But the objection did really occur to him and weigh with him, because he was a born educator, and had seen and had studied the work of the great Swiss educators, Pestalozzi, Fellenberg, Vehrli. It occurred to me because I had seen the foreign schools. No serious and well-informed student of education, judging freely and without bias, will approve the Revised Code.'

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TO HIS MOTHER

To his Mother

THE ATHENÆUM, *November* 13, 1861.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—Thank you for your letter. It is very pleasant to have such a good account of that dear old Susy. My cold is gone, and I am all right, except that in the foggy mornings I sometimes feel, as every one must feel, my throat uncomfortable. I am taking one or two of the spare days left to me to begin either my lecture or my article on the Code. I do not quite know whether I will not put off the latter till January's *Fraser*. Shuttleworth has just published a most important pamphlet, and it is said that the Dean of Hereford, Dawes, is preparing an answer. Derwent Coleridge, too, is said to have a pamphlet in the press, and my object is rather to sum up the controversy, to give the general result of the whole matter, and to have the last word. My disinclination to begin anything has, however, I daresay, a large share in my disposition to put off the thing for a month. In the meantime I begin neither the article nor the lecture, and the next fortnight I shall have a bad time of it, I suspect. Shuttleworth's pamphlet is most effective. You should order it—it only costs a shilling. For the general reader and for members of Parliament there is a little too much detail, and the matter is hardly enough treated in its first principles for

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my taste, but for the large body of persons who have a finger in schools for the poor it is just the thing. It sells like wildfire. One Educational Society alone, the Wesleyan, has taken a thousand copies, and the Educational Societies jointly are sending a copy to every member of both Houses of Parliament. Shuttleworth tells me the printer can hardly print them fast enough. We had a pleasant dinner-party the other night. Froude I always find attractive, though I think he has very sinister ways of looking at history. On Monday we went to see Fechter in *Othello*. The two first acts I thought poor (Shakespeare's fault, partly), the two next effective, and the last pretty well. Wyndham Slade had the stage box lent him, and I joined him there for two acts.

I had a very pleasant day at Aston Clinton[1] with the Rothschilds last Friday, and a superb game of croquêt with the girls. Such a lawn, tell Fan! perfectly smooth, yet so wide that in no direction could you croquêt to the end of it. Their croquêt things were very grand, and much heavier than ours. At first this put me out, but it is an advantage when you get used to it, and you have infinitely more power with the heavy mallets. Afterwards I had a long walk with the girls in the woods of the Chilterns. They are all great favourites of mine, the mother particularly. I brought away the photographs of

[1] Sir Anthony de Rothschild's house near Tring.

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the girls, and am to have Lady de Rothschild's when she has had a good one done. I went myself and sat, or rather stood, to Silvy last Saturday, but don't know the result yet. However, the day was favourable, and Silvy said he was well satisfied.

One of my School Committee told me yesterday he was going to have tea at Brixton with a lady who had called her school 'Laleham' in honour of papa.

Tell Fan I have just been correcting my proofs for Miss Procter, but I don't know when the book[1] will be out. I think you will all be pleased with my poem.[2] As to your coming south—we like to have you at any time, but for your own sakes it would be monstrous that you should come and go before the Exhibition opens. Love to Susy, Fan, and John Cropper.—Your ever affectionate M. A.

To the Same

2 Chester Square, *November* 20, 1861.

My dearest Mother—I was up at a quarter past seven this morning, breakfasted *tête-à-tête* with Dicky, and before nine was off to Euston Square on my way to Bushey, near Watford.

[1] *Victoria Regia.* A volume of original contributions in poetry and prose, edited by Adelaide A. Procter. 1861.

[2] 'A Southern Night.'

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TO HIS MOTHER

I am only just returned, and have not much time before the post goes. However, I will not break my Wednesday rule if I can help it. First of all, you will expect me to say something about poor Clough.[1] That is a loss which I shall feel more and more as time goes on, for he is one of the few people who ever made a deep impression upon me, and as time goes on, and one finds no one else who makes such an impression, one's feeling about those who did make it gets to be something more and more distinct and unique. Besides, the object of it no longer survives to wear it out himself by becoming ordinary and different from what he was. People were beginning to say about Clough that he never would do anything now, and, in short, to pass him over. I foresee that there will now be a change, and attention will be fixed on what there was of extraordinary promise and interest in him when young, and of unique and imposing even as he grew older without fulfilling people's expectations. I have been asked to write a Memoir of him for the *Daily News*, but that I cannot do. I could not write about him in a newspaper now, nor can, I think, at length in a review, but I shall some day in some way or other relieve myself of what I think about him.

I know no details except that he died at Florence. I heard this in a note from Lingen

[1] Arthur Hugh Clough died November 13, 1861.

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the day before his death appeared in the newspaper. His wife was with him.

I have put off my article on the Code till January, and have now time for my Homer lecture.[1] As I get into it, it interests me and amuses me. There will be very little controversy in it, but I shall bring out one or two points about the grand style and the ballad style, so as to leave what I have said in the former lectures as firm and as intelligible as possible, and then I shall leave the subject.

We had a visit at Copford[2] that I liked very much. We took that darling Dick (I hope Flu told you about his birthday, though I did not), and the child's pleasure in the country and in his cousins' company was pleasant to see. The rectory is a very good house indeed, and the living the best but one in all that part of the country; but what pleased me most was the deeply rural character of the village and neighbourhood. I hardly know any county with the secluded and rural character of North Essex. It is quite unlike the counties (out of Westmorland) that you know best—Nottinghamshire and Warwickshire. It seems immensely old, and is full of old halls and woods and hollows and low ranges of hills, and then eight or nine miles off across the most deeply quiet part of the country

[1] *On Translating Homer: Last Words.* 1862.

[2] His wife's brother-in-law, the Rev. Peter Wood, was Rector of Copford, Essex.

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is the sea. I daresay we shall go there once or twice every year; the Woods are the most hospitable people in the world. It is a place where I could be well content, if I was the rector of it, to think that I should end my days and lay my bones.—Your ever affectionate

M. A.

To the Same

York, *December* 8, 1861.

My dearest Mother—I have not had your letter for this last week, but I have no doubt I shall find it in London to-morrow, so I will not return without discharging my debt. I left London last Tuesday with the Judge and Georgina, and just as it was getting dark we arrived, in a thick fog, at Durham. We were all lodged in the castle, huge old rooms with walls of vast thickness, and instead of paper on the walls, sombre tapestry, all in greens and browns, representing Pharaoh, King of Egypt, and his adventures. But the next day was splendid, and having sworn in the Grand Jury, I proceeded to make the tour of Durham, and certainly my early recollection of it did not approach the reality. The view from the castle itself, at the top of a steep hill, is very grand and Edinburghesque; but when you cross the Wear by the Prebend's Bridge and, ascending through its beautiful skirt of wood, plant yourself on

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the hill opposite the cathedral, the view of the cathedral and castle together is superb; even Oxford has no view to compare with it. The country too has a strong turbulent roll in it which smacks of the north and of neighbouring mountains, and which greatly delighted me. I made my way to Nevill's Cross and some way up the glen of a feeder of the Wear, and the fern and waterbreaks and distant moon were as northern as possible. I was most agreeably disappointed, for I had fancied Durham rising out of a cinder bed. I finished by the observatory, a point on a range higher than the hill just in face of the cathedral, but commanding much the same view in greater perspective. All the University men were very civil and hospitable indeed, but I could not avail myself of their offers. Dr. Jenkyns wrote me a very kind note, saying he was an old friend of yours and papa's, and begging me to come and dine with him. I could not dine with him, but went and called, and was greatly pleased. He said the Dean,[1] having just learned from him who I was, was also anxious to see me; but I could not call on him then, as we were just going to start, but left civil messages. The Dean ought to have asked the Judge and all of us to dinner, but two judges lately kept him waiting for dinner till past nine o'clock, and he is said to have vowed he will never ask a judge again. I saw before starting all the lions of the

[1] Dr. Waddington, celebrated for gastronomy.

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cathedral and castle. I should say the Durham music was greatly overrated had I not heard one anthem, which was really superb. I heard nothing, however, approaching the trebles of Norwich, and the Durham people say they are not in tip-top condition just now as to their choir. We got here to dinner yesterday, and to-morrow I return to town. It was tantalising to pass Darlington, and to think that some three and a half hours would have brought me to you, and by a country, too, that I above all things wish to see. You have the Forsters with you now. How full William will be of this American difficulty! Tell him I hope the Americans will not cease to be afflicted until they learn thoroughly that man shall not live by Bunkum alone. Kiss K. for me, likewise Fan. —Ever your most affectionate M. A.

To the Same

CHESTER SQUARE, *December* 18, 1861.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I need not say how much it always pleases me that you all should like what I do, above all, when my subject is such as in the Victoria Regia poem.[1] And my darling K. too, my first reader (or hearer), and who perhaps has even now the first place in my heart as the judge of my poems. . . . I told you

[1] 'A Southern Night.'

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all you would like this poem. No one had seen or heard a word of it, not even Fanny Lucy. . . . But my poems I am less and less inclined to show or repeat, although if I lived with K. I daresay I should never have got out of the habit of repeating them to her. I had seen the *Spectator*, and the *Examiner* too speaks of the poem very warmly. These are the only papers that have yet mentioned the collection. Fanny du Quaire, who is herself delighted with the poem, says that every one else is, that it is far the best thing in the collection, etc. That dear old Edward will like it, I know, and so will the dear children, some day years hence.

I had not the slightest intention of giving a guinea to see my own performance in print, but yesterday Fanny Lucy bothered me so for a sight of the book that I ordered it, and this morning I have a very civil note from Miss Faithfull, thanking me for the poem, and expressing her admiration of it, and sending me the volume. So I have sent back the one I had ordered, and saved my guinea. To be sure I have not quite saved that, for I have bought Cowper's poems instead. But these I had long wanted; it is the three-volume edition, and the best, and I had only single poems of Cowper, a poet whom I esteem more and more.

You may imagine the consternation produced here by Prince Albert's death,[1] and one could

[1] December 14, 1861.

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not help feeling it as an almost overwhelming blow at the first moment. But every one seems to be settling into some hope that the Queen may yet do well and bear up. He is said to have had some conversation with her in the last two or three days, and to have exhorted her to take courage and to keep herself calm; and she is certainly behaving beautifully. The children talk much of this death, and Flu overheard Dicky telling Lucy that he was gone to Heaven. Upon which Lucy answered, 'Should I like Heaven, *Wichard* dear?' 'Oh yes, darling,' says Dicky, 'so much! there's *tookey* there, and toyshops, and such *beautiful* dollies!' Fan will be amused with the first place given by Dick to croquêt, even in Heaven.

Every one I see is very warlike. I myself think that it has become indispensable to give the Americans a *moral lesson*, and fervently hope that it will be given them; but I am still inclined to think that they will take their lesson without war. However, people keep saying they won't. The most remarkable thing is that that feeling of sympathy with them (based very much on the ground of their common radicalness, dissentingness, and general mixture of self-assertion and narrowness) which I thought our middle classes entertained seems to be so much weaker than was to be expected. I always thought it was this sympathy, and not cotton, that kept our Government from resenting their

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insolences, for I don't imagine the feeling of kinship with them exists at all among the higher classes; after immediate blood relationship, the relationship of the soul is the only important thing, and this one has far more with the French, Italians, or Germans than with the Americans.—Your ever affectionate

M. A.

To the Same

February 19, 1862.

My dearest Mother—My hand is so tired I can hardly write, but I wish to keep to my day this week after being so irregular for the last month. I have just finished correcting the proofs of my article for *Fraser*, and, what was harder, retouching and adding as was necessary. It will be very long, but I think not dull. Lowe's attack on the inspectors quite relieved me from all scruples in dealing with him, and I think my comments on his proceedings will be found vivacious. As to the article making a *sensation*, that I by no means expect. I never expect anything of mine to have exactly the popular quality necessary for making a sensation, and perhaps I hardly wish it. But I daresay it will be read by some influential people in connection with the debate which will soon come on. Froude's delay has certainly proved not unfortunate, as the present is a more critical

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moment for the article to appear than the beginning of the month, when Lowe's concessions were not announced, and could not be discussed.

Now I have to finish correcting my Homer lecture, which I am afraid will provoke some dispute. I sincerely say 'afraid,' for I had much rather avoid all the sphere of dispute. One begins by saying something, and if one believes it to be true one cannot well resist the pleasure of expanding and establishing it when it is controverted; but I had rather live in a purer air than that of controversy, and when I have done two more things I must do—an article on Middle-Class Education and one on Academies (such as the French Academy), both of which will raise opposition and contradiction, —I mean to leave this region altogether and to devote myself wholly to what is positive and happy, not negative and contentious, in literature.

You ask me about Tennyson's lines.[1] I cannot say I think they have much *poetical* value. They are, as you say, very just, but so was one of the *Times* leaders about the same subject, and above the merit of just remark and proper feeling these lines do not appear to me to rise; but to arrive at the merit of *poetical beauty* you must rise a long way above these. Read, in connection with this piece of

[1] On the Prince Consort.

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Tennyson's, Manzoni's 'Cinque Maggio' (on the death of Napoleon), and you will see what I mean.

We dined last night with the Forsters, and met Stansfeld, the member for Halifax, a clever and interesting man. Dear K.'s presence in London is a great pleasure to me. She and William dine with Wm. Delafield on Monday, and we meet them there. I have more dining out than I care for, and more eating and drinking. How I should like a week with you and Fan! I am glad to think of your having the gold medal;[1] you heard I saw no likeness at all in Wyon's attempt, but K. thinks that there is a general likeness to our family type in it. At any rate, I should much like to see the gold medal.—Believe me always your most affectionate son, M. A.

To the Same

THE ATHENÆUM, *February* 26, 1862.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—Let me hear whether you have ordered *Fraser*, as, if you have not, I will send you my copy, but I shall not be able to send it you till next week. I think you will find my article[2] lively, and presenting

[1] To commemorate the administrative work done in the Punjab by his brother, William Delafield Arnold.

[2] 'The Twice Revised Code,' *Fraser's Magazine*, March 1862.

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the subject in its *essence*, free from those details with which it is generally encumbered, and which make 'outsiders' so afraid of it. At the end Lowe's speech is noticed sharply enough, but I have no fears whatever of Lowe's vengeance: first, because he cannot officially notice an article not signed with my name; secondly, because if he did, public opinion would support an inspector, attacked as we have been by Lowe, in replying in the only way open to us; thirdly, because even if public opinion condemned what I did, it would never stand Lowe's resenting it, as he does precisely the same thing himself in the *Times*. Whenever he has a grudge at the Ministry of which he is a subordinate member he attacks it *there*. So I feel quite safe, and in hopes of having done something to ward off the heaviest blow dealt at civilisation and social improvement in my time.

I think you are quite wrong in thinking Lowe's side to be the 'popular' one; Jane, too, was quite astonished when I told her you called it so. A certain number of the upper classes, who have a keen sense for the follies and weaknesses which teachers and scholars have under our present system shown, may be glad to see Lowe attack it, but all the petitions are against him, and none on his side, and that shows which way is the real weight of 'popularity.' And to hold his ground at all,

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he has to 'dress' his case and make out that he is *not* doing a great deal which he really is doing and wishes to do. And, after all, he will be beaten; that is, the House of Commons will pour upon him the *double* grant—the subsidy as well as the *prize-grant*—whereas he is fighting tooth and nail to have this latter only.

It is rumoured at the office that I am writing something about this matter, and as I have used in published books the signature of A., and the office people are not the most discerning of critics, and I hate to have things not mine fathered upon me, I wished Edward had written under a different initial. But it does not matter now, as I have told Lingen the letters were not mine.—With love to all at Fox How, ever your most affectionate

M. A.

To the Same

HERTFORD, *March* 5, 1862.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — I write to you from the Crown Court at Hertford. This is the third year running that I have found myself here just about this time. I had an inclination to relaxed sore throat and headache, and the fine country air and cold of Hertford Castle, where we are lodged, will, I hope, do me some good. I expect we shall finish here to-

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morrow, though not perhaps in time to get back to London to-morrow night.

Being out of the way of schools and school managers at Fox How, I think you have no notion how warm an interest the former create, and how large a part of society is to be found among the latter. So that a measure which is supposed to threaten them ought to be very strong and sound in itself. And this the Revised Code is not, nor have its defenders ever made any really strong point, or got beyond being *plausible*. This is proved by there not being a single petition in their favour; no one cares enough about them to take this trouble. So, in spite of the *Times*, I think they will be beaten. I hope I have supplied a readable popular statement of the case against them which will take hold and do good. Lady de Rothschild writes me word that she is making Disraeli read it, who wants just such a brief to speak from; and Shuttleworth and his anti-Code Committee think it may be so useful that they have asked me to get leave from the Editor for them to reprint it for distribution to members of Parliament. And, whether they get it from this article or not, I see Lord Derby and the Bishop of Oxford[1] are coming to take the very ground I could wish them to take, namely, that the State has an interest in the primary school as a *civilising*

[1] Dr. Wilberforce.

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agent, even prior to its interest in it as an *instructing agent*. When this is once clearly seen nothing can resist it, and it is fatal to the new Code. If we can get this clearly established in this discussion a great point will have been gained for the future dealings of the State with education, and I shall hope to see State-control reach in time our middle and upper schools.

I am surprised myself at the length of many of the sentences in my article, but I find that for every new thing I write there comes a style which I find natural for that particular thing, and this tendency I never resist. I am heartily pleased at the way William likes my article, and scarcely less so at the genuine attention and interest he gives to the whole question. And dear old K.'s opinion was always one of the first I looked for. Fan must tell me herself how she likes what I have said, and how far she is interested in the whole discussion.

The culprits in front of me—two Hertford labourers and a straw plaiter (a girl)—are such specimens of barbarism to look at as you seldom saw, the girl more particularly. The state of the peasantry in these metropolitan counties is lamentable.—I am ever, my dearest mother, your most affectionate son, M. A.

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To his Wife

In Court, Chelmsford,
March 12, 6 P.M., 1862.

There are really twenty-three causes, and we have gone very slowly to-day, so there is no chance of our getting home to-morrow; but I still hope we may get home on Friday, though the Judge would wring his hands if he heard me say so. But there is no doubt the business here is very heavy indeed this time, far heavier than I have ever known it.

I don't see how I am to get my lecture done by Saturday week, I have had so much abstracting to do, and the interruptions are so many.

I am delighted to find Walpole's Resolutions[1] so good and firm as they are. I feared they would have been all shilly-shally. *These* Resolutions Lowe cannot possibly accept, or, if he does, he cannot possibly make the world believe that he is not giving up his Code by doing so. I am very much relieved, and the members of Parliament I see on circuit are all full of the absurdity of 'individual examinations.' I have written to Shuttleworth to tell him what I think of things. It is true the Bishop of Oxford made a dreadful mistake by talking of his readiness to let the Education grant

[1] Condemning the Revised Code.

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reach £2,500,000; that frightened the House of Commons, which thinks the grant formidable already.

To his Mother

In Court, Maidstone,
March 19, 1862.

My dearest Mother—Your letter to-day was one of your very pleasantest. Nothing I should like better than to be with you just now at Fox How and to correct my notion of your spring. I think of the grass as keeping its sere, wintry, frost-bitten look up to May, and if you have really the tender green which is brightening all the orchard closes of this pretty county, I should like to be there to see it. This is a beautiful place: ranges of hill, and infinite gradations of distance, with wood and spires, whichever way you look. The Medway is coming down all yellow and turbid after the great rains of Sunday and Monday, and the meadows all about the river are flooded. But the rains have fairly brought in the spring, and the lilacs are actually in leaf. We shall have finished on this side (the criminal) to-morrow, but we shall have to stop and help Erle, and shall hardly get back to London before Tuesday. Meanwhile I hear from Fanny Lucy that twenty copies of my *Fraser* article, reprinted in the form of a pamphlet, have

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come to Chester Square, and that is a sign that it is in the hands of Members. I am going to send a copy with a note to Lord Lansdowne, and shall be very curious to see what he says to it. If I possibly can I will keep a copy for you, but as you have it already in *Fraser* it does not so much matter. The *Times* article to-day looks as if they did not feel confident, but it looks more and more as if it would be a party division, and then the number of Liberals staunch enough in the cause, or knowing enough about it to vote, as William Forster will, with Walpole, will be very small. Enough, however, I cannot help thinking, to carry the resolutions. I hope William Forster will speak, and think he may have another decided success if he does. He is thoroughly in earnest, and seizes the real point of error and false statesmanship in the Code, which so few outsiders have knowledge enough, or, in default of knowledge, penetration enough, to be able to seize.

Fan had mentioned the Scripture quotations. At a time when religion penetrated society much more than it does now and in the seventeenth century they were very common, and, if they are used seriously, I see no objection to them. Burke used them, even in his time. The Bible is the only book well enough known to quote as the Greeks quoted Homer, sure that the quotation would go home to every

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reader, and it is quite astonishing how a Bible sentence clinches and sums up an argument. 'Where the State's treasure is bestowed,' etc., for example, saved me at least half a column of disquisition. The Methodists do not mind it the least; they like it, and this is much in its favour. Did I tell you that Scott, the head of the Wesleyans, is enchanted with the article, and has taken a number of copies of the reprint for circulation?

I hope the Homer will be found readable. Perhaps there is some little doubt about the motto[1] to that, but I put it in the Vulgate Latin, as I always do when I am not earnestly serious. Tennyson's devoted adherents will be very angry with me, but their ridiculous elevation of him above Wordsworth was one of the things which determined me to say what I did. My love to dear Fan.—Your ever affectionate M. A.

To his Wife

MAIDSTONE, *March* 21, 1862.

Your papa says it is quite impossible for him to go before to-morrow night if Erle wants him, as the business would not be got through if he did. But he very kindly tells me that I

[1] 'Multi, qui persequuntur me, et tribulant me: a testimoniis non declinavi.'

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may go up to-morrow, and I certainly shall, though I do not quite know by what train, in time for dinner at the Forsters', however. But your papa is getting on so well that I think he will finish and come up himself, leaving Erle with only one cause to try, which he will be able to finish on Monday morning, if not on Saturday night. Your papa's trying causes is a wonderful help, as he goes fast; indeed it is quite beautiful to see him try a cause, he does it so admirably, and I think every one appreciates him. I have had five hours' work at my lecture to-day, and am getting on well, but it will be hard for me to keep my attention to it this next week, with the Education debate going on. I shall try what I can do, however, but I *must* manage to write a letter to the *Daily News* to put some matters clear and right about individual examination and about night schools. I see the Tories keep quiet in the House of Lords, letting one Ministerial peer speak after the other, and leaving the Bishop of Oxford to take care of himself. I think they are quite right to wait for the issue in the House of Commons on Walpole's Resolutions. I find every one here against the Code, and you see how numerous the petitions are. Still, everything depends on whether it is made a really Government question or no.

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TO HIS MOTHER

To his Mother

In Court, Chelmsford,
March 24, 1862.

My dearest Mother—This morning I have your letter, which Flu forwarded to me from London. We are getting on slowly here, having had very heavy business, but I think we shall finish this afternoon, and get back to London to a very late dinner. I have a lump in my throat and a good deal of flying headache, but I cannot at all complain of my health so far this year; it has been very good, and every one tells me how well I am looking. But the gray hairs on my head are becoming more and more numerous, and I sometimes grow impatient of getting old amidst a press of occupations and labour for which, after all, I was not born. Even my lectures are not work that I thoroughly like, and the work I do like is not very compatible with any other. But we are not here to have facilities found us for doing the work we like, but to make them.

You must certainly come to us first, and about the 7th of May will do very well. I think you will be struck with the aspect of London at that time—the wealth and brilliancy of it is more remarkable every year. The carriages, the riders, and the walkers in Hyde Park, on

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a fine evening in May or June, are alone worth coming to London to see. And by the 7th of May I hope to be back from Oxford, and to be settled in London for the summer.

I have just heard from Shuttleworth that my paper is reprinted, and that he has sent me twenty copies, and a copy to every member of each House of Parliament. I am extremely well pleased with Walpole's Resolutions. The first affirms just the principle I want to have distinctly affirmed—'To give rewards for proved good reading, writing, and arithmetic is *not* the whole duty of the State towards popular education.' It was reported by Lowe's friends that Lowe had information of the purport of these Resolutions, and that he was not dissatisfied with them, and I was afraid they would be very trimming and shilly-shally, so I am the more pleased at finding them so firm and distinct. Lowe cannot possibly accept them, or if he does, every one will see that he confesses himself beaten by accepting them; and if he opposes them, I think he will certainly be beaten. I see a great many members of Parliament and county gentlemen on circuit. I find their impression of the offensiveness of the schoolmasters is strong, their impression that too much is taught, and foolishly taught, in schools for the poor is strong; but their impression of the absurdity and probable expense of the individual examination is

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strongest of all. And it was this examination, on the basis of State-payments, that I have from the first attacked.—Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

To his Wife

LEWES, *Friday, March* 28, 1862.

I am puzzled to know how Greg[1] got my pamphlet. I never sent it him. I hope no one is sending it about in my name. I have no doubt the more it makes an impression the more incensed against me will the chiefs of the office become. I think perhaps the reason Lord Lansdowne does not answer my note is that Lord Granville has spoken to him about the matter, and he is puzzled what to say to me. I don't think, however, they can eject me, though they can, and perhaps will, make my place uncomfortable. If thrown on the world I daresay we should be on our legs again before very long. Any way, I think I owed as much as this to a cause in which I have now a deep interest, and always shall have, even if I cease to serve it officially.

I am bothered about my lecture, which is by no means finished, and has then to be written out. Probably I shall have to end by reading it from my rough copy. I have a letter from Shuttleworth urgently begging me to answer

[1] W. R. Greg, author of *The Enigmas of Life*.

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Temple in the *Daily News*, but I think I have paid my contribution to the cause, considering what I risk by appearing for it, and I shall at any rate consider the matter well before I do anything more. What do you think?

To the Same

EATON PLACE, *Sunday, March* 30, 1862.

At half-past twelve Dick and I started across the Park for Montagu Street, getting there just as they were going to dinner. They were delighted to see us. William was there, and we had some most interesting talk about this compromise, which you will have been delighted with, but which still leaves a great deal to be done. That it is as good as it is, is in great measure due to William, his earnestness, his thorough knowledge of the subject, and the courage which his reputation for honesty gave to other Liberals to follow him in opposing the Code. I shall now get off the task of answering Temple. I find William thinks my letter[1] in answer to Lord Overstone one of the most telling and useful strokes in the whole contest. William, however, is of opinion they cannot touch me, and would bring a storm on their heads if they did.

[1] 'The Principle of Examination,' the *Daily News*, March 25, 1862.

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I had a capital audience yesterday, and the Vice-Chancellor. Edwin Palmer told me every one thought my *Last Words* perfect in tone and convincingness.

To his Mother

LONDON, *April* 14, 1862.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—It was Saturday before I had your letter. I cannot quite remember whether I had written to you before receiving it, so I write now, and will write again this week if I find from your letter that I missed last week altogether. This horrible wind always makes me bilious and savage. People and things all look disfigured and hideous under it. It is particularly trying to London. But when you come to us I hope it will be over. I fully expect it to last till the first week in May. Tell dear old Edward that I have no doubt it is the Plymouth air which affects his little boy, and that he will be all right as soon as he gets acclimatised. Twice I have been at Plymouth, and twice I have been made feverish by the oppressiveness of its air, and I have heard other people say the same thing; it enjoys one of the worst sanitary reputations of any place in England. Tell Edward, too, that the Bishop of London[1] is

[1] Dr. Tait.

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a member of the Athenæum, and that he could not have a better proposer; he should write to him at once. I will see to his interests when the election comes on. I think he is quite right not to lose this chance. Tell him also that I think he is quite right that Longfellow's hexameters generally 'read themselves' easily enough, and that it is to be over-critical to complain of them in this respect; still, I don't think they are a good type of hexameter. But I think also that my weak syllables to begin a line don't do. Tell him, finally, that the last division of the Code will, in my opinion, by no means do, and that the least we will take as *maintenance-grant* is *one-half* the whole grant. The idea of making the scholar's examination the measure of the State's aid to his school I hold to be altogether false; it should only be the measure of a reward to that individual scholar. It is now, however, hardly possible to get rid directly of the *prize-scheme* element in the Code, worthless as I think it is; but for the grant which represents the State's real debt to elementary education we cannot accept a secondary character, it must be at least equal to the other. I believe Shuttleworth and his constituents would thoroughly endorse these views, and that the whole Tory party will go for the half grant (carrying their doctrinaires, like Stafford Northcote, along with them); the

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sound Liberals like Wm. Forster will join them, the Government will be beaten, the Code will be dropped, and Lowe will go out. This, at least, is what I now hope for. He has declared that he has been humiliated enough, and that he will not accept any further interference with his Code, but give it up and go out, 'and others,' he says, 'will go with me.' Whether this means Lingen or Lord Granville, or both, I don't know. But I remain as still as a mouse to see how things turn. It is just possible the cry for 'retrenchment at all events' may carry Lowe's one-third through, but I very much doubt it. I hear Disraeli, Pakington, Henley, and Walpole are thoroughly staunch on the question, and I know Wm. Forster thinks one-half is not too much.

Here is a long story about the Code, but just now I am much interested in all this. I hope to see Shuttleworth some time this week. We have fired a circular at Lord Granville denying that the inspectors have 'neglected the examination of the lower classes in the three R's and based their reports on the examination of the highest class only,' and I think it will embarrass him. It was not sent to the assistant inspectors, nor to the Scotch inspectors, for the more you widen the circle of subscribers the more you increase the chance of refusals to sign; and the more refusals to sign you meet with, the more

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your document is discredited. I must carry this to the post myself.—Your ever affectionate, in the greatest haste, M. A.

To the Same

CHESTER SQUARE,
Saturday, June 28, 1862.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—Your letter, a truly delightful one, shall not go without an answer this week, although I am much pressed by my Latin speech. I have not written a word of it, and it has to be spoken on Wednesday. The subject is very good—the postponement of the Prince of Wales's degree owing to his father's death, Lord Canning's degree prevented by his death, and, finally, Lord Palmerston receiving his degree. Such good matter as this will enable one to leap over all the tiresome topics which generally have to be treated in a Creweian,[1] and to go straight to what is interesting. I hear, however, that there will be a great row; both the Vice-Chancellor and the Public Orator write me this, so probably it does not matter much what I say, as I shall not be heard. However, I cannot compose without doing as well as I can, even if I know the composition will never obtain publicity. The Vice-Chancellor has asked

[1] The Creweian Oration at Oxford, delivered in alternate years by the Professor of Poetry and the Public Orator.

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me to dine with him on Tuesday, and he has a great party afterwards. This is almost official, and I do so little as an Oxford Professor, that I do not like to decline; besides, I shall probably meet Lord Palmerston at the dinner. So we have got off a dinner-party we were engaged to here, and Flu and I go down together on Tuesday to the Hawkinses, who have very kindly promised to take us in even at this eleventh hour. Our dinner-party last night went off very well. I think I told you the Lingens were coming. They were both very amiable, and not the least allusion was made to the Code. To-night we have Chief Justice Erle, the Seniors, the Froudes, the Forsters, Drummond Wolff, and Montagu Blackett. We went after our party last night to the Seniors, and found Thackeray there, who was very amusing, kissing his hand to Flu, and calling me a monster, but adding that 'he had told all to her father.' He asked us to dinner for to-morrow, Sunday, but we are engaged to the Forsters. We also met the Brookfields there, and we dine with them on Monday. I do nothing except my inspection, eat and drink much more than I wish to, and long for the circuit to bring me a little country air and peace. . . . On Wednesday we met the Grant Duffs. He is a member of Parliament.[1] It appears they are great likers

[1] M. E. Grant Duff, M.P. for the Elgin Burghs 1857-1881, afterwards Governor of Madras.

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of my poetry, and have long been so. He interested me with an account of his efforts to get *Obermann*, after reading my poem on the subject. The book is out of print. At last he saw a copy in a circulating library at Geneva, and offered five times the book's value if the library man would let him have it, which he did. I was interested in your extract from the Bishop of Calcutta's[1] letter, but most of all by your account of the changes at Rydal. What an improvement the lowering of that grim wall will be! You don't say anything about Rowland; we are quite serious in wishing to have her, if she can possibly come. I am now going to try and get stalls for *Lord Dundreary* for the week after next. Kiss Fan for me.—Your ever affectionate M. A.

To the Same

DOVER, *August* 21, 1862.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I meant to have written to you the day before your birthday, but yesterday morning I was up at three, and was incessantly travelling until four o'clock this morning; so that it is on your birthday itself I must send you my love and earnest wishes for the continuance of a life of which every year we live makes us more feel the value.

[1] Dr. Cotton.

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I went off on Sunday morning with much hesitation. The weather was rainy and unsettled, and I was not feeling very buoyant; however, I went. I could not shake off the languor and depression which my attack had left, and I know nothing which gets rid of this so well as travelling. I had a wet passage, but was not ill. I on Sunday night slept at Ghent. Late on Monday night I got to Viel Salm, and found the Henrards very glad to see me. Early the next morning I was out, but the river, which used to be so fresh and full in the wet season of 1860, is now terribly empty, and on a bright day like yesterday nothing was to be done. For the river to change there needs a thorough break in the steady fine weather there has been in that part of Belgium for the last few weeks. For this I could not wait, and at first I thought I would go to Aix la Chapelle, where I want to see all that has to do with Charlemagne; I have never yet seen the place thoroughly. At three o'clock yesterday morning I was up, and at four was in the diligence, having passed at Viel Salm a little more than twenty-four hours. After a rather tiresome journey, in which there was much overcrowding but great good-humour—for in these remote parts where there is but one public vehicle every one thinks that all the world has a natural right to it, and must not be left behind, even though there may be no means of properly conveying him,—

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TO HIS MOTHER

I got to Spa a little before ten, had a warm bath, and breakfasted under the trees at the principal café there. While I was breakfasting I determined not to go touring about without dear Flu, who likes it as much as I do, and as I could not get the fishing, which by occupying my attention and keeping me out all day does me more good than almost anything, I determined to come straight home. So off I set at twelve o'clock on one of the hottest days we have had. By changing and re-changing carriages, I got to Lille about eight o'clock, dined there and came on by the eleven o'clock train to Calais, crossing to England at two o'clock in the morning on one of the stillest and most beautiful seas I have ever seen. I got here about half-past four, and by great good luck the master of the house happened to be awake, and let me in on my very first ring at the bell. The children have dined with us, and have all drunk your health in champagne. They enjoy this place more than I can say. Two nights without sleep have made me so tired that I must end this stupid letter and go to bed. Love to all within reach, and believe me ever, my dearest mother, your affectionate son,

M. A.

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To the Same

2 Chester Square, *November* 19, 1862.

My dearest Mother—If I am to keep my promise and write by this post you must be content with a very hurried letter, for a quarter past five has just struck, and at half-past they come for the letters. I have been all day inspecting at Westminster, having gone at ten, inspected a school from ten to half-past twelve, from half-past twelve to a quarter past one heard pupil-teacher read, from a quarter past one to two dined, or rather lunched, with Scott, the Principal of the Training School, and from two to a quarter past four inspected another school. Then I got home, and went out immediately to get my daily snuff of air, foggy stuff as it is, and to try and get *Once a Week* for Flu. I am just returned, and after this is written I must report on a heavy school, which will take me till dressing time. We dine in Eaton Place,[1] where they have one or two people. We shall be back here about a quarter past ten, then I shall report on a light school, write two or three letters, read about a hundred lines of the *Odyssey* to keep myself from putrefaction, and go to bed about twelve.

I saw Stanley for a few minutes in Oxford the other day. Jowett was with him. There

[1] At Mr. Justice Wightman's.

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is a move to turn the latter out of his Fellowship for his heresies, and Stanley chooses this moment to revive in Congregation the question of his salary.[1] I suspect it is Colenso's book which has reanimated the orthodox party against Jowett and the Essayists. I think, *apropos* of Colenso, of doing what will be rather an interesting thing—I am going to write an article called 'The Bishop and the Philosopher,' contrasting Colenso and Co.'s jejune and technical manner of dealing with Biblical controversy with that of Spinoza in his famous treatise on the *Interpretation of Scripture*, with a view of showing how, the heresy on both sides being equal, Spinoza broaches his in that edifying and pious spirit by which alone the treatment of such matters can be made fruitful, while Colenso and the English Essayists, from their narrowness and want of power, more than from any other cause, do not. I know Spinoza's works very well, and I shall be glad of an opportunity of thus dealing with them; the article will be in *Fraser* or *Macmillan*—I don't know which. Meanwhile my *Maurice de Guérin* is already in Froude's[2] hands. I think it will be found interesting. Tell Jane she must read it. There is Williamson, the policeman, come for the letters and I must stop. All manner of love to all at Wharfeside.—Your ever affectionate

M. A.

[1] As Professor of Greek. [2] Then editor of *Fraser's Magazine*.

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To the Same

EDUCATION DEPARTMENT, COUNCIL OFFICE,
DOWNING STREET, LONDON,
December 17, 1862.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I was in some doubts whether I ought to write to you or Fan, but your letter this morning decides me. Give Fan my best love, however, and tell her that I liked hearing from her very much, and that I think at least once a fortnight she might manage to write out of pure charity without expecting more than a weekly letter from an overworked man. They are getting more and more troublesome, *i.e.* more rigidly mechanical, at the Council Office, in laying down everything beforehand for the inspectors, and in suffering no deviation from rules often made without the least *connaissance de cause*; however, I go on with the hope that better days will come, and with the hope also of in some degree contributing to their coming. Certainly, as much as we surpass foreign nations in our Parliamentary proceedings we fall below them in our Administrative proceedings. But all this will not much interest you. Meanwhile, I find the increasing routine of the office work a good balance to my own increasing literary work, but unless I throw myself into the latter, the irrationality of the former would worry me to death.

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TO HIS MOTHER

I send you Masson's[1] note, which I found when I got home late last night. You may burn it when you have read it. It is very satisfactory, for I don't imagine he would speak so strongly of anything he thought would not go down with the public, and how far anything of mine will go down with this monster I myself never feel sure beforehand. I was pleased with this performance on Colenso and Spinoza,[2] however, and glad of the opportunity of saying what I had to say. I have not read Vaughan's sermons,[3] nor do I think it possible for a clergyman to treat these matters satisfactorily. In papa's time it was; but it is so, it seems to me, no longer; he is the last free speaker of the Church of England clergy who speaks without being shackled, and without being obviously aware that he is so, and that he is in a false position in consequence; and the moment a writer feels this his power is gone. I may add, that if a clergyman does not feel this now, he ought to feel it. The best of them (Jowett, for example) obviously do feel it, and I am quite sure papa would have felt it had he been living now, and thirty years younger. Not that he would have been less a Christian, or less zealous for a national Church,

[1] David Masson, editor of *Macmillan's Magazine*.

[2] 'The Bishop and the Philosopher,' *Macmillan's Magazine*, January 1863.

[3] *The Book and the Life*, Sermons on Inspiration, by C. J. Vaughan, D.D.

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but his attention would have been painfully awake to the truth that to profess to see Christianity through the spectacles of a number of second- or third-rate men who lived in Queen Elizabeth's time (and this is what office-holders under the Thirty-nine Articles do)—men whose works one never dreams of reading for the purpose of enlightening and edifying oneself—is an intolerable absurdity, and that it is time to put the formularies of the Church of England on a solider basis. Or a clergyman may abstain from dealing with speculative matters at all: he may confine himself to such matters as Stanley does, or to pure edification, and then, too, he is in a sound position. But the moment he begins to write for or against Colenso he is inevitably in a false position. I have left myself no room to tell you of Miss Leech's[1] party last night, to which Lucy went in a black velvet frock, given her by her Aunt Georgina, with a broad lace tucker and a blue velvet band round her hair. She and Dicky looked a couple of beauties. Has Flu told you how great a favourite Dicky is with Miss Leech? She says she thinks him absolutely the most lovely boy she has ever had in her school. We are all well in health again. Love to all your party at Fox How.—Your ever affectionate M. A.

[1] Two sisters of John Leech, the artist, kept a school for little boys in Lower Belgrave Street.

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TO HIS MOTHER

To the Same

2 CHESTER SQUARE, *January* 7, 1863.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I did not at all like the delay in getting an improved account of you, and am sincerely rejoiced to hear at last that you are really better. Influenzas are obstinate things, and have generally enough force with them to pull one down considerably. You seem to have had a sick as well as a wet Christmas at Fox How—still, I would have given a good deal to be with you.

I am now at the work I dislike most in the world—looking over and marking examination papers. I was stopped last week by my eyes, and the last year or two these sixty papers a day of close handwriting to read have, I am sorry to say, much tried my eyes for the time. They soon recover, however, and no reading ever seems to hurt them. At present I can do nothing in the day after my papers are done but write the indispensable letters for that day's post. I have had several to write about this Spinoza article, as you may imagine. You say, very justly, that one's aim in speaking about such a man must be rather to modify opinion about him than to give it a decisive turn in his favour; indeed, the latter I have no wish to do, so far as his doctrines are concerned, for, so far as I can understand them, they are not mine. But what

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the English public cannot understand is that a man is a just and fruitful object of contemplation much more by virtue of what spirit he is of than by virtue of what system of doctrine he elaborates. It is difficult to make out exactly at what Maurice is driving;[1] perhaps he is always a little dim in his own mind as to what precisely he is driving at. They all give unfair turns to views they do not like, however. As the *Spectator*[2] gives to the undoubted truth that religious matters should not be discussed before the religious world unless edifyingly, the turn that it is proposed to throw a false religion as a sop to the multitude, so Maurice gives to the undoubted truth that the prophets did not arrive at their conclusions by a process of intellectual conception, the turn that they are represented to have 'told shocking stories.' I shall wait as long as I can before writing in the *Times*, that as many adversaries as possible may show me their hand. I shall probably write something for *Macmillan*, to remove the misrepresentation of my doctrine about edifying the many. The article attracts much notice here, particularly among the clergy. I long ago made up my mind that if one had to enounce views not current and popular it was

[1] 'Spinoza and Professor Arnold,' by the Rev. F. D. Maurice, the *Spectator*, January 3, 1863.

[2] 'Mr. Matthew Arnold on the Aristocratic Creed,' the *Spectator*, December 27, 1862.

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indispensable to enounce them in at once the clearest and the most unflinching style possible. I am very glad you like Guérin; he and his letters are really charming. I mean to do his sister also when I can find time. I send a note (which may burn), because it is to the honour of human nature that a poor author should ask for a book in lieu of money. I have sent the poor man both my subscription and the Lectures. —Your ever most affectionate M. A.

To the Same

THE ATHENÆUM, *January* 27, 1863.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I meant to have written to you and to Sainte-Beuve, but the fire was warm and the article on Polygnotus (the Greek painter) I was reading in the *Revue des deux Mondes* was somewhat empty, the air outside had been very cold, the school I had been inspecting large, and the luncheon I had been eating more abundant than usual; above all, for the two last nights I have not been in bed till after one o'clock. Accordingly, I fell asleep, and now I have only time to write one letter, which shall be to you, then I must go home and dress to dine out.

I have had a long and charming letter from Sainte-Beuve about my article on Guérin. I would send it, but it is written in a hand

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which I have not made out without the greatest difficulty, and which I doubt if you and Fan could make out at all. For the same reason I have not sent you two letters from M. de Circourt about my Colenso article; it is a regular task to decipher them. When you come to London I will read them to you. I have been lunching to-day with Lady de Rothschild and her daughter, she having written me word that they were up for a few hours. I meant to have got her to mention Edward to her sister-in-law, Baroness Lionel, who is now at Torquay, but I find the Lionel Rothschilds leave Torquay to-morrow. At luncheon was Miss Copley,[1] Lord Lyndhurst's daughter, a very good-looking and lively girl, a favourite of Lowe, who has been just staying at Mentmore with the Meyer Rothschilds, and whom I should have met if I had gone to Aston Clinton as I was asked, for he dined there, and I was asked to go over and dine with the Aston Clinton party at Mentmore. I should also have met Delane (of the *Times*), Charles Villiers (the head of the Poor Law Board), and Disraeli. Lowe is extremely clever in conversation, though not very amiable. Lady de Rothschild says he confesses he has got into a great mess with the Code, and attributes it all to his over great anxiety to conciliate everybody. I am asked to go to Aston Clinton this week, from Friday to

[1] Afterwards Lady Du Cane.

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Monday, but cannot. They are all great favourites of mine, however, and Lady de Rothschild is one of my best readers. She is now reading Arthur Stanley's book on the Jewish Church, and I have promised to bring him to see her.—Your ever affectionate M. A.

To Miss Arnold

(*February* 3, 1863.)

MY DEAREST FAN—I was very glad to have your note, and to hear that you and dearest mamma had liked my article.[1] My conscience a little smote me with having been, in my first article, too purely negative and intellectual on such a subject. Now I have done what I wished, and no amount of noise or fault-finding will induce me to add another word.

It is so hard as to be almost impossible to discriminate between the intellectual and religious life in words that shall be entirely satisfactory, but if you will consider the difference between reading the last chapters of St. Matthew for the sake simply of what is recorded there, and reading them for the sake of making up one's mind how those chapters are likely to have come together by the process which Jowett and others say is the process by which the Gospels were

[1] 'Dr. Stanley's Lectures on the Jewish Church,' *Macmillan's Magazine*, February 1863.

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formed, you will have a notion of what I mean. Protestantism has always imagined that it consisted more in intellectualism than, as vital religion, it ever really has consisted.

I have found many serious people, Dissenters and Churchmen, who have understood the drift of my first article and been greatly pleased with it. The newspapers, which exist for the many, *must* resent a supposed insult to the many.

To his Mother

CHESTER SQUARE, *February* 4, 1863.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I send you two more notes, both of them very satisfactory. You need not return either. Grove is the Secretary at the Crystal Palace, and a contributor to the *Dictionary of the Bible*. The weekly newspapers will, I suppose, give tongue again next Saturday, but I think they will not quite know what to make of this last position of mine. But, whatever they make of it, I shall say no more. I hope before I come to Fox How (if I come there) this summer to have printed six articles—one on Spinoza in the *Times*, one on Dante and one on the Emperor Marcus Aurelius in *Fraser*, one on *A French Eton* and one on *Academies* (like the French Institute) in *Macmillan*, and one on Eugénie de Guérin in the *Cornhill*. Perhaps I may add to these one on Joubert, an exquisite French critic, a friend

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of Chateaubriand. Besides all this I must write two lectures for Oxford, and I hope to compose one or two short poems besides. And then there is inspecting. So I have plenty to do. After the summer I mean to lie fallow again for some time, or to busy myself with poetry only. My great advantage is that every one of the subjects I propose to treat is one that I have long reached in my mind, read and thought much about, and been often tempted to write of. The horrible thing must be to have to look about for *subjects*, and when this has to be done week after week, it must be enough to drive one mad.

In the January number of the *North American Review* there is an article on poetry which begins with two pages about me, which I have promised to copy out for Flu, and which you and Fan will like to see. There is more about me in the article, and several quotations from things of mine not often quoted which I think among my best, but all that is worth taking the pains to copy out is contained in the first two pages. A passage of Pindar is applied to dear papa and me in a way that gives me great pleasure.[1] I will

[1] 'Matthew Arnold had the happy fortune to have the great and good Thomas Arnold of Rugby School for his father; and, as we gather his character from his published works, he is not unworthy of parentage so noble. In connection with the scholarly, consecrated, generous, manly spirit expressed in the writings of both, we think of the ode in which Pindar, celebrating the glory of Hippocleas, victor at the Pythian games, praises him because he has emulated

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also send you Sainte-Beuve's letter when I can lay my hand upon it. This last you must be careful to return.—Your ever affectionate

M. A.

To the Same

HERTFORD, *March* 5, 1863.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—My date will tell you that I am on circuit, but I received your letter just before I left town on Tuesday morning. On Tuesday night I slept at Royston, at an old place called the Priory, inhabited by a banker, who is the chief manager of the school. I inspected a school at Royston, and another at Baldock, and came on here in time for dinner last night. This place is a great favourite of mine. We are lodged in the castle, a large old house placed in a square green surrounded by old mounds and walls, part of which are Roman, and with a clear river, the Lea, running through it all. The country round is full of beautiful seats, Hertford being in the prettiest part of the prettiest county near London. The year is so forward that the violets, I hear, are out; a bunch was brought to me yesterday at Royston which had been gathered in the lanes, and as the woodlands hereabouts are full of wild

his deceased father, Phricias, who before him was a conqueror in the Olympic stadium.'—'The Origin and Uses of Poetry,' *North American Review*, January 1863.

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flowers, I have hopes of finding even white violets if I have time to go and look for them. But I have presently to go to Court and swear the Grand Jury; then I have to write a testimonial for Walrond, who is standing for the Professorship of Latin at Glasgow; then I have to write to M. de Circourt at Paris; then I have to get ready an old lecture,[1] which I am going to give to Froude for *Fraser*; then I have to go off to Hoddesdon, three or four miles from here on the railroad, to inspect a school, and shall get back only just in time to sit half an hour in Court with the Judge before dressing for dinner to receive the magistrates. To-morrow I shall return to London, whether the Judge has finished here or not, but in the morning before I start I shall try hard to get into the copses towards Panshanger along the side of the river Mimram.

Dearest K. dines with us in Chester Square to-morrow, and from her I shall hear all about Susy. My ticket will just do for that dear old girl, and Miss Nicholls will have the Judge's ticket and go with her. I shall escort and deposit them, but then, if the streets are passable, I shall get away and join Flu at 50 Pall Mall, as I want to see how the children like the whole thing. I wish dear Fan could be in London, as she would like the sight.[2] For my part I should be

[1] 'Dante and Beatrice,' *Fraser's Magazine*, May 1863.
[2] The entry of Princess Alexandra of Denmark into London.

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glad to be out of it. The really fine sight will be that which only the people in the procession will have—the line of gaily-dressed people all along the decorated streets. This will be a beautiful sight, I should think, but in the beauty of an English procession in itself I have no belief.—Your ever affectionate M. A.

To the Same

CHELMSFORD, *March* 13, 1863.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—Though late, I write at last. I had your letter on Tuesday morning, but to answer it on that day was impossible. On Wednesday I had the journey here, a school to inspect, and the magistrates to entertain at dinner, besides making abstracts of a dozen records for the Nisi Prius Court here. Yesterday I had a school to inspect ten miles beyond Colchester, from which I got back just in time for the bar dinner, and only just. To-day I have had a light school here, and hoped to get back to London, but the Judge is moving so slowly with his causes that I am much afraid we shall be kept over to-night. I am rejoiced the rejoicings are over. London was not liveable in from the crowds in the streets all day and all night. We saw the entry very well from Cumin's rooms in Pall Mall. When we got there I found there was an attic above with a balcony, which

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was at our disposal, so I went back and fetched Mrs. Tuffin and Nelly, and established them there. Nelly passed some three hours on the balcony running backwards and forwards, picking out the mortar from between the stones, and making herself as black as ink. The show in the street sometimes seemed to amuse her for a minute or two, but she never attended to it long. On Tuesday night we started at seven, with the Forsters and Croppers, in a van. The proper person to have directed the route was Fanny Lucy, as she is a born cockney, and understands London sight-seeing thoroughly; however, it was William's van, and he and Jane had their own notions about the route, with which, of course, one did not like to interfere; the result was that they saw very little, and that little after immense delays. We got jammed at Hyde Park Corner within ten minutes of our starting. I had resigned myself to my fate with a silent shudder, when happily Dicky announced that he was very tired and that he wanted to go to bed. I jumped out of the van, had Dicky handed to me, and soon found myself on the pavement. There Dicky began to dance about and to beg me to walk in the streets with him to see the illuminations. This we did, and were home a little after ten, having seen Piccadilly, St. James's Street, Pall Mall, Cockspur Street, and Westminster—all the best of the illuminations. In St. James's Street the crowd was very great,

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but it was very good-humoured, and every one was very kind to Dicky. In the City they seem to have had a shocking business. I hope there may be no more London rejoicings in my time, but, if there are, Fanny Lucy has determined to go on foot to see the illuminations. Budge has returned to Laleham rather disconsolately, but he seems to be doing well there, and is much improved in looks since he went. I send you a very interesting letter from the friend of Guérin who edited his *Remains*. The only surviving sister, Marie de Guérin, has sent me, through him, her sister Eugénie's volume. Marie de Guérin is, I am told, a nun at Toulouse. Their having found the article in *Fraser* shows more attention to what is passing in English literature than I had believed the French paid; but they have what Guizot calls the 'amour des choses de l'esprit' so strong that they manage not to miss anything capable of interesting them when the subject is anything that is *marquant* in their literature.—Your ever affectionate M. A.

To the Same

RICHMOND, *April* 8, 1863.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I rejoined the Judge at Kingston yesterday, and to-day, a little after three, we finished, and the Judge and I drove over here. Flu will think, when I do not return to

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dinner, that we are kept another day at Kingston, and will be agreeably surprised when I appear between ten and eleven to-night, bringing Budge with me, who came here yesterday, and slept here last night. Lady Wightman has a house on the hill for six weeks. It has been wet all the morning, and is still showery, but the air has been softened, and everything has taken a step. The thorns and chestnuts are in leaf, and all the other trees budding. I have had a delightful scamper through the Park with Budge and little Mary Benson, taking them into the wildest parts, through great jungles of dead fern, to the loveliest ponds, and over the slopes where the great oaks are standing, and the herds of deer lying under them. The children were perfectly delighted with the deer, having never seen deer close before, and Budge was never tired of putting the herds up and seeing them bound off.

To the Same

Thursday, April 9, 1863.

I was interrupted by dinner. You ask about Greg's article.[1] Greg's it certainly is. He sent it to me. The direction was his handwriting and the stamp was the Customs stamp. It is very civil. You must have had an imperfect account of it. Of course, it controverts my

[1] 'Truth *versus* Edification,' *Westminster Review*, April 1863.

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doctrine, but without any vice at all. Greg's mistake lies in representing to his imagination the existence of a great body of people excluded from the consolations of the Bible by the popular Protestant doctrine of verbal inspiration. That is stuff. The mass of people take from the Bible what suits them, and quietly leave on one side all that does not. He, like so many other people, does not apprehend the vital distinction between religion and criticism. But I have no space for all this.—Your ever affectionate

M. A.

To the Same

RAMSGATE, *April* 17, 1863.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—No doubt your letter is waiting for me in Chester Square, but if I do not write till I have read it, my letter will not reach you on Sunday; so I write from this place, which we leave to-morrow to return to Chester Square. We came down on Monday, bringing with us Dicky and Lucy. We are staying at the Royal Hotel, which, as inns go, is not a bad one; at any rate, it is the best here, and looks full on the harbour and pier, the latter having its entrance within a stone's throw of the inn door. We have had east winds, and the cliffs are chalk cliffs, and Ramsgate is in the Isle of Thanet, and to the great charm of Nature—the sense of her inexhaustible variety, her infinity—east wind,

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chalk cliffs, and Thanet are all unfavourable. East wind makes the world look as if you saw it all before you bare and sharp, cold and bright. Chalk cliffs add to this impression, with their pettiness and clearness, and Thanet, which has no trees and a wonderfully bright atmosphere, adds to it further. The charm and mystery of a broken, wooded, dark-stoned landscape under a south-west wind one can never get a sense of here. Still there is the sea, and that is something even for me; for the children it is everything. You never saw such enjoyment. Out the moment we arrived on Monday with pails and spades at work on the sand; and out all day and every day since, digging sand, picking up shells, gathering daisies (they are cockneys enough to be delighted with even daisies) in the fields at the top of the cliff, riding on donkeys, or going in a boat in the harbour and just outside. Then there is the pier to lounge about, and the shipping to watch. It has done them both great good. They are a very happy couple together, and Lucy's appetite has doubled. I have been out a great deal inspecting, but yesterday we drove to Broadstairs together, and to-day we have been to Margate together, walked on the pier and gone on the walks at the top of the cliff. Unless the bill quite ruins us, I shall think it was well worth while to bring them. Flu has been delighted to have them. The sea does not suit either her or me so well as it suits the

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children, however; and we have both been rather bilious, and I have had some return of toothache. I am in fair work, however. I have done my Spinoza article for the *Times* (if the *Times* will but print it, now that the Session is going on),[1] and I am half through Eugénie de Guérin, the *book*, not my article on her. After all they say about her I have been a little disappointed. I mean she is not comparable for genius, or at least for expression and poetical power, to her brother. My love to Fan. I must dress for dinner.—Your ever affectionate

M. A.

To the Same

2 CHESTER SQUARE, *April* 25, 1863.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I don't know whether I shall have time to finish this before Flu appears, but I hope so, for I do not like you to pass a week without a letter. I came back yesterday from Oxford. Stanley took advantage of my visit to ask some of the Puseyite party whom he wanted to ask, but could hardly ask without the excuse of a stranger to meet; we had a very pleasant and successful party of this kind. Henry Bunsen was staying with Stanley, and him I always like. The weather was fine but with a detestable cold wind, so that a new poem about the Cumner hillside, and Clough in

[1] It appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine*.

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connection with it, which I meant to have begun at Oxford this week, I could not begin. I have been accumulating stores for it, however. I enjoyed the country in spite of the wind, and send Fan a 'Turk's Cap,' which I think does not grow at the Lakes. There are white and purple, and in places they cover the meadows by the Thames. I have read through Eugénie de Guérin, and must now fall to work and make my article upon her this next week. It will not be such a labour of love as I imagined beforehand it would be, though she is a truly remarkable person. I have also engaged to give Macmillan an article on the French Lycées for their June number. So I have my hands pretty well full.—Your ever affectionate M. A.

To the Same

May 9, 1863.

My dearest Mother—The week shall not end without my writing, so at the close of a paragraph I have shut up my Eugénie de Guérin, and betaken myself to this sheet of note-paper. I had promised the article for to-day, but I have got an extension of time till Monday. I think the article will be interesting, but the sister is not so good a subject as the brother.

Flu and I went to Oxford on Tuesday. I left her at Wallingford Road Station, and walked through the meadows by the Thames, in a

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violent shower of rain (the only one we have had for weeks and weeks) to Benson. There I inspected a school, went back to Wallingford Road, got to Oxford just in time to dress for dinner at Arthur Stanley's. There was a very grand party: Lady Westmorland and her daughter Lady Rose Fane, Lady Hobart, and all the young lords at Christ Church. Mrs. Charles Buxton was staying there, and I sat by her. Stanley is the pleasantest host possible; he takes such pains to make everybody pleased, and to introduce them to the people they will like to know. Flu and I were staying at the Listers', but my day was this: I got up at six, had a light breakfast alone, started by a train at 7.30, inspected a school, got back about two, worked in the Taylor Library till five, when the Library closes, then went out to make calls and do business in Oxford, and got home to dress for dinner. The Listers are very hospitable, and I hate staying at an inn, but I could hardly have used their house in this way unless I had had Flu with me, to give them a little more of her company than I gave them of mine. Yesterday I went to Chipping Norton, while Flu came up here, and I followed by a train at half-past three in the afternoon, arriving in Chester Square at seven to dress, and then having to be off to dine with the Lingens the other side of London at eight. To-day I have been here since about eleven, working. All this is a busy life, but I

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am very well, and enjoy it. Inspecting is a *little* too much as the business half of one's life in contradistinction to the inward and spiritual half of it, or I should be quite satisfied. To-night we dine with the Forsters. He seems better, but not well, and, I think, ought to get out of town for a few days.—Your ever affectionate

M. A.

To M. E. Grant Duff, M.P.

2 Chester Square, *May* 14, 1863.

My dear Mr. Grant Duff—Many thanks both to you and to your friend. I have no doubt there are many things in his edition of Heine which I have not read, but, as Napoleon said, 'Il faut savoir se borner.' I am even going, for the sake of a restricted *cadre*, to make my text the *Romancero* only, illustrating my remarks upon it by some quotations from the other works, but of these quotations I have more than I can use already. So with many thanks I will decline your offer. My object is not so much to give a literary history of Heine's works, as to mark his place in modern European letters, and the special tendency and significance of what he did.

I am glad Mrs. Grant Duff is better, and we shall certainly try and come to her on Saturday night. Believe me, ever sincerely yours,

Matthew Arnold.

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TO HIS MOTHER

To his Mother

THE ATHENÆUM, *May* 19, 1863.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I don't think this will go to-night, but I will write it, to make sure of its reaching you before you leave Fox How. . . .

I shall see dear old Budge, who perhaps will come home on Saturday to stay Sunday. I think I told you he had, at my instigation, buckled to and got a *Bene* for his Syntax, in which, as it was quite new to him, he had been finding great difficulty. The merit of Budge is, though he is an idle dog, that he can, and will, answer to a call. He says he likes school much better now, and that he is getting on very well. Matt Buckland told me he was a general favourite from his good temper; pleasantness I should call what he has, rather than good temper. Nelly is getting the most jolly, noisy, boyish, mischievous duck in the world; and her tongue is exceedingly pretty.

I have been bothered composing a letter to Sainte-Beuve, who has sent me the new edition of his poems. Every one is more sensitive about his poems than about his other works, and it is not on Sainte-Beuve's poems that his fame will rest; indeed, except in songs, I do not see that French verse *can* be truly satisfactory. I myself think even Molière's verse plays inferior to his

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prose ones. However, Sainte-Beuve's poems have all his talent in them, although they have not exactly the true charm of poetry; but it was difficult to say this in a way he would like. I have at last written and sent to him a letter with which I am tolerably well satisfied, but it has given me a great deal of trouble. I saw the *Guardian;* it is a paper I like, and generally read. It is, however, getting alienated from me, and will get yet more so. To an eminently *decorous* clerical journal my tendency to say exactly what I think about things and people is thoroughly distasteful and disquieting. However, one cannot change English ideas so much as, if I live, I hope to change them, without saying imperturbably what one thinks and making a good many people uncomfortable. The great thing is to speak without a particle of vice, malice, or rancour.—Your ever affectionate M. A.

To the Same

THE ATHENÆUM, *June* 16, 1863.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—A week missed in my correspondence with you! but that dear, good little Flu has more than supplied my place. I have been very busy indeed with my lecture on Heine, which much interested me. I have just been reading a foreign review article on the University of Oxford, and the writer, pointing

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out how the mere schoolboy instruction of the colleges has superseded the University instruction, says: 'Le vide se fait autour des chaires de l'Université: les hautes études ont des représentants que personne n'écoute et ne comprend: l'étudiant reste toujours écolier.' I have almost always a very fair attendance; to be sure, it is chiefly composed of ladies, but the above is so far true that I am obliged always to think, in composing my lectures, of the public who will read me, not of the dead bones who will hear me, or my spirit would fail. Tell Edward that there was, nevertheless, one thing which even a wooden Oxford audience gave way to—Heine's wit. I gave them about two pages of specimens of it, and they positively laughed aloud. I have had two applications for the lecture from magazines, but I shall print it, if I can, in the *Cornhill*, because it both pays best and has much the largest circle of readers. Eugénie de Guérin seems to be much liked, but I don't think anybody's pleasure in it gives me so much pleasure as dear old Tom's.[1]

Did Flu tell you that I had a very civil note from the Senior Proctor offering me an invitation for her as well as myself to the banquet to be given to the Prince and Princess by the University at All Souls'? My own single desire is to escape the whole thing, but if that old duck

[1] His brother, Thomas Arnold, afterwards Fellow of the Royal University of Ireland.

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Edward had gone up to All Souls' I don't think I should have been able to resist. They will have bad weather, I am afraid, however. It is now pouring. How you must be catching it in Cornwall! and the one consolation which I should have—that it is good for fishing—does not affect you. Still, with or without fishing, how I should like to be down with you in Cornwall!

Flu and I lunched with Lady de Rothschild on Sunday, and she gave us a splendid box of bonbons for the children. Tell little Edward the box was like a trunk, and you take out tray after tray, and in each tray there is a layer of a different sort of bon-bon. Kiss that dear little man for me, and for Dicky also.

On Sunday night I dined with Monckton Milnes, and met all the advanced liberals in religion and politics, and a Cingalese in full costume; so that, having lunched with the Rothschilds, I seemed to be passing my day among Jews, Turks, infidels, and heretics. But the philosophers were fearful!—G. Lewes, Herbert Spencer, a sort of pseudo-Shelley called Swinburne, and so on. Froude, however, was there, and Browning, and Ruskin; the latter and I had some talk, but I should never like him. . . . I have just met Eber[1] here, and asked him to dinner, but it is doubtful whether he will be able to come. Would Susy think it

[1] General Eber, a Hungarian refugee, who taught languages.

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worth while to come up from Liverpool to see him once more before he dies? My love to Fan and Edward.—Your ever affectionate

M. A.

To the Same

THE ATHENÆUM, *July* 1, 1863.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — Many thanks for your letter, and thank dear old Edward for his, and for the hand-bill, which I shall send to one of my Wesleyan friends, who is a little sore about my 'attack on Methodism.' I send Edward a slip cut out of the Proceedings, from which he will see the exact terms of Cecil's[1] motion. Cecil has very strong ground, from the terms of the instructions under which Watkins and all the full inspectors were appointed; these instructions say expressly that we are to report *for the information of Parliament*, to enable the two Houses to determine what mode of distributing the Parliamentary grant will be most advantageous to the country. Lowe's assertion in his speech the other day that the Inspectors 'report to the Council Office, and the Council Office, *if it thinks fit*, prints their reports as an appendix to its own report,' is at direct variance with the language

[1] Lord Robert Cecil, M.P., afterwards Lord Salisbury, moved a Resolution condemning Mr. Lowe for 'mutilating' the Reports of Inspectors of Schools.

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of the instructions. Still it is difficult to foretell how the division will go, as, of course, Lowe will get a strong whip made for him ; but the debate will probably in any case do good. I cannot go to the House, as I dine out on Friday night, but I am better pleased not to be seen in the matter.

The Forsters dine with us to-night, but Tom dines with the Lingens. William seems to have made a good speech, and Bright's mention of his father must have very much gratified him. No public man in this country will be damaged by having even 'fanaticism' in his hatred of slavery imputed to him.—Your ever affectionate

M. A.

To his Wife

CAMBRIDGE, *July* 26, 1863,
Sunday Evening.

It is a fine, warm day, and I have never seen Cambridge look so beautiful. We dined in the hall of Trinity at four o'clock (think of that !), and sat in Combination Room till half-past six ; then Pollock and I strolled through the fields to Granchester, the only pretty walk about Cambridge. The ground is broken, the Cam, really a pretty stream, and tolerably clear, flows beside you ; the woods of Trumpington Park and the pretty church and cottages of Granchester close the horizon. I should so like to have strolled about with you this lovely afternoon

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at the backs of the colleges and heard your dear remarks. I have made up my mind that I should like the post of Master of Trinity. We strolled back from Granchester by moonlight; it made me melancholy to think how at one time I was in the fields every summer evening of my life, and now it is such a rare event to find myself there.

To Mrs. Forster

NORWICH, *August* 1, 1863.

MY DEAREST K.—When do you go abroad? At this time of general moving I will not deny that I have desires which carry me out of England, but they are not very strong, as I more and more lose taste for the ordinary short hurried journeys, on or near beaten routes, among crowds of travellers, which one generally makes at this season of the year; and for the real enjoyable visit to Italy, which I will one day manage to have, and which will probably be the only thing of the kind I now shall ever have, much as I could have desired to see Greece, too, and the East, I know that my time is not yet come. So I shall go quietly to Felixstowe next Thursday, and from there, in some three weeks' time, to Fox How. I have work to do both at Felixstowe and at Fox How, and, if I can get myself to do that, I am never dissatisfied or unhappy. One's bad time is

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when one has some work in one's head, but wants courage or free moments (though one seldom really wants the latter if one has the former) to set about it.

I have told you how I admire this old place. It is like a Continental city, with its broken ground and its forty churches. We have been three days here, and three times I have been at service in the cathedral. That is one of the points in which I have an advantage over you. We are both of us by way of being without ear for music, but a musical service like that of Norwich Cathedral (it is said to be the best in England) gives me very high pleasure, and to you, I believe, it gives no pleasure at all.—Your ever affectionate brother, M. A.

To Lady de Rothschild[1]

THE ATHENÆUM, *October* 13, 1863.

DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD — I have just found your kind note on my return to town. I cannot resist your invitation, though since my fatal fortieth birthday I have given up croquêt, but, as you say, there will be the woods. Will it suit you if I come on Friday, the 23rd, and depart on Sunday, the 25th? I shall thus be with you on the 24th, the day you name. Then I should come down, as formerly, by the

[1] See p. 188.

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fast train in the morning. I must get back to London on Sunday night, to be ready for my accustomed toils on Monday.

I am very much obliged to you for telling me of the article[1] in the *Westminster*, of which I had not heard. I have just read it here. It contains so much praise that you must have thought I wrote it myself, except that I should hardly have called myself by the hideous title of 'Professor.' I am very glad you liked Heine; he was such a subject as one does not get every day.

With kindest remembrances to your daughters, and compliments to Sir Anthony, believe me, dear Lady de Rothschild, ever most sincerely yours, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To his Mother

THE ATHENÆUM, *October* 13, 1863.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I will write to-day, as I am not sure of to-morrow, but I hope that we shall still keep, as far as possible, our old days for writing. What a happy time we had at Fox How, and what a delightful recollection I have, and shall long have, of you with the children, particularly with the two dear little girls! Habit reconciles one to everything, but I am not yet by any means reconciled to the change from

[1] 'The Critical Character,' *Westminster Review*, October 1863.

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our Fox How life to our life here. Breakfast is particularly dismal, when I come into the dining-room to find nobody, instead of finding you, to look out on the whity-brown road and houses of the square, instead of looking into Fairfield, and to eat my breakfast without hearing any letters read aloud by Fan. At this time of year I have a particular liking for the country, and the weather on Sunday and yesterday was so beautiful that it made me quite restless to be off again. To-day it is raining, and that composes me a little. I send you a note of Lady de Rothschild's, which you may burn. The *Westminster* article she was the first to tell me of. I must send it you. It is a contrast (all in my favour) of me with Ruskin. It is the strongest pronunciamento on my side there has yet been; almost too strong for my liking, as it may provoke a feeling against me. The reviewer says, 'Though confident, Mr. Arnold is never self-willed; though bold, he is never paradoxical.' Tell Fan to remember this in future when she plays croquêt with me. I also keep it as a weapon against K., who said to me that I was becoming as dogmatic as Ruskin. I told her the difference was that Ruskin was 'dogmatic and *wrong*,' and here is this charming reviewer who comes to confirm me.

My love to dear Fan, and thanks for her note; love, too, to dear old Susy.—Your ever most affectionate M. A.

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To the Same

October 29, 1863.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I have to-day inspected a school, and read some things here which I wanted to read. I am having a delightful spell of reading without writing before I begin my Joubert article. I must begin that in a week's time, however. I have left at home an interesting letter (in German) which I have had lately from a German in England on the subject of my Heine article; Fan will translate it to you, unless all the money paid to Eber[1] was quite thrown away. Papa is mentioned in it. I was in poor force and low spirits for the first ten days after I returned; now I am all right again, and hope to have a busy year. It is very animating to think that one at last has a chance of *getting at* the English public. Such a public as it is, and such a work as one wants to do with it! Partly nature, partly time and study have also by this time taught me thoroughly the precious truth that everything turns upon one's exercising the power of *persuasion*, of *charm*; that without this all fury, energy, reasoning power, acquirement, are thrown away and only render their owner more miserable. Even in one's ridicule one must preserve a sweetness and good-humour. I had

[1] See p. 259.

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a pleasant visit at Aston Clinton, but the life of these country houses (as I now neither shoot nor hunt, both of which I should have done to excess had I not been so torn away from them) wearies me more and more, with its endless talking and radical want of occupation. But Lady de Rothschild I am very fond of, and she has given me the prettiest little gold pencil in the world. I made acquaintance with two more Rothschilds, Clementine de Rothschild of Frankfort, and Alice de Rothschild of Vienna—the first exquisitely beautiful, the second with a most striking character. What women these Jewesses are! with a *force* which seems to triple that of the women of our Western and Northern races. Your ever affectionate

M. A.

To Lady de Rothschild

THE ATHENÆUM, LONDON,
October 30, 1863.

MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD—Many thanks for the pheasants, which have arrived on a day of such furious rain that really one thinks the poor creatures, for their own sakes, better dead than alive on it. I was glad Monday was fine for the shooting party.

I mean to offer myself to Baroness Meyer for the 27th, and if I go shall quite rely on meeting you there—all of you, at least, that

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Madame de Lagrénée[1] and 'education' have left. But I hope that your goodness is rewarded as it deserves to be, and that your fatigues prove to be less than you could have expected. You know you are to fortify yourself with my article on Marcus Aurelius,[2] in which, I see, Miss Faithfull's lady compositors have made some detestable misprints, to my great disgust.

I am going to-morrow night (the last) to hear *Faust*, entirely in consequence of the praise I heard of it at Aston Clinton. Remember me to all my friends at that friendliest of places, and believe me, dear Lady de Rothschild, ever most sincerely yours, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To his Mother

THE ATHENÆUM, *November* 5, 1863.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I was surprised when Tuesday morning came without your letter, but you made excellent amends yesterday. I shall not be able to repay you as you deserve, because, instead of beginning my letter in good time, as I intended, I allowed myself, having taken up the *Correspondent*—a review which is the organ of Montalembert and the French Catholics—to go on and on with an article in it. But then the article was a very interesting one; it was an

[1] An enthusiast about education.
[2] In the *Victoria Magazine*, November 1863.

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account of the reception Renan's book had met with in Germany, and an analysis of the reviews of it by the representatives of the most advanced liberal schools—by Ewald and Keim. They treat the book as having no value beyond its graces of writing and style. No doubt, there is something of jealousy in this. Their Biblical critics, who have been toiling all their lives, with but a narrow circle of readers at the end of it all, do not like to be so egregiously outshone in the eyes of the world at large by a young gentleman who takes it so easy as they think Renan does. Still, their condemnation is important and interesting. All the more orthodox Protestant schools of Germany, as well as the Catholics, condemn the book as a matter of course, but Ewald and Keim are as far removed from orthodox Protestantism and Catholicism as can be imagined. As I said to Miss Martineau, when she sent me her friend's praise of Renan's admirable delineation of the character, etc., '*A* character, not *the* character.' The book, however, will feed a movement which was inevitable, and from which good will in the end come; and from Renan himself, too, far more good is to be got than harm.

We have had bad blowing weather, but in London, as you say, one does not feel storms as one does at Fox How. I wish I was at Fox How for all that. We have had —— —— with us one day. He was quite full of the Lord

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Palmerston scandal, which your charming newspaper, the *Star*—that true reflection of the rancour of Protestant Dissent in alliance with all the vulgarity, meddlesomeness, and grossness of the British multitude—has done all it could to spread abroad. It was followed yesterday by the *Standard*, and is followed to-day by the *Telegraph*. Happy people, in spite of our bad climate and cross tempers, with our penny newspapers! . . . Flu told you of my seeing myself placarded all over London as having written on Marcus Aurelius, and having walked up Regent Street behind a man with a board on his back announcing the same interesting piece of news. Now I must set to work at Joubert. My love to dear Fan.—Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

To Miss Arnold

The Athenæum, London,
November 11, 1863.

My dearest Fan—Yes, you may occasionally take a Monday for mamma. Business first. There *was* a Plato at Fox How—a rubbishy little Tauchnitz edition in several volumes, half bound by the hideous art of Combe and Crossley, Rugby and Leicester; but it had the value of being the edition dear papa chiefly used when Plato was the lesson in the Sixth Form. I have not got it. I may tell you candidly that not

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even my reverence for papa's memory would induce me to read Plato in such a book. It is possible that Tom or Edward may have it, but I have a certain sort of notion of having seen the book in one of the upper shelves of the library at Fox How. When last I saw it, a volume, if not two, was missing. But it is probably Plato's *Republic* which D—— wishes to read with his daughter. She will there learn how the sage recommends a community of wives. One or two copies of the *Republic, in paper*, there used to be close by the Aristotles.

It is your own fault that so much of my valuable space has been taken up by this rubbish. I am in low spirits, having taken the first volume of Joubert in a cab to the Fenchurch Street Station with me to-day, and left it in the cab. I am furious with myself; the book is gone, and the lecture at a standstill. My only hope is that the cabman, whom I overpaid, may calculate that the half-crown he might get from me for bringing it back is more than any bookstall-keeper would ever give him for an odd volume, and may appear this evening with the lost one.

When you wrote you did not know that Stanley was Dean of Westminster. It is now said with so much assurance that he is going to be married to Lady Augusta Bruce that I begin to believe it. *She* is the one person I could hear without misgiving of his marrying. All I have ever seen of her I like very much. In my note

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of congratulation about the deanery I mentioned this other topic. You shall hear what he says. The only thing is I am surprised, if it is true, he should not have written to mamma to tell her of it.

The children are all very well, and Victorine[1] continues to give great satisfaction. You know all people say about maid-servants being educated to be above their place. Well, with English maid-servants, it is odd, there *is* some truth in it. They get information without any corresponding refinement, and that sticks them up; but this French girl is doubled in value by her good education, which, while raising her above servant-galism, has yet left her simple and willing to work. Nelly grows an immense duck, and is entirely Victorine's favourite. My love to dearest mamma.—Your ever affectionate

M. A.

To Mrs. Forster

November 14, 1863.

MY DEAREST K.—You will have been greatly interested by Arthur Stanley's deanery and engagement. I have twice in Paris seen a good deal of Lady Augusta, and like and respect her exceedingly. The only thing I do not like in the whole change is that I am afraid Stanley will not have the right successor at Oxford, and

[1] A French nursery-maid.

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that he himself is using his influence against the right successor (Church) [1] in favour of a wrong one, who is his immediate disciple. This I should greatly regret. I am glad to hear, however, that Gladstone, who in such an appointment ought to have great weight with Lord Palmerston, is most pressing for Church.

I have never had an opportunity of saying to you how good I thought William's speech at Leeds; [2] so moderate that I actually expected it to have somewhat carried the *Times* with it. This miracle it did not perform, but it attracted a general interest, and, I think, a general assent, which must have pleased you very much. I think in this concluding half of the century the English spirit is destined to undergo a great transformation; or rather, perhaps I should say, to perform a great evolution, and I know no one so well fitted as William, by his combined intelligence and moderation, to be the parliamentary agent and organ for this movement. That will be a post well worth a man's ambition to fill. I shall do what I can for this movement in literature; freer perhaps in that sphere than I could be in any other, but with the risk always before me, if I cannot charm the wild beast of Philistinism while I am trying to convert him, of being torn in pieces by him; and, even if I

[1] The Rev. R. W. Church, afterwards Dean of St. Paul's.

[2] Against intervention in the American War; September 21, 1863.

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succeed to the utmost and convert him, of dying in a ditch or a workhouse at the end of it all.—
Your ever affectionate M. A.

To his Mother

THE ATHENÆUM, *November* 19, 1863.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—Thank you for your letter, which I could not answer yesterday, and have been very near not answering to-day, so busy I am with reading for my lecture. The lecture has to be given on Saturday week, and not a word written yet! Like me, Fan will say, and you will take my part. And next week will be interrupted, besides that I shall have to inspect every day. On the Monday week following I must be back in London for the Christmas examination, and during that examination I must write the second part of my *French Eton*[1] for *Macmillan*. I am anxious about this second part, as the prejudices are strong, and I want to prevail against them; this cannot be done without prodigies of persuasion and insinuation. But we shall see. Then after Christmas I mean to take a fortnight without thinking of any composition at all, merely reading one or two things I want to read, and doing my office business. Indeed, next year I mean to do nothing for the magazines except one article on the effect of institutions like the French Academy. But I hope to do

[1] *A French Eton; or Middle Class Education and the State.* 1864.

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some poetry and to ripen. Tell Fan I have got the volume of Joubert. That is the good of always overpaying cabmen. I gave the man who drove me that day, as I always do, sixpence over his fare; he thanked me, and his heart had a kindly feeling towards me. Then afterwards he found my book in his cab, and brought it back that evening to Chester Square, from whence he had driven me. I have not seen of Jean Ingelow more than I had seen in the *Guardian* when I spoke to Fan about her. She seemed to me to be quite 'above the common,' but I have not read enough of her to say more. It is a great deal to give one true feeling in poetry, and I think she seemed to be able to do that; but I do not at present very much care for poetry unless it can give me true *thought* as well. It is the alliance of these two that makes great poetry, the only poetry really worth very much.

William has got the house in Eccleston Square. He dined with us last night. . . . He and Jane seem to have thoroughly liked my Marcus Aurelius. I have not yet heard whether you and Fan have read it. I am not quite pleased with my *Times* Spinoza as an article for *Macmillan*;[1] it has too much of the brassiness and smartness of a *Times* article in it. This should be a warning to me not to write for the *Times*, or indeed for any newspaper.—Your ever affectionate M. A.

[1] 'A Word more about Spinoza,' *Macmillan's Magazine*, December 1863.

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TO HIS MOTHER

To the Same

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE,
December 2, 1863.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I hope to find a letter from you at Durham, whither we are going presently, but I shall begin this here, for fear of accidents. When last I wrote to you I was driven very hard; however, by dint of writing in the train and at stations in every bit of spare time I got on Friday, and of getting up at five on Saturday morning, my lecture was finished in time, and at half-past one I reached Oxford, and at two gave my lecture. Arthur Stanley was not there, as the Crown Princess of Prussia was being lionised over Oxford, and for the same reason many of my ordinary hearers were absent; but the room was full, there being many more undergraduates than usual. People seemed much interested, and I am convinced that the novelty of one's subjects acts as a great and useful stimulus. I had slept at Mentmore on Friday night, the Meyer de Rothschilds' place. Meyer is the youngest brother, but Mentmore is the grandest place possessed by any of the family; its magnificence surpasses belief. It is like a Venetian palace doubled in size, and all Europe has been ransacked to fill it with appropriate furniture. In the great hall hang three immense lamps, which formerly did actually belong to

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a doge of Venice. All the openings in this great hall are screened by hangings of Gobelins tapestry, and when you stand in the passage that runs round this hall from the top of the grand staircase, and look through the arcades across and down into the hall, it is like fairyland. Lady de Rothschild and her daughters had come over from Aston Clinton to meet me, and at dinner I sat between Lady de Rothschild and Baroness Meyer. The latter is a very remarkable person, with a man's power of mind, and with great enthusiasm, but my unapproached favourite is, and will always be, Lady de Rothschild.

I went to bed at twelve, and at five I woke, found the fire hardly gone out and the room quite warm, so I lighted my candles, seated myself at a little Louis XV. table, and had three hours of splendid work, which finished my lecture. At eight I went to bed again for an hour, at nine got up and strolled on the terraces, looking at the splendid view across the vale of Aylesbury to the Chilterns till a little after ten, when we breakfasted. Then I sat a little with the Baroness Meyer in her boudoir, and at a little after eleven they sent me to Leighton as they had fetched me from it—with horses that did the five miles in twenty-five minutes. Both the Baron and Baroness were very kind, and I have almost promised to go there again between Christmas and April, and

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to take Flu with me, who will be enchanted with the place. I got back to Chester Square about seven, found dear old K. and William there, dined with them, and got to King's Cross about nine. I had a capital night journey, having taken plenty of wraps, and making for myself a bed with my portmanteau and the cushions to fill up the middle space of the carriage. At five I got here, and found the people up waiting for me, and a blazing fire in my room; I went to bed, and slept capitally for three hours. In the afternoon I walked about Newcastle with the Judge. On Monday I worked all day at Office papers and cleared off my arrears while the Judge was sitting in court; we dined *tête-à-tête* afterwards. Yesterday he had finished his business, so we went to Tynemouth together. It was a sombre day, and blew tremendously, but I am very glad to have seen Tynemouth. I had no notion how open the sea was, how beautiful the situation of the Priory, and how grand the coast. There is a long new pier made, and standing on this watching the steamers tugging vessels over the bar, which, from the wind and swell, was a difficult operation, I got quite perished. Back here and dressed for dinner, and at seven we went in the High Sheriff's carriage to Ravensworth Castle to dine with Lord Ravensworth. It is a very grand place. Lady Ravensworth is dead. He has three grown-up daughters at

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home, and there was a very small party staying in the house—Sir Matthew White Ridley, Morritt of Rokeby, and others. It was very pleasant, the Liddells being all an amiable family, and with nothing at all of the English *morgue;* and after dinner Lord Ravensworth seized upon me to consult me about his Latin poetry, of which I had to read a great deal, and he has given me a great deal more. I could have dispensed with this, though he is rather a proficient at it; but I like and respect these 'polite' tastes in a grandee; it weakens the English nobility that they are so dying out among them. They were far more common in the last century. At present far too many of Lord Ravenworth's class are mere men of business, or mere farmers, or mere horse-racers, or mere men of pleasure. Here is a long letter which deserves a double letter next week, one from both you and Fan. My love to her.—
Your ever affectionate M. A.

To Lady de Rothschild

THE ATHENÆUM, LONDON,
December 21, 1863.

MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD—Pray give Sir Anthony my best thanks for the kind present of game from Aston Clinton. From the game

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I conclude Sir Anthony has been shooting his covers, and from the covers having been shot I conclude you have been having your house full; meanwhile, I have had a *triste* time of it, having been greatly shocked and grieved by the sudden death of Mrs. Arnold's father, Mr. Justice Wightman, at York, a day or two after I had left him in perfect health. When I saw you at Mentmore I was just going to join him on the winter circuit. Though nearly eighty, he had not shown the slightest failure up to the hour of his death. His hearing was perfect, and he did not even use glasses, so you may imagine what an unlooked-for shock his sudden death of a heart complaint—which no one ever suspected—gave his family, none of whom could reach him from London before he died. Then came all the time before the funeral, and the funeral itself—certainly, as we moderns manage these things, the most dismal and depressing business possible,—and one emerges into the light of day again, oneself half-effaced, and without spirit or tone.

Shall you be in Grosvenor Place in the next week or two? If I don't see you, look in the January number of the *National Review* for my article on Joubert; I think it will interest you. If I outlive you (you see how cheerful I am just now) I will send your daughters a description of Madame de Beaumont, taken from Joubert's letters, which wonderfully suits you.

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Remember me to them and to Sir Anthony.—
Yours ever most sincerely,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Have you read *Pet Marjorie?*[1] If not, let me send it you.

To his Mother

THE ATHENÆUM, LONDON,
December 24, 1863.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—Business first. I am delighted with the wooden platter and bread knife, for which articles I have long had a fancy, the platter too I like all the better for not having an inscription, only a border of corn ears. Dear Rowland's book has not yet come. Thank her for it all the same, and tell her I will write to her when I receive it. And thank dear K. for her letter, and dear Fan for her note, and receive all my thanks for your own, my dearest mother.

While writing these last words I have heard the startling news of the sudden death of Thackeray. He was found dead in his bed this morning. If you have not seen it in the newspaper before you read this, you will all be greatly startled and shocked, as I am. I have heard no particulars. . . . Still, this sudden cessation of an existence so lately before one's

[1] By the author of *Rab and his Friends.*

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eyes, so vigorous and full of life, and so considerable a power in the country, is very sobering, if, indeed, after the shock of a fortnight ago, one still needs sobering. To-day I am forty-one, the middle of life in any case, and for me, perhaps, much more than the middle. I have ripened, and am ripening so slowly that I should be glad of as much time as possible, yet I can feel, I rejoice to say, an inward spring which seems more and more to gain strength, and to promise to resist outward shocks, if they must come, however rough. But of this inward spring one must not talk, for it does not like being talked about, and threatens to depart if one will not leave it in mystery.

Budge's letter which you sent us was a great pleasure to me, far the longest of his I have seen, and the *naïveté* of his reason for its length was charming. We are very well pleased with him, and with Matt Buckland's account of him; and that school does not harden his heart is a great peril surmounted. He cried bitterly at his grandpapa's funeral, and Matt Buckland writes me word that he could not sleep the night after. This was not his grief perhaps so much as his imagination, which had been strongly moved by the service, the hearse, the plumes, the coffin; but in a healthy boy like Budge one is pleased that the imagination too should be alive. Flu tells me that his account to her of the funeral was quite beautiful, and

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most affecting. He was a great favourite of his grandpapa's, and what one likes is that he should now feel this with tenderness, and not, with the hideous levity of our nature, instantly forget it.

We dine to-morrow in Eaton Place, where I have dined on so many Christmas Days. The first Christmas Day after our marriage we spent at Fox How; every one since that I have passed with the Judge.

My love to all at Fox How on Christmas Day.—Your ever most affectionate M. A.

To Mrs. Forster

THE ATHENÆUM (*January* 1864).

MY DEAREST K.—I was very much pleased with William's speech[1] at Bradford, and he seems to me more and more to be acquiring a tone and spirit in his public speeches which will give him a character apart, and distinguish him from the old stagers, whose stock vulgar Liberalism will not satisfy even the middle class, whose wants it was originally modelled to meet, much longer. This treatment of politics with one's thought, or with one's imagination, or with one's soul, in place of the common treatment of them with one's Philistinism and with

[1] Dealing with the American War, and with Parliamentary Reform; January 8, 1864.

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one's passions, is the only thing which can reconcile, it seems to me, any serious person to politics, with their inevitable wear, waste, and sore trial to all that is best in one. I consider that William's special distinction is that he treats them with his soul, but whenever they are treated by either of the three powers I have named the result is interesting. What makes Burke stand out so splendidly among politicians is that he treats politics with his thought and imagination; therefore, whether one agrees with him or not, he always interests you, stimulates you, and does you good. I have been attentively reading lately his *Reflections on the French Revolution*, and have felt this most strongly, much as there is in his view of France and her destinies which is narrow and erroneous. But I advise William to read it, and you too, if you have not read it or have forgotten it, and indeed to read something of Burke's every year.

I have the second part of my *French Eton* in this next *Macmillan*. It will take a third part to finish it. In this part I am really labouring hard to *persuade*, and have kept myself from all which might wound, provoke, or frighten, with a solicitude which I think you will hardly fail to perceive, and which will perhaps amuse you; but to school oneself to this forbearance is an excellent discipline, if one does it for right objects.—Your ever affectionate M. A.

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TO HIS MOTHER

To his Mother

THE ATHENÆUM, *January* 14, 1864.

MY DEAREST MAMMA — I am a day behindhand, but I have been very busy. My toothache is gone, and I am at work again; but this depressing foggy weather hinders one from opening one's wings much. Will you ask Stanley how far the Regius Professors at Oxford or Cambridge are actually paid by the State? I know, of course, that the holders of canonries are not. But is Goldwin Smith? is Acland? is Kingsley? Please don't forget this, and let me know what he says. My love to him, and kind regards to Lady Augusta.

You don't say that you have received the Joubert, but I take for granted you have. Make Arthur[1] look at it, and tell him if he has ever read better religious philosophy than Joubert's I have not. I expect him to order his *Pensées* on the strength of my specimens.

I like William's speech very much, and for a special reason—that the goodness, even the gentleness, of his nature comes out so much in it. This is so very rare a merit in public speakers; even if they have any goodness or gentleness in themselves, they so seldom can get any of it into their speeches. The very

[1] Dean Stanley.

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antithesis to the spirit of William's speeches is the spirit of the articles of that vile *Star*.

I have a very pleasant thing to tell you. A day or two ago I had a note from Sainte-Beuve telling me that he had made a little mention of me in the *Constitutionnel* of the 12th, in an article on the Greek Anthology, as a sort of New Year's remembrance. Yesterday I read his article here, and what he had said was charming, as what he says always is. It was about my criticism of Homer, and he told excellently, quoting it from me, the fine anecdote about Robert Wood and the Lord Granville[1] of a hundred years ago. But the pleasantest was this: towards the end of the article he mentioned papa, saying in a note that I was his son, and translated from him with warm praise the long passage about our first feelings of disappointment at seeing great works like the Cartoons, St. Peter's, etc. The passage was

[1] Lord Carteret became Earl Granville in 1744, and died in 1763. The anecdote is this:—'Robert Wood, whose essay on the Genius of Homer is mentioned by Goethe as one of the books which fell into his hands when his powers were first developing themselves, and strongly interested him, relates of this passage a striking story. He says that in 1762, at the end of the Seven Years' War, being then Under-Secretary of State, he was directed to wait upon the President of the Council, Lord Granville, a few days before he died, with the preliminary articles of the Treaty of Paris. "I found him," he continues, "so languid, that I proposed postponing my business for another time; but he insisted that I should stay, saying it could not prolong his life to neglect his duty; and repeating the following passage out of Sarpedon's speech, he dwelled with particular emphasis on the

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beautifully translated, and I was extremely struck with its justness, clearness, and beauty on thus reading it in a new language. I always say that what so distinguished papa from Temple was the profound *literary sense* which was a part of his being, along with all his governing and moral qualities. I tried to get you the *Constitutionnel*, but one cannot in London, so I have asked Sainte-Beuve to send it to me. I have such a respect for a certain circle of men, perhaps the most truly cultivated in the world, which exists at Paris, that I have more pleasure than I can say in seeing papa brought before them so charmingly, and just in the best way to make them appreciate him.

I work here at my *French Eton* from about eleven to three; then I write my letters; then I walk home and look over grammar

third line, which recalled to his mind the distinguishing part he had taken in public affairs:

> ὦ πέπον, εἰ μὲν γὰρ πόλεμον περὶ τόνδε φυγόντε
> αἰεὶ δὴ μέλλοιμεν ἀγήρω τ' ἀθανάτω τε
> ἔσσεσθ', οὔτε κεν αὐτὸς ἐνὶ πρώτοισι μαχοίμην,
> οὔτε κε σὲ στέλλοιμι μάχην ἐς κυδιάνειραν.
> νῦν δ'—ἔμπης γὰρ κῆρες ἐφεστᾶσιν θανάτοιο
> μυρίαι, ἃς οὐκ ἔστι φυγεῖν βροτὸν οὐδ' ὑπαλύξαι—
> ἴομεν. . . .

'"His Lordship repeated the last word several times with a calm and determinate resignation; and after a serious pause of some minutes, he desired to hear the Treaty read, to which he listened with great attention, and recovered spirits enough to declare the approbation of a dying statesman (I use his own words) 'on the most glorious war, and most honourable peace, this nation ever saw.'"'

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papers till dinner; then dinner and a game of cards with the boys; then grammar papers for an hour and a half more; then an hour or half an hour's reading before bed. I have got an excellent master from one of the Training Schools to come to Chester Square for an hour each morning to teach the boys arithmetic. It makes a capital holiday lesson. Budge has a cold. I think you have quite children enough, but if he really is bent on going I shall not dissuade him. The three boys were delighted with your letters. I hope and trust your cough is gone. I hate coughs. Love to Fan.—Your ever affectionate M. A.

To Lady de Rothschild

2 CHESTER SQUARE, *January* 22 (1864).

MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD—You know that I always like to see you, and Disraeli, and the Bishop of Oxford[1]—especially together. I should like to meet, but it is not easy to escape from my devouring schools, even for a day. However, you shall not say that I always refuse your invitations, so I will put off my Thursday school, and hear the Bishop preach, but I must positively be back in London by ten o'clock or thereabouts on Friday morning, as two days I cannot take from schools just

[1] Dr. Wilberforce.

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now. I will be with you by dinner time on Wednesday, taking care (of course) not to arrive too early in the afternoon. I shall be eager to hear all about Paris.—Yours ever most sincerely, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To his Mother

CROWN COURT SCHOOLS,
January 22, 1864.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I have been quite unable to write till now. I have begun inspecting again, and at the same time I have my report to finish.

I was sure you would be pleased with Joubert, and you say just what I like when you speak of 'handing on the lamp of life' for him. That is just what I wish to do, and it is by doing that that one does good. I can truly say, not that I would rather have the article not mentioned at all than called a brilliant one, but that I would far rather have it said how delightful and interesting a man was Joubert than how brilliant my article is. In the long-run one makes enemies by having one's brilliancy and ability praised; one can only get oneself really accepted by men by making oneself forgotten in the people and doctrines one recommends. I have had this much before my mind in doing the second

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part of my *French Eton.* I really want to *persuade* on this subject, and I have felt how necessary it was to keep down many and many sharp and telling things that rise to one's lips, and which one would gladly utter if one's object was to show one's own abilities. You must read this article, though it is on a professional kind of subject, and the third and concluding article will be the most general and interesting one. But you must read it that you may notice the effect of the effort of which I have told you. I think such an effort a moral discipline of the very best sort for one. I hope Dr. Davy will go along with me here as well as in the first article. Lend Mrs. Davy the *National*, that she may read Joubert; the true old Wordsworthians, to which band she and I both belong, are just the people for whom Joubert is properly meant.

My dear Lady de Rothschild has written me the kindest of notes begging me to come and stay at Aston Clinton next week to meet the Bishop of Oxford and Disraeli. It would be interesting certainly, but I don't see how I am to manage it. On Tuesday fortnight Budge goes back to school. It was his own choice to remain at home, but I was glad of it, as you have so many children on your hands already. I am sorry to say he and Tom quarrel not unfrequently, so your praise in your letter to Flu this morning read rather painfully.

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However, my consolation is that we most of us quarrelled as children, and yet have not grown up quite monsters. Children with Dick's disposition are, I am sure, the exceptions. To-morrow between two and five think of me at the Princess's, with Lucy, Budge, and Mrs. Tuffin.—Your ever affectionate M. A.

To the Same

Aston Clinton Park, Tring,
January 28, 1864.

My dearest Mother—It will take at least this sheet added to the one I wrote the other night to make my proper weekly letter. I have so often refused to come here, alleging my inspecting duties, that I thought this time I would come, and I am glad I have. I inspected yesterday in Bethnal Green, got home to a late luncheon, and a little before five left home again in a hansom for Euston Square. When I got to Tring I found the court outside the station full of carriages bound for Aston Clinton and no means of getting a fly; but Count d'Apponyi, the Austrian Ambassador, took me with him. We got here just after the Bishop, at half-past seven, just in time to dress, and a little after eight we dined. The house was quite full last night. Count d'Apponyi, the Bishop of Oxford, the Disraelis, Sir Edward

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and Lady Filmer, Lord John Hay, the young Lord Huntly, the young Nathaniel Rothschild, Mr. Dawson Damer, Mr. Raikes Currie, Mr. John Abel Smith, Archdeacon Bickersteth, and one or two other clergy were the party at dinner, almost all of them staying in the house. I took Constance Rothschild in to dinner, and was placed between her and Mrs. Disraeli; on Mrs. Disraeli's other side was the Bishop of Oxford. I thought the Bishop a little subdued and guarded, though he talked incessantly. Mrs. Disraeli is not much to my taste, though she is a clever woman, and told me some amusing stories. Dizzy sat opposite, looking moody, black, and silent, but his head and face, when you see him near and for some time, are very striking. After the ladies went he was called over by the Bishop to take Mrs. Disraeli's vacant place. After a little talk to the Bishop he turned to me and asked me very politely if this was my first visit to Buckinghamshire, how I liked the county, etc.; then he said he thought he had seen me somewhere, and I said Lord Houghton had introduced me to him eight or nine years ago at a literary dinner among a crowd of other people. 'Ah yes, I remember,' he said, and then he went on: 'At that time I had a great respect for the name you bore, but you yourself were little known. Now you are well known. You have made a reputation, but you will go further yet. You

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have a great future before you, and you deserve it.' I bowed profoundly, and said something about his having given up literature. 'Yes,' he said, 'one does not settle these things for oneself, and politics and literature both are very attractive; still, in the one one's work lasts, and in the other it doesn't.' He went on to say that he had given up literature because he was not one of those people who can do two things at once, but that he admired most the men like Cicero, who could. Then we talked of Cicero, Bolingbroke, and Burke. Later in the evening, in the drawing-room, we talked again. I mentioned William Forster's name, telling him my connection with him, and he spoke most highly of him and of his prospects, saying, just as I always say, how his culture and ideas distinguished him from the mob of Radicals. He spoke strongly of the harm he and Stansfeld and such men suffered in letting themselves be 'appropriated,' as he called it, by Palmerston, with whom they really had not the least agreement. Of Bright's powers as a speaker he spoke very highly, but thought his cultivation defective and his powers of mind not much; for Cobden's powers of mind he professed the highest admiration. 'He was born a Statesman,' he said, 'and his reasoning is always like a Statesman's, and striking.' He ended by asking if I lived in London, and begging me to come and see him. I daresay this will not go beyond my leaving a card, but

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at all events what I have already seen of him is very interesting. I daresay the chief of what he said about me myself was said in consequence of Lady de Rothschild, for whom he has a great admiration, having told him she had a high opinion of me; but it is only from politicians who have themselves felt the spell of literature that one gets these charming speeches. Imagine Palmerston or Lord Granville making them; or again, Lowe or Cardwell. The Disraelis went this morning. Of the Bishop and his sermon I must tell you in my next. I had hardly any talk with him. He too is now gone, but there is a large party to-night again; early to-morrow morning I return to London. My love to Fan.—Your ever affectionate M. A.

To Lady de Rothschild

THE ATHENÆUM, *January* 29, 1864.

MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD—I stupidly left behind me this morning my dressing-case and an umbrella. Will you kindly let them come up the next time you are sending anything to Grosvenor Place. I can perfectly well do without them in the meantime. The umbrella was Mrs. Arnold's, so to the sin of carelessness I have added the sin of robbery.

If Mr. John Abel Smith is with you pray tell him that I have posted his letter. And

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pray mention in another quarter that when I am invited to receive adieux I expect an interview, not a drowsy good-bye from the other side of a shut door. But I was born for ill-treatment; you know how Mademoiselle de Lagrénée treated me at Mentmore.

I had a most pleasant time at Aston Clinton, and now I must again fix my mind on Bonstetten's excellent text: 'Rien ne sauve dans cette vie-ci que l'occupation et le travail.'—Most sincerely yours, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

My hands are so frozen that I should refuse myself a grant if I had to mark my own handwriting.

To his Mother

THE ATHENÆUM, *February* 2, 1864.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I am glad you and Fan are going to the peace and warmth of Helm Lodge, and hope to hear you are quite set up again by it. Remember me very kindly to Mr. and Mrs. Crewdson.

I have a note from Macmillan, who is an extremely intelligent, active man, sending me a cheque for my article,[1] and saying he only wished he could afford to pay it in any degree in proportion to its worth—so excellent and important did he think it. If one can interest

[1] *A French Eton*, Part II.

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and carry along with one men like him, one will do. I have sent the articles to two men whom I think it important to interest in the question — Cobden and Sir John Pakington; Cobden because of his influence with the middle classes, Pakington because of his lead among the educationists. From Cobden I had an interesting letter, written on the receipt of the articles, before he read them, to say that he should certainly read them and was prepared to be interested, but that his main interest was in the condition of the lower class. But I am convinced that nothing can be done effectively to raise this class except through the agency of a transformed middle class; for, till the middle class is transformed, the aristocratic class, which will do nothing effectively, will rule. Tell Fan I don't want the September *Macmillan*[1] now. I don't think it worth while to send you these shilling magazines, but if you won't otherwise see my article, I will.

The Bishop of Oxford had a rather difficult task of it in his sermon,[2] for opposite to him was ranged all the house of Israel, and he is a man who likes to make things pleasant to those he is on friendly terms with. He preached on Abraham, his force of character and his influence on his family; he fully saved his honour by introducing the mention

[1] Containing *A French Eton*, Part I.
[2] On the opening of a school at Buckland, near Aston Clinton.

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of Christianity three or four times, but the sermon was in general a sermon which Jews as well as Christians could receive. His manner and delivery are well worth studying, and I am very glad to have heard him. A truly emotional spirit he undoubtedly has beneath his outside of society-haunting and men-pleasing, and each of the two lives he leads gives him the more zest for the other. Any real power of mind he has not. Some of the thinking, or pretended thinking, in his sermon was sophistical and hollow beyond belief. I was interested in finding how instinctively Lady de Rothschild had seized on this. His chaplain told me, however, that I had not heard him at his best, as he certainly preached under some constraint. Where he was excellent was in his speeches at luncheon afterwards — gay, easy, cordial, and wonderfully happy. He went on to Marlow after luncheon. We had another great dinner in the evening, with dancing afterwards. I sat and talked most of the evening to Lady de Rothschild. The next morning I breakfasted in my own room, was off in Lady de Rothschild's little Viennese carriage to the station at a quarter past eight, and was at a school in Covent Garden at ten. These occasional appearances in the world I like— no, I do not like them, but they do one good, and one learns something from them; but, as a general rule, I agree with all the

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men of soul from Pythagoras to Byron in thinking that this type of society is the most drying, wasting, depressing, and fatal thing possible.—Your ever affectionate M. A.

To the Same

THE ATHENÆUM, *February* 11, 1864.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I am glad you liked the second part of my *French Eton*, and I think it will in time produce much effect. I shall have several letters to send you which I have received about it, but have not got them with me at this moment — one from Cobden, very interesting. I send you one I got last night from a middle-class mother. It may burn. I also send you a note from Pakington. To him and Cobden I sent the *Macmillan*, because Cobden is a sort of representative of the middle classes, and Pakington is the statesman most inclined, in education matters, to take the course I want to see taken. Pakington had not read my articles when he wrote, but what he says of my French book is valuable, because it is important that these people should have a good opinion of one's *judgment*. Pakington's note Fan may as well keep part of as an autograph, he having been a Cabinet Minister. I send, too, a note of Coventry Patmore's, in case she wishes to have the

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autograph of that worthy but mildish author. I send another letter from my German friend, which may burn.

I am so pressed by school work just now that I cannot finish my *French Eton* till the April number of *Macmillan*. In this next fortnight I have my lecture for Oxford to write, but I have a good subject which has been some time in my head.

In my notions about the State I am quite papa's son, and his continuator. I often think of this—the more so because in this direction he has had so few who felt with him. But I inherit from him a deep sense of what, in the Greek and Roman world, was sound and rational.—Your ever affectionate M. A.

To the Same

THE ATHENÆUM, *February* 16, 1864.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—You will have seen the *Spectator* of this week,[1] which pleases me very much. The *Nonconformist*, Miall's organ, has taken the alarm, and in an anxious notice in the last number says, 'Mr. Arnold has no notion of the depth of the feeling against State interference,' etc. But I have—of the depth of the feeling among the *Dissenting ministers*, who have hitherto greatly swayed the middle

[1] On 'Middle-Class Etons.'

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class. But I shall come to this in my next article. I mean, as I told Fan in the autumn, to deliver the middle class out of the hand of their Dissenting ministers. The mere difficulty of the task is itself rather an additional incentive to undertake it. The *malaise* of the Council Office, as they see me gradually bringing to their fold fresh sheep whom they by no means want, will be comic. But the present entire independence of middle-class education is here an advantage to me; it being not in any way an official matter, the Council Office cannot complain of my treating it, as one of the public, without appearing to think our existing Education Department the least concerned. Last night Laurie dined with us, and in the middle of dessert proposed to Tom and Dick to start for Astley's to see the Pantomime. You may imagine their delight at this sudden proposal, and off they went, and were not back till twelve. We have heard from Budge. He sent a valentine to each of his sisters. He seemed in very fair spirits, and is beginning Greek. Love to Fan.—Your ever affectionate M. A.

To Lady de Rothschild

THE ATHENÆUM, *March* 15, 1864.

MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD — I am perfectly miserable with fret and worry in

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composing the last part of my *French Eton* under difficulties. The difficulties are the daily inspection of a large school, where, instead of finding everything perfectly prepared for me, as it was in Bell Lane, I have to go through every schedule myself, correcting the errors and supplying the omissions of the Managers and teachers. Imagine the pleasure of finding out for oneself from each of 500 boys what his father is; and if, as generally happens, he is a tradesman, of finding out besides whether he is a small or great tradesman, and how many people he employs! Such is inspection at present. You saw, however, that Mr. Lowe had to give way the other night, and I think there are other and graver storms brewing for him. My very kind remembrances at Aston Clinton.—Yours ever sincerely,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To his Mother

CHESTER SQUARE, *March* 17, 1864.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I send you a note from Smith and Elder, which may burn. To the last day I live I shall never get over a sense of gratitude and surprise at finding my productions acceptable, when I see so many people all round me so hard put to it to find a market. This comes from a deep sense

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of the native similarity of people's spirits, and that if one spirit seems richer than another, it is rather that it has been given to him to *find* more things, which it might equally have been given to others to find, than that he has seized or invented them by superior power and merit. My Oxford lecture[1] will be in this next *Cornhill*, but a good deal about Protestantism is left out, as I think I told you it would be, as it could not be stated fully enough quite to explain and secure itself. I am bothered about the third part of my *French Eton*, but I hope to-morrow and Saturday may bring it to something I like. After Monday I shall have done with writing for a week or ten days. My love to all. — Your ever affectionate M. A.

To Lady de Rothschild

2 Chester Square, *March* 25, 1864.

My dear Lady de Rothschild—The *French Eton* could not be finished, owing to all the interruptions I told you of—interruptions which disabled me beyond the power of being revived even by your too flattering sentences. Now I shall go to work again in the comparative leisure of next week. But what an east wind this is, and how it exasperates everything that

[1] 'Pagan and Christian Religious Sentiment.'

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is furious, vicious, and contrary in one! Let me know if you are likely to be in London this week or next. Work thickens upon me, and I am afraid there is hardly any chance of my getting at present a delightful day's breathing space at Aston Clinton. With kindest remembrances to all my friends there, I am always, most sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To the Same

CHESTER SQUARE, *April* 7, 1864.

DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD—I have again to go to Brentford to-morrow, but I shall be delighted to go to the play on Saturday, only there must be no falling asleep. If you ask me what to go to, I say *Leah*, because I have not seen it, and I have seen most of the other things that are being given now; but I will go with meekness and contentment to whatever you please.

I hope Dicky's invasion was not too terrible this morning. He says you were all extremely kind to him.—Ever sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

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TO HIS MOTHER

To his Mother

HAVERHILL B.S., *April* 29, 1864.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—This is a place on the borders between Cambridgeshire, Suffolk, and Essex—not three very lovely counties, yet this is their prettiest region, and any country would be pretty now, with the fruit-trees all in blossom and spring in full flush everywhere, if it were not for the horrible and hateful north-east wind. Edward thinks my life is all ease. Now I will tell him of my two last days and to-day. The day before yesterday up at seven. Wrote letters and so on till breakfast. At half-past nine off in the Woods' waggonette (how is the beast of a word spelt?) to the Mark's Tey station for Ipswich. Ipswich at eleven. A great British school, 250 boys, 150 girls, and 150 infants, and the pupil-teachers of these schools to examine. I fell at once to work with the Standards. My assistant joined me from London at half-past twelve. I worked in the Girls' School, with the pupil-teachers on one side the room and the Standards drafted in, one after the other, on the other side. My assistant in the Boys' and Infants' Schools. I had a perpetual stream of visitors from the town—people interested in the schools. Biscuits and wine were brought to me where I was, and I never left the room till four, except for five

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minutes to run to a shop and buy a stud I wanted. At four I departed, and reached Copford at half-past five. My assistant returned to London by the six o'clock train, and between us we finished that school in the day. Yesterday off by the same train back to Ipswich, took the Wesleyan school, 120 children, and at half-past one took the train to Hadleigh, getting a biscuit at the station. Reached Hadleigh at half-past two. Could get nothing but a taxed cart and pony, and a half-drunk cripple to drive —six miles by cross-country roads to Boxford. Got there at half-past three. By half-past four had polished them off—only thirty children—and was back at Hadleigh at half-past five. Got to Copford at half-past seven, in time for an eight o'clock dinner. This morning off as before. A school of sixty children at this little town. Began them at eleven and finished at one. Have since remained in the school, receiving visits from the Managers and writing letters, till I leave by the 3.15 train, which will get me to London at 6.30. Next week I have the same sort of days throughout, then I return to London, or rather to Woodford, for good. I have left Dicky behind me at Copford, where they are very kind to him. I pick him up there next Thursday, and take him with me to Woodford. We have got the Rectory at six guineas a week. You and Fan will see it, for now, of course, you will have to pay your

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visit to us—only nine miles from the City, and trains every hour. Read my Part III.[1] in this *Macmillan*, and make Edward read it. I have written, to my own mind, nothing better.—Your ever affectionate M. A.

To Lady de Rothschild

THE ATHENÆUM, *May* 10, 1864.

DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD—Again and again I have meant to come and ask after your invalid, but I just get here, within reach of the Belgravian paradise, when I am swept back again into the outer darkness of Fenchurch Street and Essex. For we are now at *the Rectory, Woodford, Essex*, the rector being abroad for his health. How I wish you would drive down some day to luncheon and let your invalid breathe the fresh air, and see the cowslips, which the natives thought were exhausted in all that neighbourhood, and which I have rediscovered. We have a garden, and a field, and a shrubbery, and bees, and cows, and rabbits, and a dog. I think that is nearly all, but you will allow it is a long list; and a large rambling house, ill furnished, but that does not matter at this season of the year, and its size is a great comfort.

Find time to look at the last part of my *French Eton*, with which, after all, I am better

[1] Of *A French Eton*.

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pleased than I generally am with what I write on a subject I greatly care about. People say it is *revolutionary*, but all unconstrained thinking tends, perhaps, to be a little revolutionary. Now I am reading the works of others — all the Oxford prize compositions for this year, and terrible work it is, worse even than writing one's rubbish.—Ever most sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To M. E. Grant Duff, M.P.

WOODFORD, *May* 24, 1864.

MY DEAR GRANT DUFF — Thank you for sending me your notice,[1] but I had already seen it in the notice-paper, to my great pleasure. As to the importance of calling attention to the general question, there can be no doubt of that; but it is well, also, to take the distinction which you have taken between *liberal* and *learned* education, because this is one of the things which the public has got into its head, and one can do most with the public by availing oneself of one of these things. To give the means of learning Greek, for instance, but not to make Greek obligatory, is a proposal, for secondary

[1] 'To call attention to the expediency of making the Secondary Endowed Schools throughout the country more available for the purposes of those who wish to give their children a liberal but not a learned education.'—May 19, 1864.

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education, which half the world are now prepared to prick up their ears if you make. I am glad you have employed and given official stamp to that useful word *secondary*.

I shall come some day and see the honour that has been done to my poems. One is from time to time seized and irresistibly carried along by a temptation to treat political, or religious, or social matters, directly; but after yielding to such a temptation I always feel myself recoiling again, and disposed to touch them only so far as they can be touched through poetry.—Ever sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To his Mother

10 ST. GEORGE'S CRESCENT, LLANDUDNO,
August 7, 1864.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—This is last week's letter, and you shall have another this. Yesterday morning, instead of writing to you, as I had intended, I started with dear old Tom for the interior of the country, being sick of lodging-houses and seaside. We got by rail some four or five miles on the Llanrwst road, and then struck up a gorge to the right, where there is a waterfall. After this drought the waterfall was not much, but we continued up the valley, which was very austere and wild,

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till we got to Llyn Eigiau, or the Lake of Shallows, lying under very fine precipices, and stretching up to the roots of Carnedd Llewellyn, the second highest mountain in Wales, some three or four hundred feet higher than Scafell. After sitting a long while by the lake, in loneliness itself, we came back by another valley, that of the river Dulyn, which flows from two small lakes, which we hope to explore on Tuesday. This mountain mass in which Carnedd Llewellyn stands is very little visited, except the hills just over Aber, and yesterday we saw not a single tourist, though here and on all the great lines they swarm. The charm of Wales is the extent of the country which gives you untouched masses which the tourists do not reach; and then the new race, language, and literature give it a charm and novelty which the Lake country can never have. Wales is as full of traditions and associations as Cumberland and Westmorland are devoid of them. The very sands we can see from this house, the Lavan Sands, or Sands of Waiting, between this and Beaumaris, have more story about them than all the Lake Country. You may imagine how I like having dear old Tom with me, and how he enjoys it. He stays till Thursday. The bathing in the sea is spoilt by the vile jelly-fish, which sting frightfully, and both Budge and I caught it the first day we were here. They used, I remember, to torment me

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at Abergele in old days. But it is the rivers and lakes of fresh water which my heart desires, and to these I shall get as much as I can while I am here.

This house is clean and comfortable, and the rooms are good; but lodging and everything else is very expensive. For our rooms only we have to pay £7 a week. I should not come here again, both on this account, and also because I think the Headland, fine as it is, gets wearisome when one has nothing else, and I hate to be cut off by a dull peninsula of some four miles from Conway and the mainland.

I have a great deal to tell you. You will see the newspapers. I hear Goldwin Smith has attacked me as 'a jaunty gentleman' in the *Daily News*, but I have not seen it. The children all well and very happy.—Your ever most affectionate M. A.

To the Same

LLANDUDNO, *August* 20, 1864.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—To-morrow is your birthday. May you see many more of them, for the good and happiness of all of us! I hoped dear old Tom would have passed the day with me and helped to keep it, but last night we had a line from him to say that he and Julia had decided to go to Clifton. The climate of Clifton at this season is as bad and oppressive

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as that of Llandudno is good and fortifying, and will do Mary[1] no good at all, whereas this would have been just the thing for her. Flu had been indefatigable looking for lodgings for them, but luckily had not actually engaged anything. Dear old Tom and I should have had some more walks, and I regret his not coming exceedingly; and they will probably pay just as much at Clifton as they would have paid here, only they will certainly get better rooms for their money. We have just returned from a delightful little excursion, on which I should much like to have taken Fan. Flu had never seen Llanberis, so the day before yesterday she, I, Dicky, and Lucy started by train for Carnarvon. The two elder boys preferred staying at home, or they would have been the two to go; but I find Lucy and Dick are the two real travel-lovers of the family. At Carnarvon the children dined at the Uxbridge Arms, and then began, for me, the real pleasure. We started in a car, for the railroad ends at Carnarvon, and drove that beautiful eight miles to Llanberis. I don't know whether you remember the sudden change at the half-way house from the dull fertile flat which borders the sea to Llyn Padarn and the mountains. And such a mountain as Snowdon is! We have nothing that comes within a hundred miles of him. We could not get in at the best

[1] Afterwards Mrs. Humphry Ward.

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inn, the Victoria, so we went to a new one, the Padarn Villa Hotel, which turned out well enough. The day was perfectly fine and clear, and having ordered dinner at seven, we went to that beautiful waterfall on the way up Snowdon, about half a mile from the hotel. The fall was beautiful even in this weather, and indeed the green at Llanberis was as fresh and bright as in Switzerland, in spite of the drought. The children had their tea at one end of the table while we had dinner at the other; and then, while Flu put them to bed, I strolled to the Dolbadarn tower, and had a long look at the two beautiful lakes and the pass in the moonlight. Next morning we started at eleven in a carriage and pair for Llanrwst. A soft gray morning, with a little mist passing on and off the tops of the highest hills. Flu enjoyed the pass as much as I could have desired, and indeed it is most impressive; my recollection by no means did it justice. Then by Capel Curig and the Fall of the Llugwy to that beautiful Bettws-y-Coed and Llanrwst. At Llanrwst we dined, and got back here by the train a little after eight o'clock. The people travelling about in Wales, and their quality, beggar description. It is a social revolution which is taking place, and to observe it may well fill one with reflection. Now we are off for Penmaenmawr, which Flu wants to see. On Wednesday we leave for Liverpool, and you shall have notice at what time Budge and Dick are

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likely to reach you. How very pleasant to have had all the girls together! My love to all. Tell dear old Banks to get me some worms, if he is well enough for that. I have had no fishing here.—Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

To Miss Arnold

LLANDUDNO, *Saturday* (*August* 1864).

MY DEAREST FAN—I *will* write my this week's letter, and it shall be to you, that I may send you the photograph of your god-daughter. If ever such a duck was seen on this earth! Flu will have told you that whereas they charge extra for doing children of that age, because they are so much trouble and have to be repeated so often, the whole affair with Nelly did not take five minutes. She stood exactly as she was bid, wearing the highly good face, and was a success the first time. I send you also one of myself, Maull and Polyblank, that they have done for their series. It is not good, but perhaps somewhat less offensive than most that have been done of me. Now mind you answer this with a long letter, and tell me in it if you don't think Nelly looks a duck.

You know my habits, and therefore you can imagine what it is to me to be chained to the house, or very near it, by a troublesome toe. In the first place, a blister came from (I imagine)

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boots too tight across the toes ; then this hardened into a sort of corn, and by trying to get rid of this I have made a painful place, which has not been improved by my persisting in walking with dear old Tom on these hard, hot ways. I have now taken to wet lint round the toe and nominal abstinence from walking. Yesterday, however, I was for three hours and a half on the Great Orme, most of it with bare feet, however, and this evening I shall manage to get an hour or two there. But what is this when I see Carnedd Llewellyn opposite to me, and all the hills steeped in an ethereal Italian atmosphere that makes one long to be amongst them ? Till yesterday I have thought this place bleak and harsh ; and still I miss rivers and green fields, and would rather be at a Welsh farm among the mountains. However, this suits the children best. But yesterday brought an air and sun which perfectly transfigured the place. The poetry of the Celtic race and its names of places quite overpowers me, and it will be long before Tom forgets the line, 'Hear from thy grave, great Taliesin, hear !'—from Gray's 'Bard,' of which I gave him the benefit some hundred times a day on our excursions. We all liked having him, and he liked being here, and I think in a week will come back with Gertie and Mary. All interests are here—Celts, Romans, Saxons, Druidism, Middle Age, Caer, Castle, Cromlech, Abbey,—and this glorious sea and mountains with it all. I am

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perfectly idle, or at least I study only Murray's *Handbook* (excellent) and the Ordnance Map. There are one or two people here: the Liddells, with whom we dined; the Scudamore Stanhopes, him I slightly knew at Oxford; the Dean of Chichester, a clergyman or two, who have called. We go to Susy, as I told mamma; and to you, I hope, this day fortnight. Budge says he does not care for this place much, but shall like coming to Fox How 'awfully.' I think we shall go to the Forsters at the end of our time —about the 1st of October—for two or three days on our way back to London. I have had a second letter from Bruce,[1] thanking me in the most flattering manner for my suggestions as to the *personnel* of the Commission, and now asking me for my opinion as to the scope which shall be given to the inquiry. I would sooner write in this way than be stuck personally forward in fifty Commissions. My love to everybody.—
Your ever affectionate M. A.

To J. Dykes Campbell

Fox How, *September* 22, 1864.

I am much tempted to say something about the Enoch Arden volume. I agree with you in thinking 'Enoch Arden' itself very good indeed —perhaps the best thing Tennyson has done;

[1] Vice-President of the Council; afterwards Lord Aberdare.

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'Tithonus' I do not like quite so well. But is it possible for one who has himself published verses to print a criticism on Tennyson in which perfect freedom shall be used? And without perfect freedom, what is a criticism worth? I do not think Tennyson a great and powerful spirit in any line—as Goethe was in the line of modern thought, Wordsworth in that of contemplation, Byron even in that of passion; and unless a poet, especially a poet at this time of day, is that, my interest in him is only slight, and my conviction that he will not finally stand high is firm. But is it possible or proper for me to say this about Tennyson, when my saying it would inevitably be attributed to odious motives? Therefore, though the temptation to speak—especially because I should probably say something so totally different from what the writer in the *Spectator* supposes—is great, I shall probably say nothing.

To Lady de Rothschild

Fox How, Ambleside,
September 25, 1864.

My dear Lady de Rothschild—I have just come back from the Highlands, where no letters followed me, and I find here yours of last month, with its enclosure. It was just like you to send the *Cornhill* to Disraeli, and then to send me his letter. It[1] was the kind of article he was most

[1] 'The Literary Influence of Academies.'

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likely to be taken by, and therefore excellently, and with your usual tact, chosen. I shall keep his letter unless you tell me you want it back. I saw Sir Anthony was at the Agricultural Meeting to hear him speak the other day, and wondered whether you were there too.

So you have been in the Saxon Switzerland and at Prague! I should, of course, have enjoyed the Saxon Switzerland with you and your party, but I do not greatly care for it in itself; but Prague I have never seen, and have the greatest possible desire to see. But at present I am full of the Highlands, which I had never seen till this year, except a glimpse of the outskirts of them which I got when a boy of eight years old. I have been up in Ross-shire, and a more impressive country I never saw. After being used to this Lake country, over which you could throw a pocket-handkerchief, the extent of the Highlands gives a sense of vastness; and then the desolation, which in Switzerland, with the meadows, industry, and population of the valleys, one never has; but in the Highlands, miles and miles and miles of mere heather and peat and rocks, and not a soul. And then the sea comes up into the land on the west coast, and the mountain forms are there quite magnificent. Norway alone, I imagine, has country like it. Then also I have a great *penchant* for the Celtic races, with their melancholy and unprogressiveness. I fished a great deal, and that is a distraction of

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the first order. You should make Sir Anthony take a lodge up there for two or three years. There is no such change, and no such delightful sort of shooting, and the lodges are as comfortable as London houses. And think of the blessing you and your daughters would be to the Highland cabins round you!

If you have an opportunity, I wish you would ask some of your Frankfort relations to try and get a fragment of Goethe's handwriting. I am not a collector, but the other day I had a poem of Wordsworth's in his own handwriting given me, and I should like to have something of Goethe's as a pendant to it. They are the two moderns (very different) I most care for. There is an excellent article on Wordsworth in this last *North British*. Read it by all means. For my part, I have been idle 'as a brute,' as Victor Hugo says, and I have done nothing of all I meant to do. I have been very much pressed to write a criticism on Tennyson, *apropos* of his new volume; but is this possible to be done with the requisite freedom by any one who has published verses himself? I mean, for instance, I do not think Tennyson a *grand et puissant esprit*, and therefore I do not really set much store by him, in spite of his popularity; but is it possible for me to say this? I think not. My kindest regards to your daughters.—Yours ever most sincerely,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

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TO LADY DE ROTHSCHILD

To the Same

British and Foreign School Society,
Borough Road, London,
October 14, 1864.

My dear Lady de Rothschild—If I were not obliged to be here I should come and see you to-day, though I daresay I should find you fled to the country. Aston Clinton is always pleasant, but never so pleasant as when you are by yourselves; but next week I am hopelessly tied and bound—two days here, and three in the north of Essex. But I am so worried with work of different kinds that I should be very bad company even if my schools left me free. I have a bad time before me all up to Christmas. At the beginning of the year I am not without hopes of being sent abroad by the new Middle Class Schools Commission. But let me know some day when you will be in town, and I will come and see you at luncheon. Might we not, some day before the terrible reign of Pantomimes begins, go to some theatre?—something *franchement comique* this time. I hear Charles Mathews is in some new piece which is very good. You see I am ingenious in inventing palliatives to the hard destiny which keeps me from Aston Clinton. My kindest regards to your daughters and niece. I hope I shall see the latter when I come to luncheon (if you will let me) in

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Grosvenor Place; let it be before she goes back to Vienna. I hope croquêt is now played at Aston Clinton with one hand. I must go back to my charming occupation of hearing students give lessons. Here is my programme for this afternoon: Avalanches—The Steam-Engine—The Thames—India Rubber—Bricks—The Battle of Poictiers—Subtraction—The Reindeer—The Gunpowder Plot—The Jordan. Alluring, is it not? Twenty minutes each, and the days of one's life are only threescore years and ten.—Ever yours sincerely,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To his Mother

THE ATHENÆUM, *December* 7, 1864.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I must write a very hurried letter if this is to go to-day. I have been correcting proofs, and been so long over a note I have to put in that I have left myself hardly any time. When you wrote you had probably not seen the *Saturday Review*, which contains a long, elaborate attack on me, of nearly four columns.[1] It is by Fitzjames Stephen, and is due partly to his being Colenso's advocate,

[1] 'Mr. Matthew Arnold and his Countrymen,' *Saturday Review*, December 3, 1864; criticising M. A.'s 'Function of Criticism at the present time,' which appeared in the *National Review*, November 1864.

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partly also to his ideas being naturally very antagonistic to mine. He meant to be as civil as he could, consistently with attacking me *au fond;* and yesterday he sent his wife to call, as a proof, I suppose, that he wishes amity. He begins, too, with a shower of polite expressions. His complaint that I do not argue reminds me of dear old Edward, who always says when any of his family do not go his way, that they do not reason. However, my sinuous, easy, unpolemical mode of proceeding has been adopted by me, first, because I really think it the best way of proceeding if one wants to get at, and keep with, truth; secondly, because I am convinced only by a literary form of this kind being given to them can ideas such as mine ever gain any access in a country such as ours. So from anything like a direct answer, or direct controversy, I shall religiously abstain; but here and there I shall take an opportunity of putting back this and that matter into its true light, if I think he has pulled them out of it; and I have the idea of a paper for the *Cornhill*, about March, to be called 'My Countrymen,' and in which I may be able to say a number of things I want to say, about the course of this Middle Class Education matter amongst others. Mr. Wright, the translator of Homer, has printed a letter of attack upon my Homer lectures, but it is of no consequence.—
Your ever affectionate M. A.

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TO MRS. FORSTER

To Mrs. Forster

THE ATHENÆUM, *January* 3, 1865.

MY DEAREST K.—I send you the enclosed, because I know you and William will be interested. Lord Lyttelton is a gruff man, who says less than he means generally, so his 'strongly approving' is very strong.[1] I wrote to him because I would not for the world have asked William, connected as we are, to start the matter in the Commission; besides, Lord Lyttelton knew what had passed about it in the last Commission; but now, when Lord Taunton brings the matter before the Commission and reads my letter, I daresay William will support it. I think I have made out a strong case for sending some one, and perhaps even the Anti-State Members of the Commission will be willing enough to collect *information* as to State systems. I must talk to William before the Commission meets, because I think some one should go to America also. France, Germany, Switzerland, Lombardy, and the United States of America are the important countries. Holland is said to be still, as it was in Cuvier's time, not up, in its middle-class schools, to the mark of its primary schools.

[1] Lord Lyttelton was a member of the Schools Inquiry Commission, at whose instance Matthew Arnold undertook, in 1865, a foreign tour, to inquire into the Secondary Education of the Continent.

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TO MRS. FORSTER

Walter will have told you about Temple. It is like him thus to try and take a question *by force*. I had mentioned him to Bruce as a man who certainly ought to be on the Commission, *if* he could be there without offence to the private schoolmasters.

Did you notice what Bazley[1] said about the education of his own class at Manchester some weeks ago, and what Bright said yesterday, and the difference? I note all these things, however slight, with interest.

Is not Macmillan's new Shakespeare wonderful? He is going to bring out a large-paper edition, which I will give you on your next birthday. Text and punctuation seem to me excellent.

I am afraid, as the Commission does not meet for some weeks, William will not come up much before Parliament meets. I have some wonderful St. Péray Edward gave me, waiting for him. I have had a blinding cold, but it is better. Kiss all your darlings for me, and love to William.—Your ever affectionate M. A.

To the Same

THE ATHENÆUM, *January* 6 (1865).

MY DEAREST K.—How long will William be in town when he comes up for the meeting[2] on

[1] Sir Thomas Bazley, M.P. for Manchester.
[2] Of the Schools Inquiry Commission.

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the 24th? Will he dine with us on that day? I wish him well through his speech.[1] I am being driven furious by seven hundred closely-written grammar papers, which I have to look over, and an obstinate cold in my head at the same time.

American example is perhaps likely to make most impression on England, though I doubt even this just now. (The students in the Training Colleges had for their composition this year to write a letter from an English emigrant to the United States describing the state of things there, and there is not *really* 1 per cent who does not take the strongest possible side for the Confederates, and you know from what class these students are drawn.) However, the subject being secondary instruction, an instruction in direct correspondence with higher instruction and intellectual life, I cannot admit that any countries are more worth studying, as regards secondary instruction, than those in which intellectual life has been carried farthest—Germany first, and, in the second degree, France. Indeed, I am convinced that as *Science*, in the widest sense of the word, meaning a true knowledge of things as the basis of our operations, becomes, as it does become, more of a power in the world, the weight of the nations and men who have carried the intellectual life farthest will be more and more felt; indeed, I see signs

[1] On general politics; at Bradford, January 10, 1865.

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of this already. That England may run well in this race is my deepest desire; and to stimulate her and to make her feel how many clogs she wears, and how much she has to do in order to run in it as her genius gives her the power to run, is the object of all I do.—Your ever affectionate M. A.

To his Mother

EDUCATION DEPARTMENT, COUNCIL OFFICE,
DOWNING STREET, LONDON,
January 21, 1865.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—Again I am at the very end of the week, but you will get my letter on Sunday morning, a morning on which it is always pleasant to have letters. My Essays are nearly printed, but they have taken a long time, and till I have finally got the Preface to stand as I like, I shall not feel that the book[1] is off my hands. The Preface will make you laugh. I see the *Nonconformist*, Miall's paper, of all papers in the world, has this week an article on Provinciality, and speaks of me as 'a writer who, by the power both of his thoughts and of his style, is beginning to attract great attention.' And the new number of the *Quarterly* has a note speaking of my 'beautiful essay on Marcus Aurelius,' and urging me to translate Epictetus, so as to make him readable by all the world. So

[1] *Essays in Criticism.* 1865.

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I think the moment is, on the whole, favourable for the Essays; and in going through them I am struck by the admirable riches of human nature that are brought to light in the group of persons of whom they treat, and the sort of unity that as a book to stimulate the better humanity in us the volume has. Then, of course, if this book succeeds, the way is the more clear for my bringing in my favourite notions yet further; if I can only, as Marcus Aurelius says, keep 'the balance true, and my mind even.' If I can do Vinet to my mind it will be a great thing, and I shall have reached the Dissenters and the Middle Class; then I shall stop for the present.

——'s speech was, as you say, good in style, and with much of what he puts forth I agree. He, however, with his liking for the United States and all that, always tends to foster the pure English element in us, as I think, to excess. I hate all over-preponderance of single elements, and all my efforts are directed to enlarge and complete us by bringing in as much as possible of Greek, Latin, Celtic authors. More and more I see hopes of fruit by steadily working in this direction. To be too much with the Americans is like living with somebody who has all one's own bad habits and tendencies. My love to Fan, and to Rowland, and to Banks. —Your ever affectionate M. A.

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TO LADY DE ROTHSCHILD

To Lady de Rothschild

THE ATHENÆUM, *February* 11 (1865).

MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD—I shook my head disapprovingly when I saw your handwriting this morning, though, of course, I could not help reading the contents with pleasure and satisfaction; but I do hope you will go slowly, and not overtask yourself. I had read the Preface[1] to a brother and sister of mine, and they received it in such solemn silence that I began to tremble; then —— is always thrown into a nervous tremor by my writing anything which she thinks likely to draw down attacks on me; so altogether I needed the refreshment of your sympathy. I am amused at having already received a note from Arthur Stanley asking for the reference to the passages in Spinoza which militate against his view of the prophets.

I write this at the Athenæum, having been both morning and afternoon at the Free School. The Baroness Lionel was there in the morning. What an awful morning it was! The attendance of children was immense, in spite of the day. I complained of the girls chattering and looking at one another's work incessantly, but they were so crowded that their sins in this respect ought not, perhaps, to be judged too severely.

I hope it will not be very long before I see

[1] To *Essays in Criticism*.

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you again. Meanwhile pray take all possible care of yourself, and believe me, with the most cordial regards to your daughters, ever sincerely yours, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To his Mother

THE ATHENÆUM, *March* 3, 1865.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I am late this week again, but now my lecture is coming near, and the mass I have been led into reading for it oppresses me and still keeps swelling. However, to-morrow I hope to fairly begin and write. It must be in the morning, as in the afternoon I have promised to go with the children to the Zoological Gardens. On Monday night I go with Flu, Tom, and Dick to the Haymarket to see *Lord Dundreary* and other things, and on Wednesday poor Dick returns to school. It is time he went, as he is now quite well again; but we shall miss him awfully, and he has that slight look of delicacy which just makes one shrink from sending him away. But I believe the change of air to Blackheath will do him great service. He is perfectly good, and as happy as the day is long. Little Tom is, for him, all right, as you will judge from his going to the play. We have had a tolerable allowance of sickness this winter, and I should like to leave them all sound and flourishing. I have heard as

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yet nothing officially, but William says my going is as good as settled. Jane dined with us last night and told us so.

I hear my book is doing very well. The *Spectator* is very well, but the article has Hutton's fault of seeing so very far into a millstone. No one has a stronger and more abiding sense than I have of the 'dæmonic' element—as Goethe called it—which underlies and encompasses our life; but I think, as Goethe thought, that the right thing is, while conscious of this element, and of all that there is inexplicable round one, to keep pushing on one's posts into the darkness, and to establish no post that is not perfectly in light and firm. One gains nothing on the darkness by being, like Shelley, as incoherent as the darkness itself.

The *North British* has an excellent article, treating my critical notions at length and very ably. They object to my 'vivacities,' and so on, but then it is a Scotchman who writes. The best justification of the Preface is the altered tone of the *Saturday*.

I say nothing about dear Mary except to send her my love with all my heart. Love to dear Fan too.—Your ever affectionate M. A.

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TO MISS QUILLINAN

To Miss Quillinan[1]

March 8, 1865.

MY DEAR MISS QUILLINAN—I was puzzled by your letter, for, I am sorry to say, the volume of my Essays did *not* come from me. The book is Macmillan's, not mine, as my Poems were, and I have had so few copies at my own disposal that they have not even sufficed to go the round of my own nearest relations, to whom I have always been accustomed to send what I write.

But I have just learned that the book was sent to you by my mother, and that removes the gift not so very far from myself. I hope you will find the Essays, or some of them, at any rate, pleasant reading.

We have had a bad winter—poor little Tom very ill, and most of the others more or less unwell, one after the other. And as the unwellness of Dicky and Nelly had a rash along with it, people uttered the horrible word *scarlatina*, though it was nothing of the kind, gave us a great fright, and caused our house to be regarded with suspicion for weeks. However, all that is at last over, and to-morrow all the children are going to a party, which will show you there cannot be much the matter. Nelly looks like a little country boy in petticoats, but she is begin-

[1] Elder daughter of Edward Quillinan of Rydal, commemorated in *Poems*, 1853.

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ning to show an anxiety about dress which is truly feminine. Dicky has been kept away from school by his rash, but on Monday he returns. They all send their love, and so does Fanny Lucy, to you and Rotha. I am expecting to be sent abroad by this new School Commission, but that will not, I hope, prevent me from being in September at Fox How as usual.—Ever most sincerely yours, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To his Mother

THE ATHENÆUM, *March* 11, 1865.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—It is settled that I go abroad. I got the Commissioners' letter on Thursday morning, got Lord Granville's consent last night, and this morning I have sent in my formal letter of acceptance to the Commissioners. It is an eight months' affair—at least, the pay is to last eight months. I have got leave of absence for six months, and the report I must write while going on with my schools as usual. I start on the 3rd of April. Of course, I do not like leaving Flu and the children, but it is a great satisfaction to me, as you and Fan will well know, to be going on this errand. You know how deeply the Continent interests me, and I have here an opportunity of seeing at comparative leisure, and with all possible facilities given me, some of the most important concerns

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of the most powerful and interesting States of the Continent. It is exactly what I wanted. I did *not* want to be a Commissioner, I did *not* want to be Secretary, but I *did* want to go abroad, and to Germany as well as France.

There is a long letter in to-day's *Examiner* from 'Presbyter Anglicanus,'[1] gravely arguing that I have done him injustice, and that he does understand a joke. I have sent my book to Keble. He sent me his Lectures.[2] I have also sent it to Newman[3]—'From one of his old hearers.'[4]—Your ever affectionate M. A.

To Lady de Rothschild

(*March* 25, 1865.)

My dear Lady de Rothschild—A thousand thanks, and will you not also give me a line to one of your family at Frankfort, where I shall certainly go, and to Madame Alphonse de Rothschild (your niece Julie, is it not)? I should like to see her again, if she is at Nice or Geneva when I am there; and, having only seen me once, she would probably, if I presented myself without a fresh introduction, require me to *decliner* myself at length, which I hate. And

[1] Satirised in the original Preface to *Essays in Criticism*.
[2] The Rev. John Keble was Professor of Poetry at Oxford 1831-1842.
[3] Afterwards Cardinal Newman.
[4] At St. Mary's Church, Oxford.

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I should be sorry to be at Frankfort without seeing your niece Clementina, if she is there.

There is some little difficulty at the Council Office, at the last moment, about my going. I have no doubt, however, of its all being settled as I wish. But I shall not go quite so soon as I at first intended, so is it not just possible I may see you on your way back? Not that you had not much better stay at Torquay every moment you can; and to-day it is raining, and this horrible and never-to-be-enough-abused east wind is, I hope, doomed. I can hardly imagine any walks, even walks with your daughters, not suffering some loss of delightfulness by this wind blowing upon one while one takes them.

Mr. Lowe's examination before Sir John Pakington's Committee, which is sitting to examine into the working of our office, is said to have been most amusing. It lasted all yesterday, and he comported himself *en vrai enfant terrible*, insulted poor Sir John Pakington so that there was quite a scene, and took such a line about the Council Office that his hostile cross-examination had to come from Mr. Bruce, his own friend and successor, who managed it, I hear, extremely well. Nothing could be cleverer than Mr. Lowe's present exhibitions, and nothing more indiscreet, I should think, as far as concerns his chance of office.

I am afraid your good-will makes you exaggerate the favour my book finds, but, at any

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rate, it seems doing better than anything of mine has yet done. Think of me as its author or not, just as you like, only do not forget me.

My very kind remembrances to your daughters and to Miss Molique.—Yours ever most sincerely, M. A.

To the Same

THE ATHENÆUM, *April* 3, 1865.

MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD—You left out the word 'week,' and said you thought of coming up 'to-morrow,' so, though I thought you were giving yourself too little time at Torquay, I called on Saturday, about two o'clock, in Grosvenor Place, and though nothing was known there about your movements, I came to the conclusion that as you did not arrive last Friday, and must be home by the 10th, it must be *next* Friday that you are coming. Very many thanks for the two notes.

On Saturday morning I start, so I shall hardly, I am afraid, see you again. I have had so much to arrange before going, and the break-up is so great, that I shall now be glad when I am off; and when I see the chestnut leaves coming out in the Tuileries gardens under the April weather, I have no doubt I shall again feel the charm and stir of travel again, as I did when I was young. At present I feel dull and listless about it.

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TO HIS MOTHER

I should like to have talked to you about some of the notices of my *Essays*. I think if I republish the book I shall leave out some of the preface and notes, as being too much of mere temporary matter; about this too I should like to have talked to you. I shall often think of you, and perhaps may inflict a letter upon you some day or other. My kindest adieux to you and to your companions.—Yours ever most sincerely, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Do not forget to look at my little girl's picture[1] in the Exhibition of this year.

To his Mother

HÔTEL MEURICE, PARIS, *April* 12, 1865.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I thought it possible I might hear from you to-day, but I daresay you are not yet clear as to the place where I have established myself. I am in my old quarters, in rooms that join the rooms where I was with Flu and the children six years ago, on the third floor, bedroom and sitting-room next one another, and the windows of both looking over the Tuileries gardens. I started in fine weather, had a splendid passage, and have had cloudless skies and a hot sun ever since. But there is something of east in the wind,

[1] A crayon drawing of his elder daughter, by Lowes Dickinson.

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which makes the weather, to me, anything but agreeable, and a great number of people are ill with influenza; for myself, I am bilious and out of sorts, and long for west winds and a little moisture. But the effect of the sun in bringing on the spring change is wonderful. When we got here on Saturday evening the trees in the Tuileries gardens were quite black and bare. One chestnut tree that always comes out before the rest had a little green on it on Sunday, but now the whole garden has burst into leaf, and has a look of shelter and softness in spite of the vile wind. I miss Flu and the children dreadfully, as you may suppose, though this weather would suit none of them; still they would so like to be here, and I should so like to see them. The shops are splendid. The new buildings I only half like. They make Paris, which used to be the most historical place in the world, one monotonous handsomer Belgravia. To be sure there are a great many nooks into which the improvements have not penetrated, but all that most catches the eye has been rebuilt or made uniform. There is a barrack, mean and poor as any building in England, on the other side of the Seine, just opposite this hotel, where there used to be one of the most irregular picturesque groups of houses possible. And then I cannot get over their having pulled down the true cocked-hatted Napoleon from the pillar in the Place Vendôme, and put up instead a sort of false

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Roman emperor figure in imperial robes. But the shops are splendid, and for show, pleasure, and luxury this place is, and every day more and more, the capital of Europe; and as Europe gets richer and richer, and show, pleasure, and luxury are more and more valued, Paris will be more and more important, and more and more the capital of Europe.

I have had my nephew Star Benson[1] with me till last night; he was on his way to a tutor at Geneva. He had much rather have stayed here, poor boy, but last night after dinner I drove with him to the Lyons station, took his ticket for Geneva, and saw him off, or at least saw him into the waiting-room, which is as far as they will let you follow a friend. Now I am alone. I have not yet been to the theatre, but with the horrid 5.30 *table d'hôte* one is almost driven to go there, but I do not care for it as I once did. I get up early in the morning, and work as if I was at home, but I have not yet got my habits at all settled. Flu is so fond of seeing things and going here and there that I have got to wait for her impulsion before I go anywhere, except on business errands. This morning I have been to the Embassy to settle about having my letters sent, and since then I have paid a long visit to Guizot, who is going to start me in this inquiry, as he did in the last. When once I get to work I shall do very well.

[1] Eldest son of General Benson. See p. 48.

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Presently I am going to call on Mme. Mohl, then to call on Fanny du Quaire, then to dine by myself, between seven and eight, at a café. Then, probably, to Galignani's to read the papers, and then, after a turn in the Champs Élysées, to bed. Will you send to Flu Edward's *Murray for Central Italy and Florence?* I know he has it, and will lend it me; tell him so when you write to him. I am going to see Sainte-Beuve to-morrow, and also to-morrow I am going to the Ministry of Public Instruction. I shall be glad this time year, if all goes well, to have made this expedition; but this is all I can say at present, while I think of poor Dicky's despair at the thought of my being away in his Easter holidays, and at the way they will all miss me. Write to me here. Even Westmorland must be disagreeable in this east wind, but I had rather be there than in the Rue de Rivoli. I will try and write to you once every ten days, at least. My love to Fan, and to Walter, who I suppose is with you. I hope he brought Rowland her umbrella all right, and that she liked it.—Your ever affectionate M. A.

To his Wife

HÔTEL MEURICE, *April* 13, 1865.

You are quite right in saying I am not enjoying myself. . . . I have sometimes thought

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of putting myself into the train and coming back to you for this next week, when the schools will be keeping holiday, and if I was not hampered by a dinner engagement I think I should.

I was up early, and worked away at my lecture till eleven, then I went down and breakfasted, and afterwards to the Embassy and saw Lord Cowley's private secretary, about my letters and packets. Then to Guizot's, and he has promised to give me directions for this mission, as he did for the last. He complimented me much on the *belle étude* which I had made on the primary instruction of France. Then I came back here and wrote to mamma, and read; then about three I went to Mme. Mohl's, and I must say it did me good to be received with such cordiality as she showed.

Tell that darling Lucy that in the Tuileries gardens yesterday I and a great many other people stopped to see an old man who knew how to say some words which made the beautiful blue pigeons come flying down from the trees and settle on his wrist and shoulders, and then, as he said something more, one after another picked grains of corn out of his mouth as regularly as possible, never getting in each other's way, and making way for one another as he told them. This morning I went to Rapet's, and with him to the Minister's. The Secretary-General and the Minister himself gave me a most flattering reception, and will furnish me

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with all the letters I want without waiting for Lord Cowley's official letter. Then to the Sorbonne, where I was presented to the Rector of the University of Paris; he too was very civil. By this time I was a good deal beat, for I have again nearly lost my voice, so I got into a carriage and drove to the Palais Royal for lunch. I walked back, and have written this, and now I must go and call on Sainte-Beuve.

To the Same

PARIS, *April* 27, 1865.

I have had, as I thought I should, rather a struggle to get leave to be present at any of the lessons. They wanted me to be content with going over the buildings, and having a statement of what was done. However, I persisted, and I believe they will let me do what I want; but it is a great favour. It is curious how different is the consideration shown to these schools from that which is shown to the elementary schools. There the Inspector goes in whenever he likes, and takes whoever he likes with him; but in these *lycées* I have to go by myself, because the authorities do not like the Inspector appearing a second time after he has once made his inspection, and the Minister does not like offending the authorities! I go to the *lycée* of St. Louis to-morrow.

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The Cowleys have again asked me to dinner; it is for this next Sunday, and I am going. To-morrow I dine with the Schérers at Versailles, and shall meet some of the *Journal des Débats* set. What tremendous news this is about Lincoln![1] As they have infringed the Constitution so much already, it is a pity Grant, for his own sake, cannot go a little further and get rid of such an incubus as Johnson. If Lincoln had been killed two years ago it would have been an immense loss to the North, but now he has done his work. All the recent matters have raised America in one's estimation, I think, and even this assassination brings into their history something of that dash of the tragic, romantic, and imaginative, which it has had so little of. *Sic semper tyrannis*[2] is so unlike anything Yankee or English middle class, both for bad and good.

Kiss my little girls—my darling little girls—a thousand times.

To the Same

HÔTEL MEURICE, PARIS,
April 30, 1865.

I do not feel quite certain that little Tom will not be more reconciled to school by the

[1] President Lincoln was assassinated April 14, 1865.
[2] The exclamation of the assassin.

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end of the week. If he does not, however, I suppose you cannot come to Italy. In that case you must really come here for a week.

Paris is very beautiful just now—more beautiful than you have ever seen it; and we will go for a couple of days to Fontainebleau, and pass five days together here, and you can get all you want. I really think this is the best plan you can do if you do not come to Italy. The evening of the day you return to England I shall go to Italy, and when I am in movement I shall feel less. Every one says Italy is so fearfully hot, that perhaps travelling rapidly about might be too much for you.

I am beginning to have a great deal to do, and to have a great many invitations. To-night I dine at the Embassy, and go to the Princesse Mathilde afterwards. Her salon is the best in Paris, for she has all the clever men as well as the Court circle. It was very pleasant at Circourt's last night; no one but he, I, and Waddington; . . . and the Bruyères, Circourt's place, is quite beautiful on the high, wild, wooded ground between St. Cloud and St. Germain. We had coffee out in the grounds afterwards, and the nightingales were overpowering. Circourt gave us a model of a hermit's dinner, as he called it: very simple, but everything in perfection. He goes to a watering-place in the Black Forest on Wednesday, I am sorry to say. The day before I dined

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with the Schérers at Versailles; Schérer is one of the most interesting men I have seen in France. If you see the Bowyers tell them I saw Monsignore Chigi yesterday—the Papal Nuncio; he is charming, and has done for me everything I wanted. I am going to see the Père Félix on Wednesday, so I shall have plenty of the Roman Catholic side. Did I tell you that I was introduced to Mme. de Boissy, Byron's Mme. Guiccioli, on Thursday night? She asked me to go to her house on Friday, but I was too late home from Versailles—not till twelve o'clock. The brilliant green of the whole valley of the Seine, with the bright white houses amongst it, is quite Southern. I had no notion this could be so beautiful. To-morrow I was asked to dine at Mme. de Blocqueville's, Davoust's daughter, of whom I told you; but I dine with F.—you know how hospitable she is. On Tuesday I dine with Milsand, one of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* set. After that I shall make no engagement for the evening till I hear what you will do. They behave excellently to me at the *lycées*, but their morning hours for their classes—eight to ten—are rather trying.

I had such a dear note from Dick.

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To his Mother

PARIS, *May* 1, 1865.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—Here is a dull first of May, but the clouds are very pleasant after so much hot sun. I have been a little out of sorts since I came back, and certainly have never cared so little for Paris; but I have now got plenty to do, and while that is so, one is at least preserved from low spirits. It was six years since I had been here, and the two salons which I most frequented formerly have disappeared; but one soon re-knits one's relations in a place like this, and I am beginning to find it very hard to get an evening to myself for the theatre; and the theatre here, both for acting and for a study of the language, is just what the English theatre is not, where the acting is detestable, and the mode of speaking is just what one ought *not* to adopt. On Friday I dined with the Schérers at Versailles. He is one of the most interesting men in France, and I think I have told you of him. He called his youngest boy *Arnold*, after papa, and a very nice boy, of about nine, he is. Schérer has made a pilgrimage to Fox How, and saw some of the family, but not you. He interests me, from his connection with Vinet, who has been occupying me a good deal lately; but he belongs now to the most advanced school among the French Protestants, and is a

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good deal troubled, I imagine, both from without and from within. At his house I met several of the writers in the *Journal des Débats*. Sainte-Beuve, who is just made a senator, called for me at half-past ten, and took me to the Princesse Mathilde's. She received me very kindly, and said she knew that in my knowledge of France and the French language and literature I was a 'Français'; to which I replied that I had read the writings of M. Sainte-Beuve, he being a great *protégé* of hers. The Prince Napoleon was there, and a quantity of official and diplomatic people, also several literary notabilities, but none I cared very much for. The house, which formerly was Queen Christina's, is magnificent. To-day I am going to the Institute, to work an hour or so in the library, and then to the College Louis le Grand, to hear some lessons. I have seen the Papal Nuncio, who is charming, and he has given me letters which will enable me to see the schools of the Jesuits, where the French Minister's letter avails me nothing. I have just seen an American, a great admirer of mine, who says that the three people he wanted to see in Europe were James Martineau, Herbert Spencer, and myself. His talk was not as our talk, but he was a good man. He says that my *Essays* are already reprinted and published in America, and that I shall get something for them, but we shall see. I hope Flu, who has decided that she

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cannot come to Italy, will join me for a week here. We shall go to Fontainebleau together, and that will be very pleasant. I shall hardly get away from here for a fortnight or ten days to come, so write to me here. My love to Fan.—Your ever most affectionate M. A.

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